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DISARMAMENT: AN UNCENSORED STATEMENT
by REAR ADMIRAL FISKE.

HARPERS MAGAZINE

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THE LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS

An Uncensored Statement

BY REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U.S.N. (Retired)

We called Admiral Fiske's attention to the omission from his article of any reference to the claim that one of the consequences of the Conference is that our navy is not allowed to elevate her guns to as high a degree as the British navy, that our navy is not allowed enough men to enable the captains to fight their ships effectively, etc. Admiral Fiske has answered that, while these are facts, and while they make it impossible for our navy to maintain a 5-5 ratio with the British navy, and while it is true that there are also other serious consequences, nevertheless, as compared with the consequences mentioned in his article, they are microscopic. Admiral Fiske states that he omitted mention of these matters in order not to distract the attention of the reader from the serious situation which his article describes.—*Editor's Note.*

THE results of the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament, when they were first announced, met with great and wide acclaim. The clearest statement of them was made at the Fifth Plenary session, when Secretary Hughes said, "This treaty ends, absolutely ends, the race in competition in naval armament. At the same time, it leaves the relative security of the great naval Powers unimpaired." The nation accepted this statement.

What are the facts?

In August, 1921, the President of the United States sent an invitation to the governments of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan to participate in a "Conference on the subject of Limitation of Armament, in connection with which Pacific and Far East questions should also be discussed." The first plenary session of the Conference was held in Washington on November 12, 1921.

In the Conference the United States was represented by four delegates: Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of State and Chairman of the American Delegation; Senator Lodge, Senator Underwood, and ex-Secretary of State Elihu Root. These gentlemen were very distinguished lawyers and jurists.

Previous to the Conference the General Board of the Navy had been instructed by the civilian authorities to make a report, for the use of the American Delegates, which would provide for a limita-

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tion of naval armament, and yet leave the United States with a navy adequate to defend our territory, to safeguard our world-wide commerce, and to maintain our policies and rights in foreign parts. The fact that this action had been taken was published, and it commended itself to the nation for the reason that people realized that the four distinguished statesmen who composed the American Delegation could not possibly be familiar with the principles and the facts of naval logistics, material, strategy, and tactics, whereas the General Board's whole *raison d'être* was for studying those things and advising the government concerning them.

The General Board had been in continuous existence since the Spanish War, a period of about twenty-one years. For several years it had been merely allowed to exist, mainly because of the prestige of its first president, Admiral Dewey. But as the years went by it gradually secured the confidence of the navy, and then of the nation for the reason that its advice had been found to be sound. It has usually been composed of about eight rear admirals and captains, whose records of long and intelligent service marked them as fitted for such work. Every effort has always been made to secure the best possible men, in order that their outlook would be comprehensive and their counsel sound. A vital factor in their deliberations has been the information continually collected in all maritime countries by the agents of our Office of Naval Intelligence.

Another vital factor has been the studies of the Naval War College at Newport. Ever since the victory of Japan over Russia in 1905 the College has recognized the fact that Japan had come to the front as one of the most intelligent and aggressive nations. For this reason the College has been conducting for twenty years war games in a supposed war with Japan. As the result of these games, and of the numberless written and oral discussions that had taken place, the War College and the General Board had, previous to the Conference, come to very clear conclusions regarding the amount and the composition of naval force which the United States would need in case it should ever become necessary to uphold our rights in Far Eastern waters. Of course, the Naval War College co-operates intimately with the General Board. In fact, the President of the War College is, *ex-officio*, a member of the General Board.

The purpose of the Conference received world-wide approval, for it promised to establish such a condition of affairs that the cause of peace would be promoted everywhere, especially in the Far East. No people were more heartily in favor of holding the Conference than the navy officers of the United States; for they welcomed the prospect of having the complicated naval situation brought under the examination and guidance of the fine minds of well-instructed statesmen, as distinguished from those of uninstructed politicians.

It may here be stated as a fact that navy officers, even if they are militarists in the sense that they believe in the maintenance of a naval force adequate to the purpose for which naval force is maintained, are not militarists in the sense that they desire war. We realize that (as I stated in the preface to my book, *The Art of Fighting*) "The evils of war are so heartrending that every friend of the human race would greet with joy the coming of permanent peace, and would aid every movement tending to insure it."

The situation in the Far East was exceedingly difficult, mainly because of the unprecedented rapidity of the rise of Japan. In 1854, only sixty-seven years before, the Empire of Japan consisted of a few small islands, inhabited by people whom we should not now call even semi-civilized. When the Conference met that Empire was one of the most highly civilized and highly admired in all the world. The reason was that, within sixty-seven years, Japan had shown intelligence, energy, imperialistic ability,

and commercial ambition to a greater degree than any other nation on the earth. By the war which she initiated against China in 1894 she had acquired the important island of Formosa, with other territories, and won a high place in the family of nations.

Her way to becoming the Great Britain of the East seemed sure, when in 1898 the United States suddenly captured the Philippine Islands. In a moment the whole probable future of Japan was changed for the worse. No longer was Japan the only civilized and commercial nation on the coast of Asia. A competitor had appeared. A highly commercial nation now possessed islands nearly as large as Japan herself, covered with a more fertile soil, and containing better harbors. Those harbors could be used as bases for both commercial and naval operations along the whole shore of Asia.

Later, in 1905, Japan had vanquished one of the greatest nations of the earth —Russia—in a war conducted on both land and sea. Not long after this she acquired the whole of Corea. Since then she has gradually been extending her influence throughout the whole of Eastern Asia, including Manchuria, Mongolia, Sakhalin, and (most important of all) China.

Long before the war between Japan and Russia the encroachments on China of Russia and Great Britain—both in seizing territory and in acquiring commercial advantages—had become so great as to cause the United States to take measures to prevent the disintegration of China, and to secure equal opportunity for trade with China, and in developing its resources. The end for which the United States strove is ordinarily spoken of as the "Open Door."

Since the defeat of Russia by Japan, and especially since the collapse of the Russian Empire, the greatest impediment to the "Open Door" has been Japan. That this should be so is natural, and this statement is not intended as a charge against her. Japan has simply been doing what all the nations in the past who became great had done. *She has merely been doing the things by doing which they became great.* Perhaps the best recent example of this procedure is that of Great Britain; but Rome, Greece, Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, etc. became great by similar procedures; and so did France, Spain, Germany, Russia, and Italy. Those procedures consisted mainly in aggressive measures both political and economic, the development of higher standards of living, *and the invention of increasingly effective armament, wherewith to overcome the opposition of people of lower civilization.* For instance, the deciding cause of the failure of the long effort of the Mohammedans to subjugate Europe was the superior armament of the Christians.

The great inventions which brought about better means of transportation and communication were, of course, vital factors in making Japan's rise so rapid. They are sometimes mentioned as promoting peace. But they do the reverse because they bring competing nations into dangerous proximity. So long as Japan was an isolated country she lived in peace. But in forty years after she ceased to be an isolated country she was at war with China. Ten years later she was at war with Russia. Ten years later she was at war with Germany.

Not only do swiftness and certainty of communication and transportation bring nations into dangerous proximity; they also cause events to move with such swiftness that people do not have time to think. It is easier to avoid a danger that is coming slowly than one that is coming swiftly. On July 31, 1914, the events in Europe followed one another with such swiftness that the statesmen did not have time to visualize them clearly and accurately. Each nation was somewhat in the situation of the Texan of a few years ago, when he saw (or thought he saw) the other man reach for a pistol in his right hip pocket.

For all these reasons the Far East situation when the Conference was called

was full of perplexing possibilities, including even the possibility of war. In fact, there were not a few well-informed people who felt that the outcome would probably be war.

Therefore, the relief of all people was great when, at the first session of the Conference, the proposal of the American delegation for limiting armament was read, beginning with the statement, "The United States proposes the following plan for a limitation of the naval armament of the conferring nations. The United States believes that this plan safely guards the interests of all concerned."

The inescapable inference was that the great minds of the statesmen had devised a plan which the General Board believed to be safe, and which would nevertheless stop the great expenditures then going on in the competitive race for naval armament.

Personally, however, I was much surprised when I read the plan proposed and the Secretary's statement concerning it, for the following reasons:

In 1910 and 1911 I was a member of the General Board and in charge of the war plans. It was then supposed (as it is now) that, in case any situation arose in which Japan might wish to induce the United States to yield to her on some point, Japan would simply threaten to capture the Philippine Islands, realizing that we knew the great difficulties, expense, and uncertainty which would attend any attempt to recapture them.

Later, I was Aid for Operations, from February, 1913, to May, 1915. My duties and responsibilities were virtually the same as are now those of Chief of Naval Operations. In fact, through the agency of Representative Hobson, I had the title changed to Chief of Naval Operations. During the two years and three months that I was Aid for Operations the problem of carrying on a war with Japan was my principal preoccupation. Naturally, I became familiar with the subject. During the seven years that elapsed between my resignation as Aid for Operations and the meeting of the Conference the difficulties of re-capturing the Philippines increased; because, although the use of oil instead of coal helped the fuel problem, and although we had many more merchant ships available, yet the increase of effectiveness of the submarine and the coming of the torpedo plane and bomber made our forces much more vulnerable to attack.

Furthermore, during the interval between February, 1913, and August, 1914, I frequently advised the Secretary of the Navy that Japan would probably maintain a peaceful attitude until we became involved in a war with some other nation, or until some situation developed which would handicap us in any operations in the West Pacific. To make it possible to operate in the West Pacific, I pointed out that ships of long steaming ability were needed. We succeeded in getting such ships provided in the "1916 program."

Naturally, I was surprised when I read that the Conference had scrapped *those ships*, especially when I supposed that the General Board had agreed to it.

In order to realize the importance of this surrender it must first be realized that the ships which the United States was actually building under the 1916 program were so powerful that leaving them out left out the most effective parts of our navy! Great Britain when she went to the Conference had no new capital ships building. The United States had fifteen new capital ships building. When the United States agreed to scrap those ships *we made it impossible for our navy to equal Britain's actually*, though it can be made to seem so on paper.

It may be objected that there is no use in bringing Great Britain into the discussion because we shall never go to war with her. We do not see any probability at the moment of going to war with either Japan or Great Britain. But we did not see any probability of going to war with Germany until a year or two before we went to war with her; and we did not see any probability of going to

war with Spain in 1898 until less than three months before the actual battle of Manila Bay. We may as well realize that the threat to British sea commerce which the building of our merchant marine makes deals Great Britain a blow at least as great as our capture of the Philippines dealt to Japan. And we may as well remember that Great Britain fought and vanquished Spain, then Holland, then France, and then Germany because they threatened the predominance of British commerce on the sea.

To most laymen, a proportionate reduction of armament, such as the Conference adopted, may seem fair to all nations concerned.

It might have been fair if it had also been agreed that no battle should ever occur between any two nations except at a given place in the ocean, equally distant from the bases of both nations, to be conducted under "Marquis of Queensberry rules" with umpires, seconds, etc. But, in case we should unfortunately have a war with Japan, Japan would simply capture almost all the Philippines and thereby force us to fight the battle close to her bases and far from our bases. Under such conditions, a ratio of 5 to 3 in our favor would not be enough to put us on equal terms.

It must be clear to the reader also that, besides the ratio between the forces, the total of the forces on each side affects the question vitally. For instance, even if the ratio between us and Japan were as high as 2 to 1, we should be powerless against her if we had only two ships, because two ships alone could not accomplish anything on either the Philippine or the Japanese coast.

Some navy officers, when they heard that the Conference proposed to scrap nearly all of our best capital ships, concluded that this was done because of a realization of the coming of air power, and that it was intended to arrange matters so that the navy would make up for its loss of battleships by a tremendous increase in air power. Imagine their surprise when the Conference limited the airplane carriers for the entire navy to one hundred and thirty-five thousand tons! This dealt the navy a blow at least as severe as did the limitation of capital ships, because it made it impossible for us to go to the vicinity of Japan or the Philippines with any air force at all comparable with the air force which Japan will have on shore, say at Formosa. It more than doubled the handicap under which the United States will act if the Japanese should ever take the Philippine Islands.

Navy officers, as a class, were as surprised as I at the plan adopted by the Conference, because the war games played at the Naval War College for twenty years had showed that any such force as that permitted us by that plan would be inadequate to carry out the purpose for which it would be sent.

It would be impossible to explain to the lay reader in a few pages all the facts that the war games had developed. But if anyone will glance at the map on the accompanying page, he will note that the Philippine Islands lie about seven thousand sea miles away from the coast of the United States, and that there are no islands of any considerable size on the line between them, except the Hawaiian Islands and Guam. There is a base in Hawaii, but it is very small and contains only one dry dock. Guam has no base worth considering, is extremely small, is only lightly fortified, and has no dry dock. The navy has been trying for twenty years to get adequate bases at both Hawaii and Guam. It has failed wholly in regard to Guam, and has succeeded only very inadequately as to Hawaii.

Therefore, it seemed desirable to the navy to guard the Philippines so that the United States fleet, when it arrived in the vicinity, would be able to steam into a large and well-protected harbor and find adequate means of supply and for making the repairs which are always necessary after a long trip.

The reader may here say, "What is the use of our holding the Philippines anyway; why not let the Japs take them and keep them?"

The answer to this is that the Philippine Islands are very valuable possessions indeed. They cover almost as much area as the Japanese islands; they are more fertile, the climate is better, and the harbors are very much better. There is no more reason for giving up these islands than a man would have for giving up his pocketbook to any man who demanded it. Sometimes, the reasons are so strong that the man does give up his pocketbook. Perhaps similar reasons may become so strong that we shall give up the Philippines.

The further fact, however: that we have developed a foreign trade as great as that of the British Isles, and that the biggest prospect of profits is in the vicinity of China, rather than anywhere else in the world, emphasizes the desirability of our not giving up the Philippines. Our merchant marine will need the Philippines with their large harbors as commercial bases if it is ever to carry on trade with China and the vicinity on a scale commensurate to the market there.

It is clear, therefore, that commercially as well as strategically the Philippines constitute the key to the Far East situation.

Whether we should try to recapture them in case they were captured is hardly a practical question; for the reason that we could never look the other nations in the face if we submitted to such an insult. Even Secretary Daniels agreed with me that if the Japanese did capture the Philippines we should be bound in honor, at least, to try to recapture them.

The twin facts that the Philippines are valuable and that we should be bound to try to recapture them if they were forcibly taken from us make the Philippines uncomfortably like hostages in the keeping of Japan.

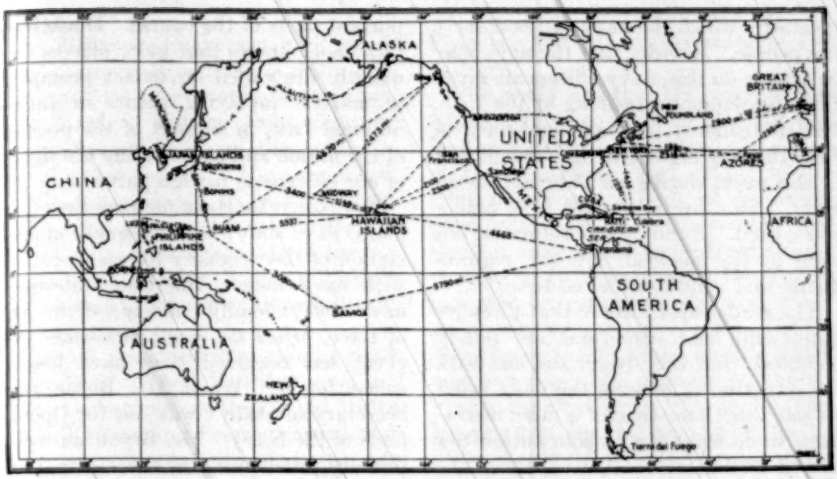
This is not all: the whole question of maintaining peace between us and the Japanese depends mainly on the firmness with which we hold the Philippines; for the simple reason that if they are defenseless they will increasingly constitute a continuous temptation to the Japanese to take them. This temptation may become irresistible in case an acute conflict of interests should come up at any time, especially if it is accompanied, or followed, by some unfortunate incident that may cause excitement.

The Japanese understand these matters better than we do, for the simple reason that, more than in any other nation on the earth, their statesmen understand strategy. Both the Japanese statesmen and the Japanese strategists realize the actual value of the Philippine Islands to the United States and their potential value to Japan.

It was doubtless for this reason that the Japanese government instructed their delegates to the Conference that the most important thing for them to gain was an agreement by the United States not to fortify further the Philippines or to improve them as naval bases.

A friend of mine, in cogitating before the Conference met about the probable objective which the Japanese would strive to achieve in the Conference, came to the conclusion that it would be an agreement by the United States not to fortify the Philippines further. When he saw that this was exactly what the Japanese proposed he felt considerably elated at his perspicacity. Then he cogitated as to whether the United States would agree. He concluded, of course, that the United States would not agree. When he read later that the United States had agreed he made a more humble estimate of his perspicacity—and of that of the American Delegates.

The surprise of navy officers at the plan of limitation of armament that the American delegates agreed to was changed into astonishment when Secretary Hughes, Chairman of the Conference, presented what has since been called "The Naval Limitation Treaty," and accompanied it with the statement



MAP OF THE PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC OCEANS
Showing comparative cruising distances.

"This treaty ends, absolutely ends, the race in competition in naval armament. At the same time, it leaves the relative security of the great naval Powers unimpaired."

In what words can I correctly characterize those two statements, and yet refrain from using disrespectful language toward the Secretary of State and his distinguished colleagues? I do not know. For the treaty did not end the race in competition in naval armament, and it did not leave the relative security of the great naval Powers unimpaired. It stopped the competition in building capital ships and aircraft carriers only; and it put the United States into a very much lower condition of security relatively to both Great Britain and Japan.

The astonishment of navy officers centered about the General Board to a much greater degree than about the American Delegates; for they believed that the General Board approved of their plan. No other belief on their part would have been justifiable for the reason that the American Delegates, while not stating in words that the General Board had approved of their plan, so presented their case as to make no other inference possible. And how could any reasonable man suppose that those four civilian jurists and statesmen would dare to make such flat statements on a matter that was purely strategic, and wholly beyond their ken without having previously received information from official sources that those statements were correct?

It became gradually known, later, that the General Board had not only not approved of their plan, but had opposed it bitterly. It also became known that the General Board had explained the matter clearly to the American Delegates by means of charts, table of logistics, and facts of many kinds; so that the American Delegates had not made their statements through ignorance, but with full knowledge of the truth.

A reader may here remark that it was not important that the American Delegates should follow the advice of the General Board; that the General Board consists of navy officers only, that the navy is merely the servant of the people, etc. This is true of course. But the American Delegates were just as much the servants of the people as is the navy.

Furthermore, the navy is the only servant of the people that understands the

means by which the navy can best serve the people. In order that the navy may be able to do this, navy officers are given their fundamental training at the U. S. Naval Academy, and are continued in their training night and day, seven days in the week, during all their active careers. No other profession is so highly specialized. In no other profession, not even in the medical, are the requirements and conditions so esoteric.

The reader may answer that those requirements and conditions are purely technical, that they begin and end with the intention of making the navy fulfill its sole function—that of a mere instrument to do what the civilian authorities wish it to do.

This idea is held generally throughout the country. No idea more fraught with peril to the nation can possibly be conceived. It has caused the civilian authorities to get the country into wars, and, at the same time, to be unprepared to wage the wars economically or effectively. Many instances of this have occurred in our history because of the lack of co-operation which ought to exist between the civilian authorities and the army and navy, between statesmanship and strategy.

Co-operation between statesmanship and strategy has been the best in those cases in which the statesman and the strategist wore the same hat; as did Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and Washington when he was president. In other cases it has never been complete. At the present time it is the most nearly complete in the Empire of Japan. It is probably the least complete in the Republic of the United States.

In the United States lack of co-operation has not been blamable on the navy men, but on the statesmen. The navy men have done their best to co-operate, beginning while at the Naval Academy by studying International Law. When the Naval War College was established at Newport, about 1885, the study of International Law, History, and World Politics was made one of the most important parts of the course. Doubtless, the reader knows that navy officers frequently are called on to act promptly in matters involving points in International Law, in support of the policies of the nation and in defending the rights of our citizens in foreign parts.

Few American statesmen, on the other hand, have shown any adequate appreciation of the necessity for co-operation with navy men. American statesmen have always loudly condemned the use of force, *before the event;* but when the event has occurred they have loudly called for it. When Mr. Bryan was Secretary of State I was Aid for Operations of the Navy. Mr. Bryan was continually proclaiming in the newspapers his detestation of the use of force, and at the same time having instructions given me to send battleships to places where they were not really needed. His insistence was carried so far as to make it impossible for our Atlantic Fleet to be maintained in proper training.

The ability of the navy to assist the State Department and to inform the State Department as to what the navy can do rests largely on the courses of instruction which navy officers receive at the Naval War College. The system of instruction is the applicatory system. It consists in the mastering of principles, and then the application of those principles to given cases. In applying those principles, officers follow wholly the "Estimate of the Situation" method.

The Estimate of the Situation method was the invention of the German General Staff. It is the result of a successful attempt to arrive at decisions by a method so rigidly accurate as to be almost mechanical. It constitutes one of the triumphs of the human mind. After undergoing crucial tests for many years, it was adopted some years ago by the navies and armies of all the principal Powers. It has not yet, however, been adopted by the civilian statesmen. For this reason the operations of statesmanship are rarely conducted on so high an intellectual plane as are those of strat-

egy. The main single reason for this is that the less exact methods of statesmanship result in an estimate of the situation which is not so comprehensive, largely because some of the factors in the situation are apt to be overlooked. The factor most apt to be overlooked, or undervalued, is that comprising the second stage in the Estimate of the Situation method—that is, the difficulties and dangers in the way, especially the strategic dangers.

The following examples may be cited:

Before the World War the naval and military strategists of the United States, Great Britain, and France warned their governments repeatedly of the dangers which the aggressive policies of Germany and Japan were introducing into the world situation. The cases of Field Marshal Roberts and Admiral Lord Fisher are in everybody's mind. For some curious reason it is not clearly in the mind of the American people that our naval strategists did as Roberts and Fisher did. For instance, on August 1, 1914, the day on which the World War broke out, the General Board wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, estimating the situation in the light of the history of the past and the conditions existing at the moment and pointing out the extreme probability of our being drawn into the war. The letter closed with the following sentence: "We should prepare now for the situation which would thus be created." Furthermore, on November 9, 1914, I wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Navy in my official capacity as Aid for Operations, reporting the navy unprepared for war and elaborating the subject. One sentence was, "If this country avoids war during the next five years, it will be accomplished only by a happy combination of high diplomatic skill and rare good fortune." Both of those letters were ignored by the statesmen in charge of our government. Furthermore, I was forced to resign my position because, as the Secretary of the Navy stated to the House Naval Committee, "Admiral Fiske was not in harmony with the Department."

The result was that this country was unprepared when we went into the war. Had our statesmen followed the advice of the strategists, and permitted our navy to get into a state of reasonable preparedness, it is inconceivable that the Germans would have dared to sink the *Lusitania* or to commit those other acts that forced us into the war.

During the war the operations of the Allies were handicapped by the statesmen, because they disregarded the advice of the strategists. The end in view looking too big in proportion to the difficulties in the way, the civilian statesmen embarked in a series of eccentric operations in Mesopotamia, at Gallipoli, etc., which prolonged the war and caused a sacrifice of blood and money that was both tremendous and unjustifiable.

Even in Germany the statesmen failed to grasp the situation. Before the war Admiral von Tirpitz pointed out that, in case of a war with Russia and France, Great Britain would not fail to come in; in fact, that she would constitute Germany's most dangerous enemy. The event proved Tirpitz to be right and the civilian statesmen wrong. When the war broke out Tirpitz was the only man in high official circles in Germany who had made any record of achievement whatever; and yet the civilian statesmen ignored his advice.

We hear the statement frequently made that Germany's military operations were conducted more skillfully than was Germany's statesmanship. This is true, and it raises the interesting question: If this was the case in Germany, where even the civil officials were in a measure strategists, what must be the condition in this country?

What will probably be the outcome?

The outcome cannot possibly be good. The parallel between certain of our statesmen ignoring the General Board in the latter part of 1914 and other statesmen ignoring the Board in the latter part of 1921 seems so perfect as to suggest

that the results in the latter case will be as bad as were those in the former case: worse, in fact, mainly because we see no probability now of our ever having again the protection of the British fleet.

Before closing I beg to remind the reader that, according to the State Department's official announcement in July, 1921, the Conference was called "with a view to reaching a common understanding with respect to principles and policies in the Far East." A common understanding was reached which was embodied in what is called the Nine Power Treaty, between the United States, Great Britain, France, Japan, Italy, Belgium, China, the Netherlands, and Portugal. Had this treaty been ratified by all those Powers, the United States might have been reasonably warranted in limiting her armament according to some fair agreement. But France, for reasons excellent to herself, has not ratified the treaty. Therefore, the treaty is ineffective; and therefore no "common understanding with respect to principles and policies in the Far East" is in existence which is binding on any of the Powers. Nevertheless, we are obliged to limit our armament, and to leave the Philippines defenseless, by the Naval Treaty, which has been fully ratified by all the Powers that subscribed to it; and we have made it easy for Japan to exercise her will unrestrained in the Far East by the co-operation of that treaty and the Four Power Treaty.

Therefore, looking toward the future with the light supplied by the history of the past, we see that the main probable consequences of the Conference are:

First. There will be a period of time throughout which it will continuously rest in the power of Japan to make a series of small encroachments on our rights to the Open Door which we shall not think it worth while (or safe) to resist lest the Japanese capture the Philippines; for our agreement not to increase the fortifications in the Philippines, and simultaneously to reduce our armament too much, makes it possible for Japan to "bluff" us continuously.

Second. Finally, the aggregate of such encroachments will become so great that tension will ensue. Then some emotional disturbance will arise which will prompt the Japanese to take the Philippines and force us into a highly expensive war: highly expensive to us, but not to the Japanese.

YOUTH AND AGE

BY VIRGINIA STAIT

ACROSS the space called years you question me:
"Why are you gladful, knowing you must wait,
And chance a boat to some place far remote,
That may return with love, be wrecked, or late?"

Across the space called years I question too:
"Forsaking all—is your love so sublime!
Are you so made that you are unafraid,
Are you so sure of harbor, anchor, time?"

THE CLOVER LEAF

BY HENSHAW WARD

HERE at my feet is a bunch of clover. As I stoop to pluck one of the leaves, I am—in comparison—a giant a million miles tall scrutinizing our little world. If such a giant's eyes were no sharper than ours, he could hardly perceive anything on our globe that was less than fifty miles broad; he could not detect New York City or the height of the Andes. So, if we wish to see anything of a clover leaf, we must reduce ourselves.

We must reduce to the dimensions of a medium-sized microbe—to the height, say, of one ten-thousandth of an inch—while we correspondingly increase our power of vision.

Permit yourself to be thus minimized while we take an excursion into this bit of green that nods in the breeze.

Shrink yourself gradually, and thus avoid too great a shock. First, you are two inches in height—four times as tall as the width of the leaf, which now looms before you a spiny, big-ribbed affair, glowing with life. Then you are reduced to a tenth of an inch; you cling to the edge of the leaf, which seems thirty feet broad, and you feel a vertigo as a breath of air swings you through an arc of twenty feet. Become ten times smaller still—the leaf is a hundred yards broad, and the little fuzzy hairs appear as spiny trees fifteen feet high that glisten with a fierce whiteness against the background of billowy green. If you submit to another similar reduction, the opposite edge of the leaf will be more than half a mile away, lost to view beyond the swell of the surface. One last reduction, and here we are—two microbic pygmies at the edge of a leaf nearly six miles wide. We find ourselves perched on a ridge that is as rugged and jagged as an arm of a volcanic mountain. Indeed we are on a more perilous footing than those tourists in the Yellowstone Park who motor over a rocky knife-edge that slopes steeply down three thousand feet on either side; for our leaf is in its fleshiest part less than a thousand feet thick.

Beneath us we feel the throb of the mighty protoplasmic engines; we have glimpses of great streams coursing beneath the shining, waterproof surface of the top, which undulates for two and a half miles to the cañon that is over the midrib. All this plateau is covered by a forest of the white spines that rise like giant masts of crystal fifteen hundred feet above the network of dark veins.

Before we venture into the terrifying interior of this monstrous place, be assured that we are not playing with a fantasia. Small as we have made ourselves, we are not nearly small enough to penetrate the last secrets of a leaf. Our vision is still far too coarse to see even the most puffed-out molecule of starch or sugar, which would be to our gross microbic eyes only 1/250 of an inch in diameter. No, small as we are, we have descended only to those limits that a microscope can reach, and are still like great blinking monsters before the ultimate facts of the leaf's structure.

We wish to go in. But we are altogether too large to enter through the upper side of the leaf, for no space there would admit a finger. The only opening on the edge is a blow-hole that is spouting out water vapor and that offers no inlet. We peer along the under side. About a hundred yards away is a hole that looks promising. Fortunately there is a thousand-foot spine, rooted beyond

the opening and growing across it, close along the under surface, which offers us a rough bridge. We scramble along on this huge, sparkling log, below the under surface of the leaf, till we are beneath the mouth of a cave. At first we are almost blown down by a blast of oxygen that is rushing out, and then are almost sucked up by a current of carbon dioxide. At the edge of these currents we find a place where we may swing ourselves by our hands up to an oval aperture that is heaving in an alarming manner. We can feel the surge of sap in the bulging guard-cells, which sway the wall of the cavernous mouth to and fro; they might quickly swell across the opening and crush us. Luckily at just this moment they are slowly drawing apart.

We venture between them when the opening becomes five feet wide. We find ourselves at the bottom of a funnel whose wall rises steep and slippery forty feet above us. Up this we clamber. Here at last is quiet and security, for we are in an open space some fifty feet wide and a hundred high, whose sides are composed of a dozen or more irregular blocks. Imagine some houses, with elastic walls, wedged tightly but not accurately together to inclose a great chamber, and you will have an idea of the surroundings that close us in. The walls of these houses are six inches thick, but so nearly transparent that we can make out fairly well what lies behind them: globes and disks, ten feet or more in diameter, that are suspended in a liquid, that are slightly in motion, and that look busy. "Busy" is a queer word, but it conveys the impression made upon any visitor to the interior of a leaf.

These globes are the cells that manufacture sugar—and that is all we know about them. The chemist, after his most searching investigations, is still as unable to peer into the workings of these factories as we are now with our human eyesight sharpened seven hundred thousand times. We can only gaze and repeat, "They make sugar." In the course of a summer they will manufacture enough sweet food to form a layer half a mile deep over the whole leaf.

If we wish to explore, the way lies open above. We had best take our bearings, so that we shall not get lost in the galleries that ramify among the big cells. Our forty-foot climb up into this chamber was through the under surface of the leaf; we are now in its soft interior. Above us lies the thickness of the leaf—perhaps six hundred feet—which is packed nearly full of the houselike blocks, through whose walls we have been looking. These are the green cells; half a dozen layers of them are between us and the top surface of the leaf; all around us they stretch, out to the very edges—a million or more of them. We are going to climb up through them, and if passages open sideways, we must keep good track of our directions or we shall never find our way back.

Through the air-passages we poke our way between the pulsing walls of the cells and mount toward the upper side of the leaf. The cells become more narrow, more close packed, more green, until, when we have struggled upward four hundred feet, we come to the base of a close array of them that are much longer, wedged tight together, like so many flexible boxes, reaching to the upper surface. They deserve their name of the "palisade" of cells. At one point we can squeeze another hundred feet through an air-channel, but here it ends and we must stop.

Familiarity with these more active upper cells shows somewhat of their inside. The sugar-making disks, smaller and flatter here, swim in a liquid. But the liquid is only the lining of the cell. All the interior is filled with sap, which holds the liquid against the wall.

If sugar-making is a secret, ten times a secret is this liquid, which we never tire of watching, viewing it as if through the glass of an aquarium. It is in constant motion, sometimes swirling by a mile a minute, sometimes busied with little whirlpools; now it is of the faintest

green color, and now yellowish; here it is a thin, translucent jelly, and there is filled with fibers and rods, globes and crystals. It is protoplasm. It is life. Whatever other wonders we see in a leaf are explainable to some degree by a chemist, but man has not yet spoken the first syllable that shall help to interpret protoplasm. When we have begun to understand it we shall have begun to understand life—not before. It is as different from mere sugar as a man is from a stone. If you grant a biologist just one cell full of this protoplasm, he can imagine that from it came all the classes of life; without it he cannot tell you aught about the beginning of life; all inorganic matter, be it ever so complex, is on one side of a great gulf, and protoplasm is on the other side.

What a purblind, witless thing is man when he encounters a leaf!

As we continue to explore we are overpowered with the complexities that surround us, of which we can gain hardly any knowledge. Here is a strange cell that contains, as if it were a showcase in a museum, a glittering, spiked crystal five feet in diameter. Was it lugged up here from the roots or was it formed here as a waste product? Here are pipes several inches in diameter through which protoplasm pours from cell to cell. We are bewildered by the currents all about us: air circulating everywhere, free oxygen being driven out, carbon dioxide being drawn in, water pumped to every quarter, sugar carried out for transportation to the roots that need the food, sugar transformed to starch and back again to sugar.

And all these operations are simple compared with the other functions of a leaf. Not all of man's factories and laboratories can equal the refinement of the varied processes that go on every minute here. There are special cells to distil the waterproofing for the outside of the top; there are others that transform sugar to cellulose and build walls with it; there are the guard cells that regulate the intake and outgo at the pores. A leaf compounds and transmutes the most delicately adjusted kinds of intricate carbo-hydrates and proteins, of oils and fats and coloring-matters and alkaloids and digestive fluids and acids, and many products that are quite beyond detection.

Suppose that the human mind could grasp partially the possibility of assembling all these activities in a soft plate half an inch wide and one-hundredth of an inch thick; the mind would only have begun its journey of understanding. What regulates and directs the whole organization? Where is the nerve center that tells ten thousand pores to open five per cent wider because the temperature has changed? Where is the mechanism that controls the turning of leaves for a better spread to the sun? Whence issue all the uncountable thousands of orders every hour to the hundreds of thousands of cells, telling them when to work and when to desist? What engineer so directs the currents that in every least vein the sugar is floated along in one direction, the other food by a tube inside the sugar, and water in the opposite direction through a companion tube? We weary of a mere rehearsal of a mere part of these orders for work.

Our excursion is over. Now we may enlarge ourselves to our normal size and be again the blind and massive monsters who can see nothing in a leaf. We look down at the hall of wonders where we spent such an adventurous hour—at a mere clover leaf bobbing in the wind.

THE AMATEUR

Awarded a Third Prize in the Final Harper Short-Story Contest

BY PHOEBE H. GILKYSON

THE mail-train had left the station, and the alarm clanged at the crossing, but the little gray roadster skimmed impudently over the track under the very nose of the locomotive. The mail-time gathering at Smink's General Store stirred appreciatively: young Mrs. Wynne's arrival was always enlivening. She swung her car neatly into an open space between the low porch and the dappled trunk of a tall buttonwood tree and vaulted out in high good humor: she habitually played to an audience, real or imaginary, and one of the few relaxations she permitted herself since her marriage was to come occasionally for the morning mail and make a dashing descent upon the village as lady of the manor among the varletry.

Rainwashed sunlight of early June spun a becoming aura about her as she ran up the steps, and she flashed her best smile at old Mrs. Fye, who sat on a bench fanning herself with a sunbonnet. Within the building she patted a child's tow head and installed herself on an upturned barrel to wait while Mr. Smink laboriously sorted and stamped the letters. She was agreeably aware of shy admiring glances from the country folk and knew she made a charming girlish picture in her trim linen gown against the dingy background of the store. She never smoked cigarettes or wore sophisticated clothes in Wynnedale, but the sacrifice thus entailed was compensated by her satisfaction as an artist at fitting herself so well into the picture. One no longer heard the whisper of "movie actress" in connection with "Peter Paige Wynne's new wife." Now they merely murmured "Young Mrs. Wynne."

An odor of peanuts and soap and gum boots mingled within the store, and Becky yawned as Mr. Smink slowly popped the letters into their honeycomb of receptacles. Four, six, eight letters and a bundle of papers had gone into the Wynne box; it bulged importantly over its less favored fellows. The Wynnes, as befitting feudal lords of the locality, had a box of special size. Perhaps in the world beyond the hills of Brinton County their name had lost, with gradually failing fortunes, something of its old glamour and potency, but here its importance remained an unwavering tradition. Becky knew of the consternation caused by Paige's marriage, less than a year ago "—in the movies, my dear, and not even a star. Just a character actress and not pretty, unless you like that thin gypsy type. No money, and heaven knows where she came from; somewhere in the Middle West. . . ." It had been as great a triumph to establish herself with the obscure gentlefolk about Wynnedale as might have been the social conquest of a smarter locality, and even more difficult. But Becky had the reputation of mastering thoroughly her roles. . . . She and Paige had planned to live nearer Philadelphia, where he had a good business opening and she a wider scope for her talents; but for some reason she wasn't quite ready to leave Wynnedale.

Mr. Smink slammed down the wicket and the villagers filed by, pausing to gossip and compare mail-order cata-

logues. Becky, graciously receiving the Wynne apportionment, realized that she had again forgotten the mail-bag. It was a strict rule that no one should get the mail without a bag for safekeeping: life at Wynne Hall was made up of quaint details that became of actual importance by virtue of long custom. Becky was amused at the childlike feeling of guilt which assailed her for the moment; she was in danger, she told herself, of taking Wynnedale seriously. But the sight of a letter directed to her in a familiar back-hand scrawl diverted her attention and, stuffing the other mail into a crack in the seat of her car, she climbed in to enjoy some pages of gossip. It was from Gay, good old Gay, the one being on earth with whom she had shared her fears and hopes and plans in the old days. Gay too was married now, to a wealthy manufacturer, and was absorbed in a fast little world of her own on the semi-smart fringes of New York.

The letter—whose Special Delivery stamp hadn't hastened its arrival appreciably—retailed the information that Gay and her husband, with a congenial couple, were motoring through Philadelphia, and couldn't Becky and Paige meet them on Wednesday night for dinner at that amusing new hotel near Overbrook?

"You see, Becky, old thing," ran the letter, "I have tact enough not to bring this bunch to Wynnedale, much as I'd like to see you milking cows on the old homestead. But something tells me we'd be congenial as Capital and Labor with your in-laws. Honest, dearie, Paige is sure a sweet thing and I suppose you know your mind, but I often wonder how can you stand those mossy old swells. If you'd stayed in the business Sam Dunne would of given you a big part this year and you'd of been famous in no time and drawing big money. He told Edna that you had real screen personality. Or you could of married that rich Kelly fellow, and been sailing around in your own yacht this minute. But you and I both know, dearie, that you had more brains than the rest of us and if you got what you want stick to it and God bless you. But don't forget the old days. Come early Wed. night. Tell Paige we'll bring plenty of hooch. As I remember, he doesn't mind diluting his blue blood with alcohol once in a while. . . ."

Wednesday . . . why, this was Wednesday! That meant they must start by five; it was a two-hour run to Philadelphia. It would be fun to see Gay again! A pang of homesickness smote her and she wondered, for a moment, if it would make her restless to revive old memories. She headed her car away from Wynne Hall; she would go home by the longer road, over the hill, for she found it easier to think with the rush of air in her face and power under her feet. Gay never would believe that Becky's marriage had been a love-match, or that during her brief acquaintance with Peter Paige Wynne he had spoken as vaguely of his family and background as she had of hers. "Country people . . . good old things, but rather slow," he had said. That the astute Becky Thorne should succumb to nothing more significant than a man's slow smile and absent-minded courtesy, the set of his rather shabby English clothes, and the little ripple in his short fair hair was quite inconceivable to Gay, and she regarded her friend's surrender with suspicion. Later, when it appeared that he was the son of a distinguished, if somewhat impoverished Pennsylvania family, Gay had laughed knowingly and asked who had given Becky the tip. One couldn't explain to Gay that she had recognized something in Peter Paige himself which answered, vaguely, her hunger for superiority; the hunger which had dominated her from childhood and carried her beyond each goal that she had established for herself. If she had wanted wealth or social prominence she certainly might have done better, for the Wynnes were a stock which had begun to go to seed. He was neither brilliant nor forceful, but he had the mysterious

quality of fineness that never failed to stir her in its manifestation. . . .

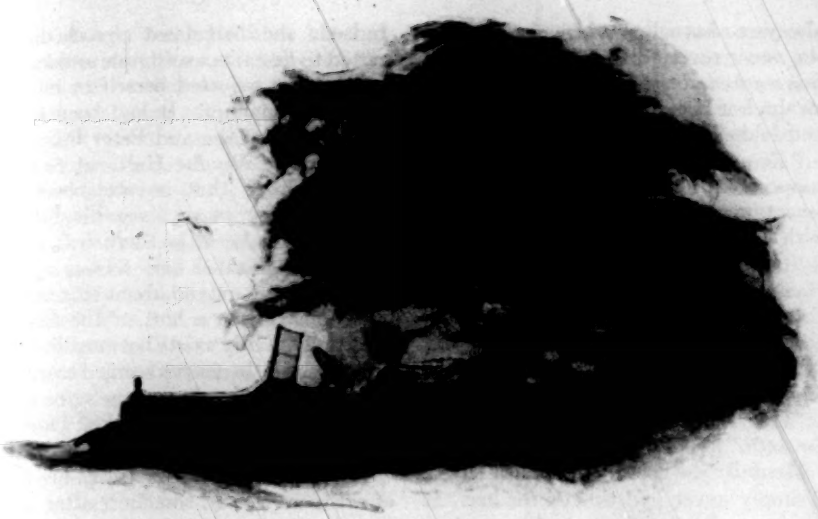
At full speed Becky topped the hill by the church, and as she dipped again a gust of wind caught the pile of letters, whirled them overhead, and scattered them maliciously along the road. Still busy with her thoughts, Becky stopped the car and gathered them hastily. There had been eight letters besides the papers, she remembered, and she could find only seven. Perhaps she had miscounted. But there had surely been a long yellow envelope. . . . She ran back along the road for a hundred yards and searched the tall grass on either side, but found nothing. It was probably an advertisement, she told herself irritably, and returned, warm and cross, to her car. The Wynnes wrote too many letters anyhow, and got too many. It would be better for them if they lived more and scribbled less. . . . She let out her motor again, whirling down the hill and into the village in a cloud of dust, scattering a flock of white chickens and grazing the nose of a surprised old horse. Beyond the village, on the old post road to Philadelphia, the drowsy sweetness of honeysuckle drenched the stone gateway of Wynne Hall.

As she swung up the drive the shadowy stillness of venerable evergreen trees closed in behind her, and at the head of the somewhat shaggy lawn these gave way to masses of glossy rhododendron that banked the flagged court before the house. The country roads she had just traversed meant nothing to Becky; their steep little rounded hills and aisled orchards were just so much vacancy to her. But Wynne Hall stirred something within her, a wonderment and satisfaction not unmixed with sadness. Although its white pillars were in need of paint, it bore the aura of a gracious past, tangible as the pungence of its boxwood hedges. There was nothing of pseudo-colonial or renovated farmhouse about it, as with so many of the dwellings in this part of Pennsylvania. It belonged frankly to the thirties, when high ceilings and ample doorways and big windows, fine woodwork and low-tread hospitable stairs bespoke hospitality and easeful living. It was a square house of weather-worn stucco over stone, with pillared entrances on the north and east sides and a wide veranda on the south and west. The kitchen and servants' quarters were in a separate building, joined to the house by a covered way above ground, with a subterranean passage beneath. Within, the furniture was a curious mixture of fine old simplicity and Victorian rococo; certainly no one could mistake it for the work of a professional decorator.

The wide front door stood open in the June warmth, and as Becky mounted the steps old colored Cæsar, who had come from Maryland with Paige's mother when she married, shuffled forward to meet her.

"Ole Mahs' Wynne say, will you please, ma'am, come out in de back gya'den," he announced unctuously. "He bin waitin' fo' to speak to you." He grinned and muttered approvingly as Becky ran down the paneled hall. Cæsar found "Miz' Paige" endlessly pretty and amusing.

The south veranda gave upon a flagged terrace that sloped to the formal gardens below and overlooked the green lowlands of the creek valley, where a herd of Holstein cattle stood like tiny inlays of ivory and onyx in an enamelled panel. The young summer sun had not yet burned the freshness of spring from the shrubbery; and the tall boxwood hedges, Wynne Hall's pride, were darkly green as burnished metal in the morning light. The lilacs were done blooming and it was too early for the riotous color of the flowerbeds, but the first roses were in bud, and Mother Wynne moved among them with her clippers, a beautiful tragic note in her black dress. Becky paused in the doorway, approving the scene. She never had possessed a family of her own in this sense, and to see them grouped here against that effective backdrop made her think of an old Southern play. Miss Janet, Paige's thin, intellectual aunt, sat in a whirl of papers at a wicker table on the veranda; Miss Rose,



SHE FOUND IT EASIER TO THINK WITH THE AIR IN HER FACE

the gentle, plump aunt, was reading to her father on the grass by the magnolia tree.

Grandfather Wynne in his wheel-chair was hardly the genial, snowy-haired Southern colonel of the picture, but Grandfather Wynne bore no stamp of a set pattern. His clean-shaven face—thin and parchment-pale—was nervous and mobile, with black piercing eyes under heavy brows; and his hair, fiercely curling, had dulled rather than grayed with time. He had a long, almost cruel upper lip, but when he smiled his mouth was kindly and sometimes tender. Becky at heart was desperately afraid of him for she felt that he penetrated the poses that were so indispensable a part of her; but, as always, she took refuge in playing to her invisible audience with the role of girlish vivacity at the feet of venerable wisdom.

Gaily she moved across the grass to him. She had learned the quick slender gait of a trained dancer and knew its value in crossing an open space under critical eyes. With a little half-mocking courtesy she handed him the bundle of mail.

"You wished to see me, sir?" she asked in her best Virginia accent. This sweet elliptic drawl was one of her best assets; she had acquired it two years before while boarding with a Southern family in Brooklyn.

"Major Carney left this for you," he told her, handing her a folded paper. "He thought it necessary to apologize to me, but explained that he had warned you several times. Naturally, he can't continue to show undue leniency merely because you are my granddaughter-in-law."

Major Carney was Wynnedale's autocratic old justice of the peace, and an implacable foe to fast driving. Becky had been amused by his reprimands and in New York would have considered a summons for speeding a huge joke, but now it didn't seem quite so funny under the polite gaze of her husband's family. She knew that in their eyes it was a regrettable lapse, and exasperation welled within her: did they expect her to make herself over completely to their ænemic standards? Heaven knew she had tried hard enough, but one is human. . . . For a moment her old self awoke and wanted to swear—to give these people a real jolt. But she had trained herself

always to burn her bridges behind her: she never reverted to a lesser role. She was a *grande dame* now; a Wynne. So in a calm bored manner she took the paper and folded it deliberately.

"How amusing!" she remarked. "I suppose one should be grateful for a new sensation, no matter what." She moved with conscious grace toward the house.

"One moment, Rebecca," called Mr. Wynne, looking up abstractedly. "Did Cæsar give you all the letters?" This spoiled her exit, and annoyed her.

"I went to the post office myself," she replied shortly.

"Odd! That letter always comes on the sixth," he commented, half to himself.

Mentally she destroyed the lost letter; it simply never had existed for her. It was impossible to admit carelessness just then. She gave him a wide, rather plaintive glance from her long-lashed eyes.

"That's all there were," she stated, and moved again toward the house.

In her room she was aware that the little incident had lowered her high spirits; she must be growing hyper-sensitive in this chaste atmosphere, she told herself. It would do her good to see Gay again, even if her friends were a bit vulgar. One needed a whiff of vulgarity now and then. She laid out several evening gowns and deliberated which she should wear that night; it had been months since she had worn evening clothes.

She studied her face in the mirror: it was thin and elfish, with a rather wide red mouth, beautiful teeth, straight nose, and long narrow gray eyes. She wore no makeup at Wynnedale and her sleek, dark, close-cropped hair made her look like a boy; but she had animation and intelligence in her face; no one could call her ordinary-looking. She thought of her arrival at Wynne Hall eight months before, when Paige had brought her home to visit after their honeymoon. She had been entirely conscious of the Wynnes' misgivings about his sudden alliance and it pleased her to feel that they could find no flaw in her speech, dress, or manner. Indeed, she had been almost disconcerted to find them so simple and kindly, for she had schooled herself to more of the grand manner. It had been at her insistence that she and Peter Paige had stayed on at Wynne Hall: at first because she saw that he was needed in managing the place since his father's death; later because there was something that puzzled her, something she wanted to understand about this family. There never was a hint of the friction that proverbially exists between in-laws; and yet a subtle reserve seemed to underlie their kindness. It was the same quality in essence that had marked Paige as different from the wealthy young blades who had formerly constituted her idea of aristocracy, and somehow after eight months she seemed further than ever from analyzing this difference. She was going through the motions of an intimacy which didn't exist, and of late she had felt a growing uneasiness that something she might do or say would define the fact that she was hopelessly alien in spirit. Always she had appropriated any quality she admired: an accent, a gesture, a laugh; and had endured the gibes of her friends at what they chose to call affectation. For she knew it was more than affectation; she assimilated the thing she affected and made it a part of her. Mediocrity was the unforgivable sin to Becky, and her twenty-four years had been a tireless process of discard and selection. Was she, for the first time in her life, to be defeated in a characterization? How Gay would laugh to see her take the Wynnes so seriously! To her they would seem finicking and unimportant.

From her window Becky saw Peter Paige, in faded khaki riding-clothes, jump off his horse and cross the lawn to his mother. He was warm and dirty from the farm, but it was impossible for him to look uncouth, no matter what he wore. She thrilled as always at his easy grace. Everything she had studied and striven for was innate with him, and although she knew she was stronger than he and

would always dominate him, his very weaknesses were those of caste. . . . She heard voices on the terraces and assumed that he was being told of her fall from grace, but when a minute later he appeared upstairs his face expressed only his usual pleasure at the sight of her.

"Why drag all your gowns out?" he inquired, indicating the bed. "Going to have a sale?" She told him of the prospective trip to the city.

"Fine! Put out my things too, will you? Must run down to the P. O. after luncheon; Grandfather is worried about a letter."

Becky flushed. "I can't seem to convince him that it didn't come," she said coldly.

He stared. "Oh! So *you* got the mail! Did you take the bag?"

"Of course I did." She turned her back. "I suppose they think me completely untrustworthy since I got pinched."

"You got what?" His amazement was genuine.

"Didn't they tell you that, either?" Becky was amazed too. These Wynnes certainly weren't human. Or perhaps, she thought, if they really loved her as one of themselves they wouldn't be so beastly polite. "I'm to appear before the Major tomorrow for speeding. Isn't it a scream? And I drive so carefully, too. You know I do."

"Really, Becka?" His face clouded slightly although he smiled.

"I'm afraid the family are horrified," she told him airily. "Hope the Major doesn't make it too heavy. I'm sorry, old son; I won't do it again."

"It isn't the fine, you know," Paige explained with some effort. He hated to talk seriously. "It's simply the—the Wynne name, you know. They like our women to—well, to stand well about here, among the country people. Old-fashioned rot, of course. And you've been wonderful, Becka," he added hastily. "I know it's been awfully slow for you. But you wanted to stay, didn't you?"

Becky was studying him objectively as he talked, with an odd tenderness in her eyes. The quaint exploded theory of putting women on a pedestal fitted, somehow, with Paige's beautiful thin face; his high-bridged nose and cleft chin and amiable—too amiable—mouth. In re-

GRANDFATHER WYNNE BORE NO STAMP OF A SET PATTERN

pose his face held always something of wistfulness; one could picture him with a high black stock at his throat. . . .

"Pete," she demanded suddenly, "why did you marry me?"

"I s'pose I married you for your money, child," he told her with cheerful sarcasm.

"Pete," she persisted, "is there anything wrong with me—anything you'd like to change very much?" He regarded her with frank approval.

"Miss Becky," he pronounced, "you're the rightest thing I know of."

He was undoubtedly the most satisfactory person in the world. She laughed and told him to hurry and wash for luncheon, but as she ran downstairs she had a sudden realization that Paige was more self-sufficient than she. Lovable and easy-going as he was, no one person or thing could ever be entirely indispensable to him. She, Becky, wasn't like that. . . .

At luncheon she was unusually silent, and studied his family objectively as she had studied Paige. Mother Wynne, with her shining silver hair, presided over the meal, gently solicitous for everyone's comfort but always half-abstracted, never wholly engaged. Paige's detachment was inherited from her but she was more emotional than he, with quick girlish gestures when she talked that showed her strain of French blood, and a naïve literalness that never followed the quick nonsensical humor which Paige shared with his grandfather. The men were inclined to tease her and laugh at her impractical comments, but at times she descended from her clouds with a sort of sublimated logic that went straight to the heart of a discussion; and her final word, to all of them, was law. Becky admired her with a shy awe that she couldn't entirely overcome; she was so beautiful and so at peace, so different from the garrulous matrons Becky had known elsewhere. She had seen her one morning with heavy silver braids which hung to her knees, and thought her like an enchanted princess whose eyes, still brave in the unspent youth of her spirit, held gentle surprise to find how long she had slept. . . .

The meal was nearly over when the door-knocker clanged and Cæsar, returning after a moment, carried a letter on a tray—a letter in a long yellow envelope.

"Mist' Charley Jennings say he foun' dis yer lettah on de road dis mawnin'," he explained to Mr. Wynne.

There was an involuntary pause in the conversation and Becky felt they were trying not to look at her. She managed her contrition very well and berated her own carelessness with childlike remorse. "How perfectly dreadful of me! I should really be punished! I don't remember seeing it at all!" But the muscles about her mouth and eyes felt unpleasantly constricted and her hands were clenched under the table. Everyone began to talk again, almost too animatedly, but a constraint had frosted the air and she saw that Peter Paige had flushed.

After the meal he waited and rumpled her hair, as though to apologize for an unworthy suspicion, and as they lingered old Cæsar shuffled up, carrying the letter-bag.

"Tain't yo' fault you los' dat lettah, Miz Paige," he assured her kindly. "I tuk dis ole bag las' night t' put new strap on huh an' fo'got to put it back dis mawnin'. Lettah's boun' to git los' when you ain't got no bag."

This time it was Becky who flushed; then she laughed irrepressibly. "Well, I'm out of luck to-day!" she cried flippantly. "The Lord must have meant me to be an honest woman, for I'm certainly the world's most unsuccessful liar."

Paige laughed too, but did it rather unconvincingly, and a hurt, surprised look had come into his eyes. He was the least self-righteous of men, but Becky saw with a pang that he didn't find this amusing. It was the first time he had caught her in an outright fib and he was frankly bewildered by it. She read in his face that it cast a shadow back over other things she had told him and made a dozen doubtful points assume a more

doubtful color. He lighted a cigarette in an effort to be casual, but his mouth was set in a strange line. An unreasoning rage mounted within her. How silly of him to make so much of such a trifle! And how silly of her to feel so cheapened, so petty, when she had sacrificed so much for him!

"I'll see if the car is in shape," he said evenly, and ran his hand over his crisply curling hair as he always did when puzzled. "You'd better rest for a while before you dress," he added as he walked slowly down the hall. Overhead the family portraits gazed down on Becky with stiff disapproval: those superior, disagreeable old Wynnes. . . .

Becky did lie down, and shed a few angry tears, but found no sleep. When it was time to dress she deliberately chose her gayest gown and rouged her face and lips. They started out in the little car and Paige pretended to be in high spirits; she knew he wanted to assure her, in his inarticulate way, that everything was all right.

But Becky's gaiety was gone and the subsequent party, so far as she was concerned, was a failure. Gay, she discovered, was getting fat; her trim outlines had blurred grotesquely. She wore too much jewelry and still had that loud laugh. If Gay were out of luck, ill or unhappy, her old affection might reassert itself; but prosperity sat unbecomingly upon her.

Peter Paige, always sensitive to a situation, felt that he was to blame for his wife's low spirits and redoubled his own liveliness. He danced a great deal, insisted upon playing the drum in the orchestra, produced champagne after a whispered discussion with a waiter, and drank more than was good for him. Becky refused more than one glass and was irritated to see Paige grow flushed and incoherent. The men in Gay's party had thick necks and wore rings. The crowning annoyance was when Gay asked her with loud giggles which father she used in Wynnedale, the college professor or the Virginia clergyman. . . .

At eleven o'clock Becky insisted upon starting home.

She took the wheel herself and Paige, sliding down in the wide seat, slept immediately. It was a warm night, lightly overclouded, and the air like damp velvet against her cheek was sweet with honeysuckle along the country roads. In the lowlands her headlight stirred pallid veilings of mist. She drove as one in a dream; she felt, she told herself, like a snail or whatever the creature is that has outgrown one shell and can't find another to crawl into. Had these more-or-less decayed gentlefolk bewitched her that she should take them so seriously? They had lost most of their money, their name was becoming forgotten, they lacked ambition and aggressiveness, they were content to sit peacefully at home, marking time against the seasons. And yet this attitude cheapened for her all of the old values. For a moment she envied Gay, whose mind held smugly to standards it understood.

She threaded an old covered bridge, whose dry bones rattled beneath the rush of her wheels, and her headlight cast queer dusty shadows along the rafters. She was on the home-stretch now; the village lay beyond, although at this hour no lights were in evidence. Paige still slept.

Rounding a slight bend, a pair of blazing headlights cut like knives from out of the blackness—an automobile was approaching at top speed. She drew over as far as the road permitted, blinking against the sudden glare. She was within fifty yards of the other car when she saw a man move in the shadows before her—a negro, undoubtedly drunk, and wavering in pitiful confusion between the two batteries of light. Her brakes screamed and wheels dragged as she stopped, giving him an ample margin, but he staggered directly in the path of the other car. It swerved, but not enough, and struck him fairly, hurling him across the road, where he crashed in a dreadful heap upon the stones of a broken wall. She seemed to hear the impact of his body with every

nerve, as though she herself had been struck.

The strange car sucked past her like a dark torpedo and she cried out, sick with horror. Incredibly, they did not mean to stop; she saw the tiny red light vanish around the bend. Sobbing with helpless rage she half-turned her car in pursuit, but reason told her this was useless. She could do nothing in this lonely stretch of valley. Even a telephone warning from the village to other stations was hopeless; she had no way to identify the car.

There was nothing to do but carry the poor man in to the village, and she leaned over to arouse Peter Paige. But with hand outstretched she stopped, as another aspect of the situation dawned upon her. He had been asleep and had seen nothing; the victim, even if he were alive—which was improbable—had been too drunk to know who struck him. Her recent arrest would have an ugly significance, and the story of a mystery-car on this lonely road at midnight sounded ridiculously flimsy. Would anyone—would even Peter Paige believe her?

Her throat felt dry and constricted and a weakness gripped her muscles. She knew, had she been guilty, she might have manufactured just such a story. Of course no case could be proved against her; she had no anxiety on that score. But everyone would think she had lied. She could feel again that dreadful pause at dinner, see those strange lines about her husband's mouth. It was cruel that she should have to face such a situation at this time, just as she felt herself at a definite disadvantage with her husband's family. She knew they would suffer less from the thought of her guilt than from her doubtful claim of innocence. Indeed, if she were lying she could carry it off much better; in the nervous excitement of playing a part she was at her best, while now her anxiety to be believed would confuse her, make her unconvincing.

To drive on at once, without a word to anyone, was the only alternative; but that was quite unthinkable. Lie she might, but she had never been a rotter, and if there were any life in this poor creature he must be carried to the nearest doctor. Well, this was no time for acting; she must be herself, the most difficult role of all, a role she was sure to botch. Seizing her husband by the shoulder, she shook him vigorously.

"Pete, wake up! Wake up! There's been an accident!" Her voice seemed inadequate and parrotlike, as though she were repeating someone else's words. He opened his eyes and blinked at her dully.

"Accident? Where? Who?"

"Somebody hurt! A man—badly hurt—I'm afraid he's killed!" Paige was alert instantly and she saw horror in his face.

"Who did it?" he asked instantly.

If he had asked anything but that, and so directly, Becky might have assembled her wits. But now, forced to meet his apprehension, something collapsed within her. She stammered incoherently, "A strange car—they wouldn't stop! He stepped in front, right in front—they struck him and threw him clear across the road! Oh Pete, they went on, they wouldn't stop!"

He was completely sobered now and peered at her sharply in the dim light.

"Brace up, Becka! I don't understand; talk straight! *Who did it?*"

The fear in his voice, in his face, was plain; and Becky knew that the fear was of her—fear that she would lie to him. There was a little pause in which something within her struggled blindly and helplessly. It was unendurable. This couldn't go on; Paige must believe in her at any cost.

"I did," she said deliberately. "He was drunk and I struck him." Her courage returned in a flood. With the familiar thrill of the creative artist she faced again her invisible audience. It was only in playing a part that she could be truly herself, and here was a role that fired and stimulated her. The fearless admission of guilt—here was the Wynne manner, and she could handle it impeccably.

She jumped out of the car, with Paige stumbling after, and bent over the dreadful huddled thing by the wall.

"'TAIN'T YO' FAULT YOU LOS' DAT LETTAH"

"It's a negro, a tramp . . . we must carry him to Doctor Reed's at once. Hurry! I can take his feet." Between them they lifted the poor broken wretch into the car. "You drive," bade Becky, supporting the man's head on her lap and wiping the blood from his face with her scarf. "Oh Pete, Pete, I want to die! I've killed him, I've killed him!"

Paige was all gentleness and sympathy.

"Poor old girl, hell of a shock for you. Now I want you to keep quiet about this; I'm going to say it was me. It will sound much better."

"No, no!" She clutched frantically at his arm. "Don't you dare, Pete! I—I couldn't bear it; you mustn't! Don't you see, it's—it's mine, and I'm going through with it! I couldn't bear it any other way!"

"But really, Becka—"

"No, no!" Her voice rose hysterically, and to quiet her he had to give in. This was a farcical possibility she hadn't anticipated but she was touched too at his wanting to lie for her, as she in her own way was lying for him.

A hoarse and sleepy doctor in an office

that reeked of drugs pronounced the negro unquestionably dead, and at the sight of her own bloody hands and dress in the light, Becky fainted quite genuinely. Paige took her home and tucked her in bed with a tenderness she had never seen in him, and Becky was appropriately tragic and spent and gentle. . . .

Next morning Paige had broken the news to his family before she awoke, and Becky, quite honestly exhausted by the night's nervous strain, heightened their affectionate solicitude by wanly declining to eat any breakfast. Her determination to shield Paige had touched them, and for the first time in her life Becky found herself an object of the clan spirit that rallies to its own in time of stress. They extolled her skill and quick wit in driving, and unanimously agreed that the man must have been either a drunken vagabond or a deliberate suicide. When Becky insisted upon rising and seeking out Major Carney to tell her story, she was firmly ordered to remain in her room and rest while Grandfather Wynne notified the Major by telephone that he must come to the house if he wished to get her statement about the accident. Doctor Reed had been permitted to think that they had found the man already injured in the road, so the Major was quite unaware of her intended confession.

Becky, revelling at heart in the warmth of the family's anxiety, pursued her role of martyr by dressing and going downstairs to wait for him, and Cæsar sniffed frankly at the sight of her pale grave face as she descended. He had a stubborn fear that she might be handcuffed and dragged off to prison, and confidentially asked Paige if he should get out his ole shotgun.

All hovered about her cushioned chair on the veranda, and Aunt Rose tried in vain to tempt her appetite with special dishes: "You must keep up your strength, my dear!" When Grandfather Wynne patted her arm and said, "We're all standing by, Rebecca!" and Mother Wynne called her a brave little girl, Becky looked at them slowly, with an odd swelling in her throat, and wondered why, in her own personality, she never had succeeded in getting so near to them as this. . . . On a sudden impulse she arose and asked Grandfather Wynne if she might speak to him alone for a moment in his study.

No one seemed surprised; the Wynnes never showed surprise at anything. Paige wheeled the old gentleman into the little book-lined room, with its black-marble mantle and old walnut furniture and oval photographs of bewhiskered relatives; then after a questioning glance at Becky, left them alone, closing the door after him. Becky stood by the table, pulling at her handkerchief.

"Have you," she asked, "a copy of *Æsop's Fables?*"

He indicated a place on one of the shelves that lined the room. Finding the book, she turned the pages and laid it before him, open at the story of "Wolf, Wolf!"

Seriously she inquired, "Is that the only reason one shouldn't lie? Because an emergency might occur when you want to be believed?"

"Isn't that an excellent reason?" he countered amiably.

"Then if one is clever enough not to get caught, it doesn't matter?"

After a pause he said, "Won't you sit down, Rebecca?" She perched stiffly on the edge of a chair.

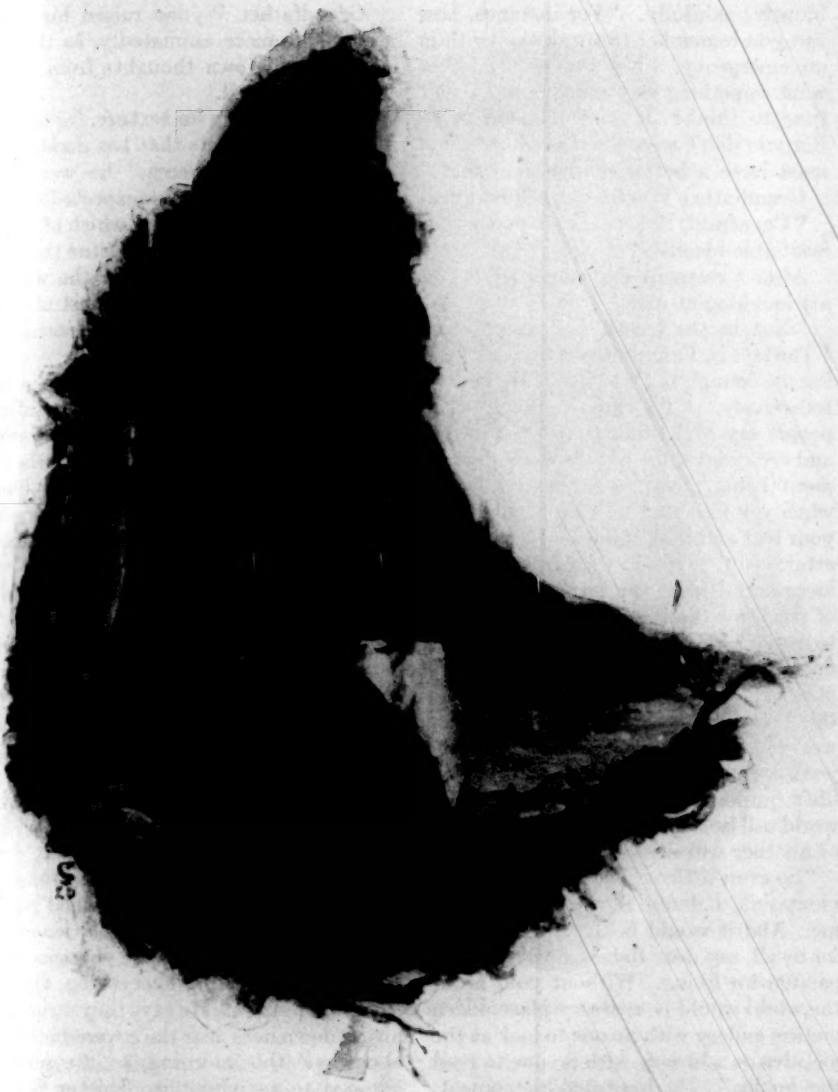
"I lied to you yesterday about your letter," she said directly. "Please don't pretend you didn't know it."

"Very well," he replied as directly, "I won't."

"But I didn't come here to apologize," she went on. "It's more important than that. You see, I'm not sorry I lied; I'm only sorry I was found out."

"At least," he commented gravely, "you are no hypocrite."

"I suppose I lack moral sense, whatever that means," she stated, "for I have no feeling about it at all, except that it has put me in an undignified position. . . . I've always had to bluff and scheme a bit; I'd be in a country town this



HE BENT OVER THE HUDDLED THING BY THE WALL

minute washing dishes for my stepmother if I'd been afraid to lie now and then. I'm not ashamed of it. I never had anybody to tell me things but I've always known what was real when I saw it, and after seeing it nothing less would satisfy me. I hate anything second-rate. And now, if anything of my old self is going to come between me and Pete, it's got to go. I've scrapped a lot of it and I'll scrap the rest. But you Wynnes have got me puzzled. I've always been good at picking up new ideas and I know I can learn your ways if you'll just explain certain things to me." She played to no audience now and the words came

bluntly, painfully. "For instance, how can you remember to speak the truth in an emergency, when you're afraid, or want something very much, and haven't time to think? It isn't religion, is it? For you don't seem very religious. You must have a better reason than that."

Grandfather Wynne laughed oddly.

"I'm afraid, Rebecca, that you are an insatiable idealist."

After a moment she suggested, "You are laughing at me?"

"Not in the least," he assured her. "The fact is, I am flattered by your fearing me enough to lie to me." He paused reflectively. "To care so much what people say and think is very natural—and very youthful—but the world doesn't merit being taken so seriously. Later, when you find that no man is worthy of your fear and that ambition is dust in its attainment, you will turn from facts to ideas and explore the terrible simplicity of truth for the beauty you have begun to crave." He leaned back and put his finger-tips together, enjoying this opportunity to be didactic. "But to do this you must be disillusioned and very weary; so weary you can transmit to your children very slight conviction of life's importance. By that time the world will be done with you, and one way or another will destroy you.

"So even if I could help you to such a viewpoint, I doubt if you would thank me. And it would be a very bad thing for us all, my dear Rebecca, to lose your passion for living. Without your ardor the world would be a dreary place, like a picture gallery with no one to look at the pictures or a library with no one to read the books." He hesitated a moment. "As for Peter Paige, it was a stronger and older instinct than either of you understands which drew you together. He has the unconcern with practical essentials that marks him for destruction. Unless . . . unless you can save him." His stern upper lip had curled a very little. He would rather see Paige destroyed, thought Becky without rancor; he can't quite forgive me for being stronger.

Grandfather Wynne raised his head and spoke more animatedly, as though to divert his own thoughts from a depressing channel.

"It is a craving for texture, for urbanity in your contacts that has dominated you, my dear Rebecca," he went on, "but this has led you unexpectedly to a sense of personal dignity; which after all is a more active agent for virtue than all the copy-book platitudes in the world. For instance, in the crisis of last night's accident you were almost overzealous to take the blame—"

Very pale, Becky had risen again to her feet when a rap at the door interrupted and Cæsar announced Major Carney. The venerable "Squire," chewing tobacco and arrayed in a rusty blue coat that he always wore officially, bowed and scraped and removed his hat. Paige, who followed him in, crossed over to Becky and assumed a protective attitude which secretly pleased her.

"Sorry to be late," observed the Major importantly, "but I got some more news on the accident last night, and all I got to do now is to tally it with what you and the Missus saw, Paige."

Becky's heart seemed to stand still.

"A car broke down at Heebertown, ten miles from here, with engine trouble early this morning. The fellows at the garage identified it as stolen, and since a mud-guard was bent and splashed with blood they crossquestioned the two men in the car pretty close. The younger one broke down and told everything, tryin' to square himself. He says they struck a nigger down here near the covered bridge about one this morning, so the police 'phoned to me about it. Doctor Reed says it was soon after one when you brought him in."

Paige was radiant, but Grandfather Wynne surveyed Becky inscrutably.

"Unfortunately," he commented, "my grandson was asleep and saw nothing, and Mrs. Wynne was so upset by the tragedy that she tells rather a confused story."

"Mrs. Wynne," asked the Major,

"I GOT SOME MORE NEWS," SAID THE MAJOR

clearing his throat, "did you pass another car before finding the man in the road? Or did you see him actually struck?"

"I—I don't remember," she answered stupidly. So her silly game was spoiled, and no one ever would believe her again. She opened and closed her hands helplessly, as though she had dropped something fragile and precious.

Then suddenly she raised them to her face and began to cry. The effect was magical; instantly all three men began to scold one another and to reassure her.

"Can't you see she was too much upset to know what she saw?" demanded Paige, his arm around her. "Let her alone, can't you? I remember now, she *did* try to tell me something about another car!"

"I suppose it's natural in a woman," admitted the Major, who had outlived two wives. "I thought mebbe we could get her to remember, gradual-like, what happened."

"I really feel," said Grandfather Wynne, "that she shouldn't be troubled further. It was a shocking experience for a young woman."

"We'll let it drop for the present," agreed the Major, mopping his brow. "Since the other fellow admits his guilt, with an eyewitness, she may's well forgit all about it. And I think it'll be a lesson to her, so I'll let her off the summons I put on her yesterd'y. And now, I'll bid you all good day." Accepting a handful of cigars, he withdrew, obviously relieved.

"The poor man!" moaned Becky, looking up with a distraught, wild-eyed manner reminiscent of Ophelia. "It was so terrible! I didn't know—I wasn't sure! So I thought I did it!"

"Paige, in my eyes you really are to blame," said old Mr. Wynne severely. "You had no business to be in such a state that you had to let a woman assume the responsibility of driving at night."

Becky stopped weeping and barely restrained a sniff of derision. She could drive better than Paige at any hour.

"Pete," she said abruptly, "go tell your mother that everything's all right. I'll join you in the garden in a minute. I want to collect my thoughts first."

He started to kiss her, from the exuberance of his relief, but his natural hatred of public demonstration formed a complex that resulted in a glancing peck on her eyebrow.

"Three rousing cheers," he observed, and swung out of the room.

Grandfather Wynne still watched her inscrutably.

"Well," said Becky, with rather a mirthless laugh, "they'll all try to believe I was hysterical and didn't know what I was saying . . . so I'm just where I was before. For you see, I knew perfectly well that I didn't hit the man. I saw the other car do it."

"Well, God bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Why on earth—"

"Because I knew Paige wouldn't believe me; that no one would believe me. And I simply—couldn't—bear it." She emphasized each word, like a child telling a story. "You would pretend to, but secretly you would be ashamed. I would be further than ever from becoming one of you. . . ."

"You thought we'd rather see you arrested?" asked the old gentleman drily.

"At least then you'd be sorry for me," she admitted.

He shook his head slowly. "What a lot of damned old humbugs we are!" he remarked, half to himself, and fumbled absently with a pile of papers. After an interval he reached out and patted her hand. "You feel that we think ourselves superior, don't you, my dear? Well, remember this: that at heart we are only envious. Not because you get what you want, child, but because you want it, so very much. . . ."

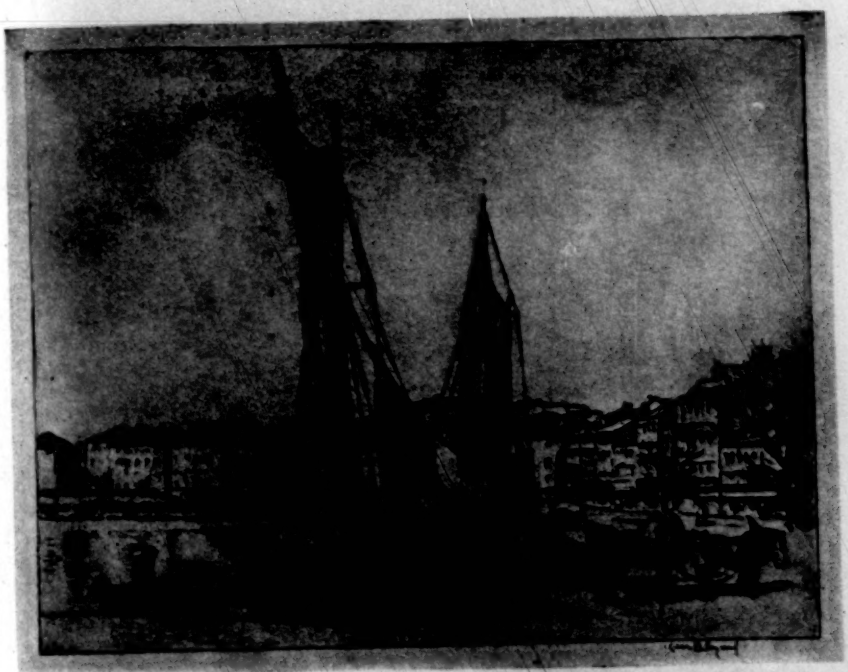
A wood-robin called in the magnolia tree by the window and the dusty copper light of late afternoon touched old bindings on the wall opposite. All was silent except for the fretted rasp of papers beneath the old man's fingers. Then, since he seemed to have forgotten her, Becky rose and slid quietly from the room.

In the hall she hesitated for a moment, looking again at the painted Wynnes upon the wall: thin-featured, delicately insolent, their faded faces veiled in shadow. To cease, in time, to care so much . . . that was the secret of their remoteness. The idea stirred her like the glimpse of a star, caught for a moment in a mirror: lovely, unattainable—cold. To glimpse it, to be so stirred, was enough for her; it was the thrill, not the star that she desired. She must have warmer playthings. . . . But it was something, surely, that she never had mistaken tinsel for starlight. So, with an obscure sense of triumph, as though she had won a wordless argument, she moved slowly toward the garden.

ETCHINGS & DRYPOINTS of FRANCE

by

KERR EBY



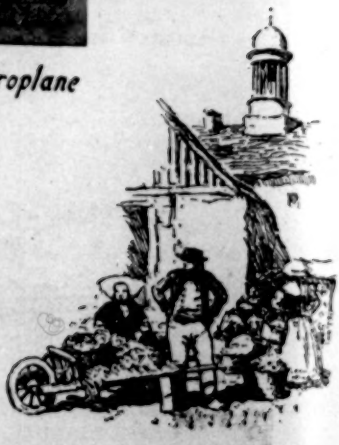
Ciotat Harbor

The Cooper Shop at Grasse

House in Amboise

Curés Garden at Arles

The Aeroplane



THE WIFE OF THE PLUMED KNIGHT

Portrait of Harriet Stanwood Blaine

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

TAKING his whole career together, James G. Blaine was perhaps the man who came nearest to the presidency without getting it; and the excitement and the struggle, as well as all the varigated passion of his long life, are reflected in the heart and in the letters of Harriet Stanwood Blaine.

Mrs. Blaine was born at Augusta, Maine, in 1828, two years before her distinguished husband. She was educated in Augusta, and in Ipswich, Massachusetts. She then went to teach in Kentucky and there met Blaine and married him in 1850. From that time on her life was identified with his and she entered passionately into all his experiences, as Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives, of the National House; as candidate for the presidential nomination in 1876, 1880, and 1892; for the presidency in 1884; and in his different terms of service as Secretary of State. She presided over various extensive establishments, brought up a large family of sons and daughters, and altogether led a most varied and brilliant life till the deaths of her two elder sons shortly preceded that of their father in 1893. Her remaining years were darkened by sorrow and affliction, and she died in a pitiful state of mind and body in 1903.

Practically all of Mrs. Blaine's married life was passed in intimate contact with the great world and with the most wide and striking contrasts of humanity. Her husband had a vast acquaintance, and the reflection of it naturally fell on her. She met men of business and men of pleasure, scholars, soldiers, artists, and hundreds of politicians, and the wives of most of them. In Europe she saw royalty, and met it as serenely as she did presidents and shoeblacks. Humanity was humanity to her: the garb made little difference.

On the whole she liked and enjoyed it. She was curious about the lives of people, interested in their fortunes, and especially in their motives. In Europe she goes dutifully and industriously to see sights but remarks with a slight yawn of boredom, "There is nothing in ruins or any other dead or going things comparable to the interest of living people and homes."

She had a profound and persistent instinct for observation and analysis and was always ready and quick with shrewd comment on the doings and sayings of the men and women about her. But it is notable that, for all their shrewdness, her comments are rarely harsh or bitter, but incline to be tempered with sympathy and understanding and the gift of entering into others' lives. She had indeed a singular frankness, a candor of tongue and pen that is sometimes startling. Also, she had a sweet and gracious irony which plays over all sorts of subjects and experiences, slight or serious, and which gives her letters an extraordinary charm.

The instinct for acute observation is with her at all times and leads to a subtle tracing of humanity in the midst of great scenes and events. Take her significant hint of what went on at the White House in the tragic days after

Garfield's assassination: "I am afraid to trust things to pen and ink. Character comes out so surprisingly at such times, and many of the ladies who are around manage to have such a good time." Take again her brief and vivid portrayal of all sorts of people. It may be the furnace man at Augusta. It may be the British Ambassador. Always she depicts him as he is, or as he appears to her, with unshrinking veracity. For a more elaborate study, take the portrait of President Arthur, whom, to be sure, Mrs. Blaine had personal reasons for not loving; but you feel that you have the man all the same: "I do not think he knows anything. He can quote a verse of poetry or a page from Dickens and Thackeray, but these are only leaves springing from a root out of dry ground. His vital forces are not fed, and very soon he has given out his all. . . . The last time he was here, he spoke to me of his chagrin that we had not been invited to the White House, but time wears on, and the invitation lingers, and I do not think a perfectly well-bred President would make such an apology. He certainly commands his own house and table. I hear in society only approving words. Can a President be otherwise than fascinating, pleasant, intelligent, and delightfully welcome?"

It is to be observed that Mrs. Blaine's human interest was mainly social, not philanthropic. There is plenty of evidence that she was sensitive to individual unhappiness and suffering. Again and again little hints slip in of the doing of kindly and thoughtful things and of sacrifices made, though any ostentation would have been perfectly abhorrent to her. But she does not seem to have much burdened herself with elaborate philanthropy, and "Causes" and "Reforms" do not appear in her pages, for which I at least am grateful.

It is of interest to determine how far, in this wide contact with humanity, Mrs. Blaine made herself acceptable and popular with people in general; but there is some conflict of opinion. It is evident that she was not universally liked and the reasons are easy to understand. She was a person of strong, quick feelings, readily hardening into prejudice. Her subtle and shrewd insight was swift to penetrate pretense and sham of every kind, and her extraordinarily frank, direct tongue conveyed her opinions with remarkable energy and effect. In a world so built of conventions as that of general society mere frankness, without harshness or bitterness, is enough to inspire dread and mistrust. Even the sympathetic biographer speaks of "the pungency which . . . caused some injury to her own popularity."

On the other hand, it is clear that when Mrs. Blaine liked her company she could be extremely attractive. She had a noble and dignified presence, was tall in stature and stately in movement. She had excellent taste in dress and, without the slightest tendency to display, took care to see that she was always suitably appareled. Her conversation was as brilliant and sparkling as her letters, and the few with whom she was really intimate must have found her a perpetual source of instruction and entertainment. As to social tact, she probably had plenty of it when she cared to use it. Her own opinion of her gifts in this direction was perhaps somewhat higher than that of others. As to an irksome invitation she says, "I have peremptory orders from headquarters to decline, which I have done in honeyed accents, very different from those in which the lion refused to be bored."

That the pressure of humanity should sometimes be too much for her was natural. When she was worn and tired she felt that she never wished to enter a drawing-room again, or to have anybody enter hers. In expressing the incapacity of weary nerves to meet the demands she gets a touch of Emily Dickinson's fiery brevity: "Altogether, if I had felt strong, I would have enjoyed it, but it seems to me I am asked to fill immensity with my presence, and I cannot do it."

Yet, after all, there can be no doubt of her general enjoyment of the life she was called to live. She had her moments of relishing solitude, of longing to get out of the bustle into some region of quiet thought. But the moments were few, and they did not last. The habit of wide and constant movement grew upon her, and as long as she had strength and happiness she found herself mainly at home in it. "I can give you no idea of the bustle we live in. Our small rooms, irregular habits, Tom [the secretary] always in the parlor, the cards, the notes, the letters which cumber every table, the great crowd of personal friends of your father in Washington, all of whom desire to see him, and their wish should be gratified." It was all pleasant and welcome, and a person with eyes and ears and a heart and a brain like hers could not fail to find such vast human opportunities both entertaining and profitable.

Now let us narrow the circle of observation and see Mrs. Blaine in her home and domestic surroundings. Her letters give the same quiet and delightful play of irony about these as about the larger world. During the greater part of her married life she lived in comfort and luxury. She had a full realization of this and often portrays or suggests it charmingly: "I am left absolutely alone with my servants, every want anticipated, not a room in the house not at summer heat, sunshine and open fires vying with each other, four horses and pony in the stable, sleighs and robes in abundance and the beautiful snow; every longing satisfied, with full salvation blessed—what can I need?" Yet all this comfort could not be achieved and maintained without care. There were great responsibilities upon her always, she could not get rid of them, and she sometimes sighed over them. There were establishments in Washington, establishments in Augusta, establishments in Bar Harbor. There were guests coming and going. There were husband and children, who did not go, or went when you least counted upon it. "This is one of my tavern weeks—the board being spread for all who come," she says. And when she is older and has kept it up for years she murmurs, "I am so tired that one kitchen with myself for cook and no dining room attached would look as enviable as Naboth's vineyard."

Servants were a luxury but they were a trouble when you were the one to manage them. There is the best of evidence that she was kind and considerate with those who worked for her, and her own words indicate it often. Even when she found the work ill done and the workers trying there is a note of human kindness in her complaint: "What it will be to me to get rid of this loyal, unfaithful servant! Everything about the place is going to waste, and it becomes each season more difficult to obtain tidiness or neatness, much less nicety, in carriage, horse or garden. My very soul is tired, trying to get the wood for an open fire sawed and cut. The fires are always mighty conflagrations or beds of ashes."

Also, to have servants you have to have money, and money was one of the greatest cares and responsibilities to Mrs. Blaine, as to the rest of us. The resources were usually sufficient, often ample, but they were uncertain. Blaine's salary, when he had it, was considerable, and at all times he had an active and, on the whole, shrewd business instinct. But he had a decided taste for expenditure and also for speculation, and his doings in this way were apt to be hazardous and were not always creditable. In any case, they worried his wife, who was of a more provident and conservative disposition. And the uncertainty of income made spending, always so deplorably certain, an anxious matter to a careful housekeeper. She saves and clips and curtails where she can; but the needs are great, children must be clothed, visitors must be fed, a suitable appearance in the world must be kept up, the

bills rain in, and sometimes she cannot imagine which way to turn, though here also she smiles rather than weeps. "Any difficulty but that of money I could perhaps surmount, but the unknown, and money is always to me the unknown factor, frightens me." Even an almost empty purse is matter for a sort of tender raillery: "I hovered on the outskirts to bid him good-by, afraid to come recklessly to the front lest he should want some money, and I have only three silver quarters in my dear little purse, that cunning leather pouch which Jamie gave me."

One of the husband's costly tastes was an especial cause of anxiety and trouble, though also of varied interest—his passion for building houses. The letters have many references to the picking out of lots, and the weighing of their comparative merits, the attraction of views, the varied possibilities of construction, and the expense of it all. Then when the house was finished it had to be furnished, and the housekeeper had to pick and choose and arrange and, worst of all, to pay. And she had to dismantle as well as mantle, and the dismantling is a cheerless business which these merry designers of houses are apt to shirk: "I am waiting now only to be strong-backed and clear-headed to tear this house to pieces, and by this time next Sunday, I doubt not to see these beautiful portières and curtains rolled away like a scroll, these carpets transplanted like Aladdin's, no *man* knows whither, only one woman, in short, everything that moth and dust can corrupt withdrawn from the world."

As to family affairs in the Blaine household we have as abundant and as interesting testimony as with material conditions. With her children Mrs. Blaine is charming. She toiled over them in every way, from the humblest mending of their garments to the most elaborate thought for their intellectual and spiritual welfare. When they are ill she cares for them, and when they are well she enjoys them. When they are with her she makes them happy, and when they are absent she writes them letters of clinging, longing tenderness, as well as of delightful vivacity. How sweet is her comment on her tendency to indulgence: "He is so kind and pleasant and is so bright and gay I can refuse him nothing: I make a very poor mother." But her indulgence was not extravagant. She knew how to reprove, if not to chide, and it is said that most of the family discipline fell to her, since the father was so much away from home. Yet in spite of this, the children, who adored their father, adored their mother also. How could they help it? She took such endless pride in them, and such endless comfort: "Then the boys —oh, how I miss them. They know all I ever knew—and I have forgotten much—they are fresh and untiring as the sun which never sets—they are loving and want sympathy—old enough to be companions, too young to assert their rights, taking everything as of grace, and of their fulness I am a partaker. Blessed relationship—the man child to his mother."

So we see that in her surroundings, as in her contact with the more external world, Mrs. Blaine lived an intensely crowded and active life. She was rushed from one call to another, from one need to another, till it seemed as if no minute were left even for essential repose: "The one luxury which I cannot command is time. It may be made for slaves, but it is the breath of life to free men." Yet it might be worth while to give all one's time and more to win from a daughter such beautiful, touching words as these: "She who never gave a thought to herself, living only in the lives of others, who was content to be used, absorbed, obliterated if need be, in her service of love, lives once more in these rescued leaves, in her forcefulness, her honesty, her humor, and her splendid courage that was so cruelly tried."

Again let us narrow the circle and take Mrs. Blaine's relation to her hus-

band, so engrossing, so absorbing that it almost seems as if the other relations did not exist. Her social life, her general domestic life, active and busy as they were, centered in the end on him. Even her children, much as she loved them, were disregarded when their father's interests were imperiled: "What are you, my dearest boy, what care I for any other name than your father's?"

And still there is the play of light irony about the one great love, as about everything else, of irony mingled with tenderness in a quaint fusion which is always delightful. She adores the man, but she sees his weaknesses, and in her confidential letters to her children she trifles with the weaknesses, oh, so gently.

Now as to clothes—his taste in clothes, or his mighty indifference to them, is curious to a woman's eye. Cleanliness he cares for, but appropriateness he utterly disregards. When a sudden occasion presses, garments have to be hunted from everywhere, disconnected things gathered together, and contributions levied on everyone. Then his regularity, or lack of it. One may not be always exact oneself, but when one is trying to keep a perfect household it is a little vexatious to have the chief figure in it so uncertain as to the time element and to what appear to be the first principles of order. Nor is the vexation greatly diminished by the knowledge that when the necessities of business require it he can be as precise as anyone. Note the delicious blend of feelings in the following: "First of all, I miss Mr. Blaine. I cannot bear the orderly array of my life. I miss the envelopes in the gravy, the bespattered table linen, the uncertainty of the meals, for you know he always starts out on his constitutional when he hears them taking in dinner." And another passage is a trifle more serious, yet not too serious. Speaking of her eldest son, she says, "He stood between me and all anxiety, in a way which your father, dear and interesting as he has always been, never knew how to do."

We have already seen what were the anxieties and difficulties about money. Mrs. Blaine does not attribute to herself any great gift at economy. She liked pleasant and costly things, and was not the one to blame indulgence in them. But the experiences of her youth had taught her what money meant. Therefore a reckless and, especially a careless, expenditure worried her. Horses were agreeable, houses were agreeable; but where was the cash to come from? When you had to pay the bills, and the burden of adjustment and settlement came upon you there were moments of worry, even approaching impatience: "I have drawn so much money this month, how can anyone who never listens to or enters into a detail, understand it?"

Particularly interesting is Mrs. Blaine's constant comment on her husband's health. He was naturally vigorous but he was sensitive and imaginative. How deftly does the wife suggest the alternations of a nervous temperament in her brief picture of the morning hours: "'O Mother, Mother Blaine,' he said, 'I have so much to do, I know not which way to turn.' 'Good!' said I. 'Yes,' said he, 'isn't it perfectly splendid?' A very different cry from the 'O Mother, Mother Blaine tell me what is the matter with me!' which has so often assailed my earliest waking ear, and which always makes my very soul die within me." As years went on, he became more and more solicitous as to what was the matter with him. Not only his wife, but his sons and his biographer bear witness to his excessive fondness for medicines and doctors. And the wife ministers to him, evidently with watchful care and perfect tenderness. When real maladies assailed, as they often did, no one could be more devoted than she. But she had an active and strenuous soul, and the perpetual nursing of the chimney corner sometimes fretted even her, since she felt that he might forget himself and be making over the world. When the great decision as to a possible presidential candidacy in 1888 had to be made she grew a little

restless about it: "This is one of the days when I am not in sympathy with disease, when it seems to me that your father is in full possession of all his powers, eating and sleeping well, driving, alert in mind, memory . . . undimmed. . . . And with these prodigious powers the chimney corner and speculation on his own physical condition are all that he allows himself. A pity!"

Nor is the irony entirely lacking even in her discussion of the affectionate relation between them. He loves her, oh, yes, she knows how he loves her. Also, the great world needs him, and she is proud of it and would not have him lay aside his important duties for a moment for any little need of hers. Yet there are hours when she is sick and weak and lonely, and she would like him beside her, if it were possible. As it is not, the best way is to smile about it: "I could hardly let him go, I needed his reviving presence so much. . . . He had to go, but felt that my desire to keep him was all right and natural, so, with a man's appreciation of a woman's nature, he promised to buy silk dresses for M. and Alice, to say nothing of half a dozen for myself." Then she sums up the lovely mixture of his great duties and his domestic feelings in a phrase which many wives will thoroughly enjoy: "I miss his varying attention and as constant neglect." All this is not to be understood for a moment as implying that Blaine was an indifferent husband. On the contrary, he was a most affectionate one, and his wife knew it well.

As to Mrs. Blaine's fundamental devotion to him, particular evidence is hardly necessary, since it is written on almost every page of her letters. It is clear that she gave her whole heart and her whole life in the hasty love match that took place in those early Kentucky days. They may have married in haste, but they never found a moment's leisure to repent, and the marriage continued to be a love match to the end. Her words to others on the subject are necessarily slight and brief, but they are enough to indicate how complete and absorbing the affection was, and how permanent was its hold upon her.

With such a nature as hers, and his, and with such a long and deep love established between them, it is evident that her influence must have counted vastly in all the doings of his life. Just how did it count is the question. Was she a help or a hindrance to his political career, and how much? She frequently expresses a dislike for politics in the abstract. But he who was the main substance of her life was so constantly interested in them that she could not keep her thoughts off them, and her temper was so ardent that, if she thought of them at all, she must think eagerly, must help, advise, remonstrate. "Your father and I have picked out Garfield's Cabinet for him, and have devoted to him for two mornings our waking, but not risen, hours." That is the note that often recurs.

As to the effect of this active interest on Blaine's fortunes, opinions differ remarkably. I am assured by some persons that his wife was a great help to him. Others assert that her influence was disastrous, and almost fatal. This view is perhaps most forcibly stated by Peck, in connection with Mrs. Blaine's antipathy to Mrs. Harrison, and consequent persuasion of her husband to retire from Harrison's Cabinet and let his name be used in 1892 as an opposition candidate. "It was, in truth, upon Mrs. Blaine that the responsibility of this rather pitiable *dénoûment* rested. No authorized explanation of Mr. Blaine's sudden retirement from the Cabinet has ever been put forth, yet it was perfectly well known to many at the time that this step, so ill-advised and so contrary to Mr. Blaine's own judgment, was taken because of his wife's insistence. Mrs. Blaine was a very masterful, high-spirited woman, unblessed with tact and far too prone to interfere with her husband's political concerns. More than once in his career this interference had caused him great embarrassment."

There may be much truth in this. At

the same time, I feel that while certain elements of injury in Mrs. Blaine's influence may have been more obvious and spectacular, the elements of helpfulness must have been more constant and more important. To have that clear, shrewd, analytical intelligence thoughtfully working at all times on political events and characters was of incalculable benefit to a man so impulsive and so sensitive as Blaine was, ever apt to be unduly confident and unduly depressed. The evidence of this is scattered all through Mrs. Blaine's letters. It appears also in repeated testimony of Blaine himself, perhaps most suggestively in the letter to Garfield, "I want you to read my letters to Mrs. Garfield . . . the advice of a sensible woman in matters of statecraft is invaluable." The most charming touch of all in regard to it is Mrs. Blaine's tender comment: "He's all right, but he loves the confessional and the lay sister (me)—why, I do not know, as I always shrive him out of hand."

Whatever may be thought of the value of Mrs. Blaine's advice, there can be no question as to her immense admiration of her husband's powers and achievement. Oh, she could criticize in all ways, of course; it was her nature to do so. But her passionate devotion and esteem far outwent the criticism and altogether buried it. Above all, when he was attacked and vilified, the fiery energy of her spirit rushed to his defense. Could any wife say more than she says, in the fierce hours of the Fisher scandal and the Mulligan letters? "I dare to say that he is the best man I have ever known. Do not misunderstand me, I do not say he is the best man that ever lived, but that of all the men whom I have thoroughly known, he is the best." Could the interplay of qualifying analysis and passionate affection be better illustrated than in that? The more one ponders on the sentence the more one is impressed by the rich significance of it.

And as she admired him and loved him so she entered into every phase and every aspect of his varying career with intense and enthusiastic sympathy. In the events that were more external to him, like the Garfield assassination and the excitement which ensued, she participated with keen and anxious ardor. And the ardor was even greater in what directly affected her husband himself. His speakership, his secretaryship, his chances for nomination in 1876, 1880, 1888, and 1892, all are the subjects of her constant comment, as eagerly sympathetic as it is lucid. But the zeal with which she followed his fortunes shows most in her description of the crisis of the great campaign of 1884, in which Blaine and all his friends had reckoned securely upon success. I do not know where you will find a more agonizing account of political suspense and final defeat than in that speaking page: "I was absolutely certain of the election, as I had a right to be from Mr. Elkins's assertions. Then the fluctuations were so trying to the nerves. It is easy to bear now, but the click-click of the telegraph, the shouting through the telephone in response to its never-to-be-satisfied demand, and the unceasing murmur of men's voices, coming up through the night to my room, will never go out of my memory,—while over and above all, the perspiration and chills, into which the conflicting reports constantly threw the physical part of one, body and soul alike rebelling against the restraints of nature, made an experience not to be voluntarily recalled." Madame de Sévigné's great narratives can hardly beat that.

With yet one more contraction of the circle, let us consider Mrs. Blaine's inmost world—that of her own closest thoughts and her own soul. In spite of all her devotion to her husband, of all her immense, intense outward activity, I feel that she kept this inner world apart and intact, more, for instance, than Sarah Butler did; though perhaps if we had Mrs. Blaine's letters to her husband, as we have Mrs. Butler's, the impression would be different. It was not so much

any distinct intellectual ardor, or any æsthetic enthusiasm; it is simply a sense in her of a certain self-poise, and self-possession, clung to instinctively, unconsciously, yet all the more with an unfailing vigor of freedom.

If we knew more of her early life perhaps we could trace more of the foundations of this strong individuality. But little is told us. It is probable that a nature so intense must have had quick, strong impulses in youth, and have required years to get control of them. She gives us slight, charming glimpses of those early days, as in the account of a fit of homesickness at nine years old. She was passionately fond of study, she says, and the results of it show in the bits of Latin scattered over her pages, as in many other things. She regrets that she did not make better use of her opportunities: "If I could only have known, when your age, the high plane on which I should deploy, I might have been the equal in attainment of any woman in Washington, and, oh, that it had been given me to know in that my day."

She appears to have had fairly good health, in the main equal to the demands made upon it. When she was ill she was ill, and gave up, "always, if sick at all, I am fiercely ill"; but she did not like being nursed or cosseted: "To be petted is not my forte." And she had a splendid power of recovery, as she herself puts it: "Recuperativeness, I suppose it is, for I remember an old country doctor telling me, when I was a year older than Flo Gibbs on her birthday, that I had more recuperative power than he had ever seen in any other person." When she was ill and tired she was sometimes depressed. Sensitive nerves would rebel against the vast pressure that was put upon her: "I cannot tell you how dull and stupid I am. I loathe the sight of the Department carriage. Our table is an offense to me. A novel takes on all at once, from the times, a sickly association." But she fought such moods with the persistent energy which is so marked in her, and she urged her children to fight them: "Do not get depressed. It is a family tendency which ought to be put down with a strong hand."

The ordinary external diversions from fatigue and melancholy do not seem to have much appealed to Mrs. Blaine. Now and then she plays a game of cards. She goes to theater and opera and makes shrewd comments. She occasionally buys pictures. But her thoughts were not on such things. When she at last visits Europe, after long desiring it, her attention turns more to people than to places, and she is a number of weeks in Florence before it occurs to her that there is anything to be seen there. Then she sees it dutifully, with the guide-book; but I do not gather that the old masters transfigured her life. Even nature, though she often had it about her in its most delightful aspects, hardly gets a word from her. A sunny day cheers her, a dark depresses, but she is usually too busy to notice whether it is dark or not.

Nor does religion figure largely in Mrs. Blaine's brilliant and varied pages. She was a keen and subtle critic of sermons and preachers; but spiritual emotion does not seem often to have absorbed or transported her. Yet the occasional allusions to it have seriousness and nobility, and in one fine passage of warning to a daughter who seemed likely to come under influences which the mother deplores, she utters a lofty aspiration for earnestness and independence: "You and I shall find God as easily by our own searchings as the Church has found Him . . . and I have no sympathies with the cowardice or laziness which has caused so many to acquiesce in the formulas of the Catholic church. Weariness in well doing, when nothing seems won, would have stopped every struggle for liberty the world has seen. Millions drop out of the fight, surrendering with a *cui bono*, but the few, the immortal few, who know not how to die nor how to live degraded, carry on from age to age the hope of the world."

In her general intellectual life Mrs. Blaine is interesting, suggestive, and

spirited. Busy as she was, she managed to do a great deal of reading and her comments on it are intelligent. She does not much bother herself with abstract ideas, and metaphysical and scientific theories do not get more than a passing allusion, if even that. But always there is the keen and curious insight, playing with innumerable incidents and people that throng about her. She will analyze the trial of Guiteau and the love affairs of a maid in the kitchen with equal penetration and equal profit, well knowing that human nature comes out as much in the one as in the other. She analyzes men and women at large, she analyzes her husband, she analyzes herself, as appears most strikingly from one significant passage, though every page bears more or less the impress of it: "Who came after I know not, every faculty of mine being absorbed in analyzing my feelings." It is this propensity which gives her letters their constant interest. It is this which makes me feel that, in spite of all distractions, she did keep an inner individual world of her own.

Yet for all that inner world, it is always evident that her heart and her life were her husband's, bound up with him inseparably. And nothing illustrates this better than the study of the element of ambition in her. Her husband was ambitious, obviously, openly so, though his biographers have tried to belittle this side of him and to maintain that in seeking office he was only doing his public duty. What man who is worth anything is not ambitious? Mrs. Blaine understood him better and summed him up in the little quotation: "Your father said to me only yesterday, 'I am just like Jamie, when I want a thing, I want it dreadfully.' They are a pair of Jamies." Which reminds one of General Lee's curious remark about himself, "I am always wanting something." What Lee wanted is not so easy to determine. But it is clear enough that James G. Blaine wanted to be President of the United States.

Only, the husband's ambition, though intense, was fitful, and with breaking health it flickered and failed. The wife's was less manifest, she had the stronger and deeper nature; but it was perhaps even more intense and more constant. What her personal hopes and aims may have been in the early separate days before her marriage we do not know. But it is charming to see the gleams of passionate ambition flash out in the dignified restraint and quiet of her letters. There are times when she disclaims it, times when she is weary, and wants only quiet and a husband to herself in peace. Then the big world comes back again, the anguish at being fooled of the large part in it which she feels herself so capable of playing. When the nomination is tossed aside against her wishes in 1888 she sighs, "in all my thoughts, which are mostly sympathy for others, I never fail to remember that a nomination is not an election, and that that day of doom has to be lived through." Note the "mostly." When Guiteau is executed she murmurs, "Oh, if he could have died one little year earlier, the difference to me!" Lastly, there is just the brief significant sentence about her daughter's spelling and Mrs. Cleveland: "Feminine Frances is spelled with an 'e.' Think of the first lady in the land, who is not your *chère mère*." What a world of long hopes and blighted ambitions jostle each other in that trivial phrase!

Yet it is evident that all the ambition was inseparable from her husband. She had no desires, no aspirations that were not intimately connected with his triumph and success. For better, for worse, indeed, for richer, for poorer, her existence was bound up with that of him whom she esteemed "the best man she had ever thoroughly known." And it was through that association that her life became so ample and splendid as it was, so wide and picturesque and intensely varied with joy and sorrow, or as she herself gathers it up in one word that condenses the whole: "So much of life and so much love do not often go together."

ORDEAL

I Meet My Classmates After Twenty-five Years

ANONYMOUS

LAST June I went to a reunion of my college class and saw men I hadn't met or heard from for twenty-five years.

The committee in charge had sent us circulars during the spring, picturing the coming occasion as a delightful affair. They were a little too full of enthusiasm, from my point of view; they talked of our happy years together in the days of our youth, and said that now we'd live them again, which, of course, wasn't so. But they were trying to get a number of busy men to put business aside and leave their wives and families and travel to our old college town; and, naturally, they had to make it seem something which no one should miss.

I sent them my check and arranged things so that I could go; but the memories which came slowly back to me were not like the committee's. Theirs were all sunshine, and mine, I discovered, were mixed. We fellows from all over the country, a band of picked men, had once set out with great hopes and plans, to conquer the world. And now our battered selves were going back again to stare at one another, searching for the young selves we'd known so well in those days. I wanted to be there with the others; but I hardly knew why.

I felt as though we were all being summoned to a modern Grand Assize, where we should be called on to account for our twenty-five years. . . .

Of course, a good many fellows didn't show up at our reunion. Percy Clede, for example. He told Solly that it would bore him. Dull after-dinner speeches, childish marching round behind a brass band, shaking hands with fellows you only half-recognized, a general fake air of brotherhood—that was the way he regarded it. Well, that was what he'd have found if he'd come. All that was there; I felt it myself, though I'm no Percy Clede. But it was only the surface. I hardly gave it a thought, even at the time; and I shall not now describe it. What struck me was the companionship and scrutiny I felt underneath.

Clede wanted it to be a brilliant exchange of epigrams over the teacups, or a salon of intellect, or a time of important discussions. He says there's no companionship in a mixed crowd who are incompatibles; he wants something more civilized and selective, more choice, more worth while. But he'd have a different conception of fellowship if he'd ever been in a regiment. Incompatibles? Why, yes! But that's the point of the thing. A class is not like a clique. If you can bear none but sympathetic spirits round you, you'll be disappointed. But not if you're game to enter an arena filled with both friends and foes, to take the other men's measure, and to be ready to let them take yours.

But you can get that in daily life, you may say. No you can't. Not this kind. These reunions are of men who once spent four years living together. They knew one another before their shells hardened. All buncombe and pretense may as well be left at the door with

your umbrella. No matter how high-up and famous you may seem to the world, your classmates will not be impressed if you really are hollow. They may not say anything, their opinions won't be rammed down your throat, but you'll feel it in the air that they're thinking you still are a light-weight.

Similarly, if you're all right, they know it, whether the world does or not. You may have failed wholly in doing, as distinguished from being; or you may have a cloud over your name owing to some wretched scandal. Well, out in the world you will feel it, but not at your reunion. Not if your college friends know that you are a man to respect.

I saw a good many things at the reunion that I hadn't expected to see. Our most likable men of college days, for instance, weighed less than of old. I heard of several—Joyce and one or two others—who were quite down and out. Life had been too stern an affair for those nice, pleasant fellows. . . .

I once had a talk with a soldier of the old German army. He said he had had chances for promotion but had preferred to forgo them, because he disliked to knock men about and kick and abuse them. A corporal had to do that, he said. Not that he was so ordered, but he had to produce good results, and that was the quickest way to train soldiers and to maintain a firm discipline.

Life is often like that. Our timid, attractive men, like Joyce, have gone under, or else failed of promotion. There are times when a man must be ready to give as well as to take blows.

That is one of those things we learned from athletics, but not from the curriculum.

But looking back I realize that our athletes were of two sorts: those like Billy Wade, who loved a sport whether or not they had the strength for it; and those who had mighty physiques but were coerced into playing. Billy had a great deal of spirit though not very much else; he was always ready to try to move mountains. And sometimes he did! Those others, the coerced men, did good conscientious work on the field, but it was the fire in the captain's breast that made them spring about, not their own. Not all the songs and cheers from the bleachers nor the excitement of conflict could light the true spark in those giants. They played a fast, vigorous game, but they had to be made to. And that is the way they've gone through the world—steady-going, powerful machines when there has been someone to run them, but without any gift for accelerating or steering themselves.

With our mental giants it has been the same. Some are captains, some troopers. The captains are showing their fire now, in their professions. Professors or lawyers or architects—they're all supermen. The others had as good brains or better—they got high marks in college; assign them any brain-work, and they'd do it with clearness and skill. But though they had this perfect equipment, they were mental machines. Since graduation, whatever their field, they have done best under orders—they can't take the reins in their hands, like the true *homo sapiens*.

There were still other men who did nothing in college, and who seemed to us failures—men who could neither serve leaders well nor be leaders themselves. They hadn't the gift of command, and they were too lazy or perverse to obey. It was a kind of stupidity—though many of them were not stupid men. They didn't fit into the organization, they were not co-operative. Yet since graduation some of these men have done well enough. One of them saw a chance to make a fortune, and he went to work hard and made it. Money was the inducement he needed to make him join in. Others have worked hard under pressure—the wolf at the door, or dependents they had to take care of. Money again. That factor wasn't present in college—that is, in

our activities. In our college world it was social service which counted; it was as though we'd been communists.

But social service in such a community has to take some fixed form. There is little scope for the man whose gift is not for fitting in, but for organizing. Take Otto Levy for instance, how obscure he was in those college days; whereas now he is running highly efficient department stores, and is a great business genius.

Then there were our literary men, who wrote and edited the small college magazine. One of them, Chips Johnson, who used to construct poems to spring, with ingenious interior rhymes in addition to the usual rhyme-endings, is now a corporation lawyer, who constructs intricate systems instead. George Solly is a dealer in potatoes—some Chicago commission house—he married the proprietor's daughter and she put him to work. Percy Clede, the remaining man, is a dilettante who writes for freak magazines. We expected great things of Clede once. But many of our men, not so great as Clede, have been far more effectual, while he has had a worm in him somewhere which has gnawed at his powers. There is nothing very real any more about the stuff he turns out.

There was nothing very real about our college magazine, come to that. It was an awesome institution, like the Bank of England in its forbiddingness, with ways that were as fixed as the pigtails of the old Chinese Empire. It had a traditional style of its own in which all contributions had to be written, otherwise they returned to their writers, marked with the single word, "Hell." This simple form of rejection slip put a writer in his place, and avoided all argument. The editors wouldn't even trouble to parley with him until he had learned the right style.

That style was difficult to attain to, but its requirements could have been easily stated. First, swell up and put on the dignified robes of pontiff; then become condescendingly genial, and unbend. That was all. Our writers made hideous pontiffs, and their attempts to unbend were deplorable; but men will always deform themselves gladly to preserve old traditions.

So much for our writers. What of our debaters and speakers? Well, one of our prize-winning debaters was a fellow named Brenna. He had a high stand, and he won a fencing match and sang on the glee club beside. An all-round sort of fellow. Pleasant, friendly way of talking; liked everybody. But he wasn't awfully well liked himself. Men were a little apologetic to one another about it—he seemed to deserve better treatment—but they didn't get chummy with Brenna.

He studied law after we were graduated, and went into politics. He has become very prominent. He is one of those men who always is making important addresses. He constantly stands for high ideals and principles and the best current reforms, he belongs to good clubs, and he is often seen in society. He has even declined an ambassadorship. The public considers him the most successful man in our class.

He appeared at the reunion. Affable to everybody. Shaking hands right and left. And being a speaker, and prominent, he was on the toast-list at our class dinner. He urged the importance of high ideals—with his usual glibness.

I sat near him at table and watched him. In college he had a plump, youthful countenance, not at all strongly molded. But the lower part of his face has developed tremendously since. He's all jaw. Looking at him in profile, it was like watching a great coast-defense gun, the way his facial muscles coiled and uncoiled, and swung his mouth into action. I was so appalled that I left my place and went to a seat where I faced him. But there it was even worse—nothing but an open mouth and plump, waving hands.

A fellow like that tends to give all college men a bad name, not only with the public but with big solid non-college

executives. The more he succeeds, the more scornful they naturally get.

Another of our brilliant men was Hewett. He was stronger than Brenna, and a finer type; a good deal less showy. A serious-looking man in horn-rimmed spectacles, who liked fancy socks. He too went into politics. But he left it—he couldn't stand the falsities, he said, of political life. Hewett is an upright, good citizen. And yet—I don't know. He has taken to writing books and articles now, on the solution of everything. He is very much respected—even by some of those big keen executives. But a scientist could poke his high-sounding stuff chockful of holes.

Most of our men respect Hewett still, for his earnest aspiring character. It is generally felt that at any rate he has been faithful to his ideals. Well, he is sincere, and Brenna is not. But I'm afraid he's equally hollow.

College men are encouraged to have fine aspiring ideas about politics, without being warned that such ideas need rigorous testing. They go out believing that the thing to do with a fine idea is to get us, the public, to try it, merely because it sounds right; and if we hang back and call it theoretical, they gravely admonish us. They know how to sail the ship of state without going to sea.

In college we admired our idealists much more than now. They admired themselves more, too; for since then they have had a hard time. Hewett hasn't suffered—he is one of the kind that has stayed blind—but others have been getting their eyes opened, and they have fared badly. Perhaps I am generalizing unfairly, or arranging my facts; for of course there was no fixed group of men in college whom we specifically labeled idealists. But the fellows at our reunion who looked the most battered, spiritually, were again and again of that type: men who as boys had had high hopes of life combined with not much understanding of it.

Our men who were of good birth and breeding have been saved that at least. Some of them have changed for the worse, of course, but not in that way. And fellows brought up on farms have been saved it—they too were hard-headed. But our cruder members who had no sophistication have suffered.

One of these was a Jewish emigrant who came to this country in childhood. He was an ardent young reformer in college; tall, fiery, dark-eyed, determined. At the reunion he looked old and tired and cynical; and he sneered so much at everything that we wondered why in thunder he'd come. Another was a Galahad-like Kansan who had been ardent too—a fresh-faced, trustful youngster. He had so altered that I didn't know him; I had to ask someone his name. He had done well enough, they said; nothing much one way or the other; but you'd have thought from his bitter expression he had been cheated abominably. He had all his old Kansan robustness, but his eyes looked wan and sick.

He was better off, at that, than the men whose expression had coarsened. I didn't recognize them either, in some cases; they too had so changed. Lindy Wallor for instance. In college he didn't look piggy; he was just a good honest sort. But I realized, looking backward, that he had been the other extreme from our Jew—he had had no idealism at all. He had been "a practical man" from the start. Now his eyes had gone dead. They weren't dead in college—but I remembered now they had had no real life in them.

There were other fellows at the reunion who didn't seem battered at all. A few of them had stayed young by the simple expedient of not growing up. They hadn't been banged round enough by storms to force them to grow, and they had had no wish to, themselves, or perhaps no ability. But aside from these, it was fine to see the youngness of our intelligent men—intelligent in the sense of being men who know how to take things. Even such men can be shattered, of course—there is no sure

preservative; but they go through most storms unhurt because they have an eye for what's real.

So many of us are frightened to death by blank cartridges. We lose money, and believe that this has wounded us in some vital spot. We lose the love of someone who never truly loved us at all, and whom we ourselves perhaps only imagined we cared for; and we think it's tragedy. By keeping on thinking it's tragic we grow old and wrinkled. But intelligent men do not feel unreal troubles at all, and they have a big-minded way of bearing up under the real ones. They have an enormous recuperative power. They find few things intolerable. It looks like grim courage to others, but it's better—it is wisdom.

Bayne was one of those men. He lived in a lonely way all his life. He took several postgraduate courses in electricity, and this new thing, biophysics, and got so deep into his subjects there was hardly a soul he could talk to, except two or three men in America and England, and another in Holland. No one else spoke the language that you had to use on those new heights. This needn't have shut him off from purely social occasions, however, but what hampered him there was his singleminded sincerity. I remember one night when Carter had complained about some illness he'd had, Bayne asked him whether his father had had certain disreputable ailments. Carter, who loved and respected his father, was shocked at the thought. He wouldn't even consider it; he pushed it away from him. Bayne was mystified by Carter's discomfort. He was only trying to help search round for the possible cause of the illness. How else could one establish its nature and the best mode of treatment? This was in the days before Freud, when people were more easily wounded than now; but even a Freudian might have been upset by some of Bayne's comments. He habitually saw the fundamental motives for everyday acts, and very few men were detached enough to take his remarks as impersonal.

In college Bayne was a stoop-shouldered, talkative student, who was forever arguing with everybody. He dropped arguing afterward. Perhaps he had only been trying to find himself. The more he was swallowed up in his studies, the more silent he got. His egoism, which had always been decent enough, had found a great outlet.

Nobody liked him very much in college, but we respected his mind. Now that he's dead we realize what a likable fellow he was. It was merely that we didn't know how to take him. He was farther on. Would aborigines know how to like a white man whose notions disturbed them?

There was one of our men who got an honorary degree at reunion—Joe Harding. He stood up on the platform, a smallish man and awkwardly built. When he's standing still he looks lumbering, though he can move with great speed. His square thick hands hung at his sides like a yokel's; and his features, as the President addressed him, looked heavy and hard. But when Joe is talking to his friends his expression is warming, and those hands of his are supple and flexible when you grasp one in yours. Joe is chief surgeon for a railway in the northwest. That's how he got this degree. He has a passion for surgery. As a young practitioner he didn't even keep records of his professional calls; he was too busy studying problems and fixing up human beings. When his money gave out he'd go to his desk and send out a few bills, but he grudged the time, and felt awkward about it; never knew what to charge. This method didn't work very well, but he's on salary now. He is still working away to the limit of his strength and beyond it. Night telephone at his bedside, and all that. Doctors are a fine lot.

Joe had had a strong enough body to stand the racket for years, but he's getting twitchy—he wore out his nerves in France during the war. But they

were showing signs of wear anyhow, for he's overdone it. Like others of our athletic men, he was serener in college than now. I hate to see him querulous, where other types have grown calmer. Our athletes could have faced the life of other centuries better, I think, but a modern man's attention is strained so much: it is kept on the jump. It flickers over the news of the world, it is endlessly interrupted all day; advertisements beckon it, it must dodge the motor cars that flash by. This adds up. A tough body helps one to stand it, but it also takes a tough brain.

But Joe is still a fine specimen. In college he was our football captain. He had great determination, and he understood men. There was a slow smile of intense enjoyment that used to come on his face at the training table, when Carter, the center-rush, was grumbling to him and telling him what he would not stand. Carter would stand anything if he were handled right, and Joe knew just how to handle him.

But during a game when you saw Joe's face you would wonder if there had ever been a smile on it. At a moment that called for action it was implacable. His voice rang, there was a thrust to his orders. He wouldn't take less than your best.

This hardness is still in him. He sets his jaw like granite in emergencies, he becomes so intent he seems incandescent—he knows what Solly never learned, that there is a time to smile and a time to rule all that out. But nowadays when that implacable look comes there is pity behind it; or not pity exactly but gentleness. He fights against the ailments of his patients as he fought his opponents in football, but he is conscious every minute that the battleground is the patient, and human.

The difference shows in those hands of his. They are as big and thick as ever; but they are changed, for all that. He used to pour only his force into them—he made them his weapons. Now he has made them his instruments, and they have learned to be gentle. But they could be weapons still, if a need came; they have lost nothing—a new thing's been added.

That's one thing that has happened to many of the men: there's more to them. They're seasoned. We are more fully ourselves than in college, when we were half-grown cubs.

We have paid for it—we have been knocked about. It wasn't only the war. Fellows have dropped out, right along, from the daily strains we've all felt. Joyce has broken down—he went to pieces during the 1907 panic through worry. Carter and two others are exiles, they live in the mountains—their lungs have given out and they must sit still and merely look on. One of our men is in prison; he broke a rule of the game. One is insane. One killed himself, only last year—the pace was too hot. Chips Johnson has been crippled in an accident. A dozen have died of disease. Bayne was cruelly murdered in his laboratory, for a handful of coins.

But when we meet, we see these mishaps in a decent perspective. They are bad, but they are the exceptions. On the whole, we're still fit. And there's something about such a meeting that adds to one's wisdom of life.

It is like a reunion of navigators who once sailed out of port young and hopeful, each in his own vessel; and who, now that they're grizzled and older, put in to the Azores, or some such blessed isles, where they can pause for a day from their cruising. They sit on the beach at a banquet and exchange talk of tempests. Then a handclasp and a "Good luck to you, old boy," and each to his vessel, and they are off again.

To be sure, all classmates are not affectionate, but they do have an interest—they don't care *for* one another, exactly, but *about* one another. But that's a great deal. It gives you a sense of friends in the background, it makes the sea seem less lonely. It makes one take rather more pains how he handles his ship.

PENDING LITIGATION

A Story

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

MISS DELAPLAINE, absently pulling off her gloves, stood just within the door. Her color was softly gorgeous and her eyes blazed through dreams.

The half-envy, half-pleasure of the girl at the typewriter desk changed to wonder.

"Anyone would expect her to be pleased," she thought. "But I didn't suppose she could stay up in G so long. Us girls never could. She has always been the calm, kind sort."

Drawing a long breath, Miss Delaplaine at last turned those strangely brilliant eyes of hers on the room—that little cubicle of an up-to-date office building that testified to the unheard-of fulfillment of her ambition, the end of those years of study and hard work for which she had sacrificed so much. Her eyes rested on the imposing mahogany desk as though she saw it for the first time, the impressive wardrobe for her hat and coat, the leather-upholstered "client's chair"—how odd it was she should so nearly have forgotten all this! How curious her name looked, wrong-end-to. And so her eyes came to pause at last on the girl at the humbler desk.

"I'm glad they have given me you, Theresa." Her smile had a quality in it that Theresa had never seen before. "When Miss Harwood had to go I asked for you."

Unexpectedly the stenographer choked on her acknowledgments.

"I suppose this is because I need everything I can make just now." With a vexed dab at her eyes she explained her emotion half angrily. "And they jumped me five a week when they made me your secretary."

"That will mean a pretty frock or so that you couldn't have before, I hope, and some happy times."

Theresa looked at the dark eyes shining into hers and thought, in wonder not untouched with awe: "Miss Delaplaine talking about pretty dresses and happy times! I'd have supposed she would advise me about a safe investment for my surplus capital! If I didn't know it couldn't be so, I'd say she looks like she'd had a heavy thrill last night—If she knew what a peach she was when her eyes shine like that she'd put belladonna in 'em." But aloud she said, a little sullenly, "Nothin' doin' in the glad-rag market, Miss Delaplaine. Just means I'll have a little more to help out at home's I gotta do."

"Some other time you must tell me all about it, Theresa." Miss Delaplaine closed those glowing eyes of hers as though to shut ugly things out—or shut something lovely in. She spoke gently but decidedly, "We really shall have to get to work."

With a little shake as if she could thus shed something that impeded her, she took off her hat and coat and opened the wardrobe. Then she retired behind the screen to wash her hands and do whatever she did to her hair to make its dainty perfection the wonder and despair of every stenographer in Micou and Hoyme's office—"Micou, Hoyme, and Delaplaine" for more than a week.

Once seated at the impressive new desk, however, the mantle of responsibility and professional impersonality fell again upon the junior partner. There was the daily pile of blue-backed briefs for her to familiarize herself with. That required little effort, however; several of them she had got up herself when she was merely a law clerk. After that first dazed moment her concentration was apparently effortless.

There was the peace of smoothly flowing activities for a time. Then Miss Delaplaine paused—hesitated for a moment—and spoke:

"Suppose you tell me something about your trouble—It was some trouble at home you referred to?"

Theresa's hands dragged off the keys in blank amazement.

"Tell you—in the fifteen minutes after lunch when we come to you 'if we have any complaints or any suggestions to make to the Management,' you mean, don't you?"

Miss Delaplaine cupped her chin in a white hand and smiled; and again Theresa marveled at the glory of the smile. Back of sympathy was that strange, radiant glamour. Theresa's translation of it was: "I was right. She sure must have had a thrill—if you could believe it."

"No, now. Yet I suppose we had better set a good example. We'll wait until lunch time." Her smile, half apologetic, leaped the gap between them.

"Looks like she couldn't bear not to have everybody as happy as she is," Theresa frowned angrily at her starting tears. If anybody should come in and see her! Her first day as Miss Delaplaine's secretary! For her to act the baby when she had always prided herself on keeping home troubles from the office—"like men have to do."

An hour or so later when the office boy broke in upon them he had to go to Miss Delaplaine's desk before he could attract her attention and deliver his message with his usual professional gloom:

"Judge Micou says he's back in town and will you please step into his office for a conference, Miss Delaplaine," he mumbled and, having mumbled, bolted.

"I will be back before the lunch hour," Miss Delaplaine promised as she left the room.

Judge Micou—somehow the title earned in his brief service on the bench stuck to him—rose on her entrance. His almost grandiose courtesy was, in its more aggressive elements, a determined protest against an ill-bred age, but as to its human residuum, a beautiful native deference to womanhood. Miss Delaplaine, as he waited for her to seat herself, thought—as she often did—that if his mind did run ahead of the most modern thought, his courtly manners were an exquisite survival of a less reasonable age. Against the neutral-tinted wall the gently aquiline features, bright dark eyes under black brows, thick white hair, and fresh color stood out as if he were a "Portrait of a Gentleman" already hung upon historic walls.

Before he seated himself he bent over to pat her shoulder gently. His stately bearing made the momentary softening a tender thing. But being the Judge, he must celebrate "with wingéd words" the recent event.

"I regret I was not here to induct you into office. It is, indeed, for us all an auspicious occasion, the day that brings the fine perceptions of women into the man-made muddle of the law," he said. And Miss Delaplaine thought, with affectionate amusement, that he alone dared to use phrases which had become conversational stencils before she was born. "Yet," she reflected, "they sound as new as when the Elizabethans sang."

The Judge continued. "When your grandfather was as old as I am now, the same three names were on the letterhead. But Micou, my dear, was where Delaplaine is now. When your dear young father died, Hoyme took the place he now holds . . ."

"In the middle," Miss Delaplaine interpolated, with an irrepressible smile.

"An admirable balance," the senior partner said judicially. "And by the way, it is on Hoyme's account I have sent for you. A case is coming up to-morrow in which he would rather not appear—in fact, he will be out of town. I also have an appointment. The brief has been prepared so you will have no difficulty."

"You needn't apologize, Judge Micou." Theresa should have had a chance to observe Miss Delaplaine's eyes now. They were bright enough—stiletto-bright—but it is doubtful if her secretary would have made confidences to them. "I'm more than pleased. I hadn't expected to have a court case so soon. Really, it is kind of you—"

The senior partner was waving a well-kept hand in deprecation.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute. You must learn not to be too precipitate. You'll have me believing the slurs your enemies cast upon you ladies. I am afraid you will not be particularly gratified when you have the whole schedule. This is a divorce case—"

"I thought you—we—never took divorce cases."

"As a rule we do not." Judge Micou frowned deliberatively. "But this involves an estate of which Hoyme is executor, so he made a point of our taking it."

"I don't quite like—"

"My dear sir—" The Judge had gone so far when he brought himself up with a courtly smile— "My dear young lady, this is not a case I would have sought. But I had no option in the matter, nor have you, I am afraid. And really, from what I know, you need have no scruple in representing Peelle; the young woman in the case appears to be a far from desirable person. Moreover, the proceedings to-day will be largely routine."

"I'm glad it was you, whom I have known always, who saw my silly squeamishness; other people might misjudge me. One seems to shed prejudices much more slowly than convictions. To have my first court case a divorce . . ."

"My dear girl!" Now the old judge's earnestness approached severity. "I have labored making speeches, sitting on committees, suffering ridicule to give women equal rights with men. For that reason—aside from the pleasure of helping the daughter of my dear friend—it has been a satisfaction to place a woman in this firm. I have assumed responsibility for that presence. I have told Hoyme you had as good a legal mind as any man I knew and more careful preparation than most. I have assured him there was no mere womanishness about you. It has been charged that women are too much ruled by their emotions to succeed in a profession where the practitioner must employ his best effort in bringing it about that law—not necessarily right, often the reverse of justice—but *law* is properly applied. Women are engaged in demonstrating a new thing in human affairs. *Can you stand the test?*"

Quite as effective in its way as the judge's severity was the smile that accompanied Miss Delaplaine's softly spoken:

"We can stand the test."

At one the next morning Marcia Delaplaine pushed away the papers she was studying and stretched her arms, yawning exhaustively. She was alone in the living room of her admirable bachelor apartment and her equally admirable maid was asleep. Marcia's hair was softly disordered where she had dragged at it in cramming the figures in the case. Her negligée slipped away from her tired shoulders, a tissue delicately mauve over flesh but showing turquoise where its silky transparency was gathered into folds.

"Surely I know them now. I ought to go to bed. I mustn't be fagged when I go to court. Being up so late last night—"

The excellent common sense of this

exhortation of herself lost its effect when it met the visions raised by the incantation of "last night." She buried her head in her long white hands (what would a palmist have made of their contradictory lines?). Her long sigh ended in tremulousness. Even as she told herself that thought was not for to-night when she must get what sleep she could, her imagination jerked away from her control.

It was off—the impulse that had driven her, on the insistence of friends, to throw together various lovely fabrics into a gorgeous scheme of color for the famous Twelfth-Night revels in the hotel banqueting suite which, for that evening, was "Carcassonne." How tiresome she had always thought the Newcomens were with their harping on her youth "buried in law books." But how the lovely tints in which she seemed to swim had transformed life and her with it! Such careful years there had been of neutral-toned tailored gowns . . . the maze of unrestrained color had gone to her head . . . she must have had, unconsciously, a hunger for it. The lights, too—the delicious fantasy of shaded lights making a stained-glass glory where it did not make an alluring mystery—The weaving of unfamiliar masked figures—the crazy jazz of assumed voices—squeaks or grumbles. The quiet richness of the voice of that leisurely pacing, tall figure which seemed to recur beside her—the fantastic dialogue that strove for more tantalizing disguise each time they met—quickened heartbeats when the tall figure had drawn her into the dance—all this, relived, made its royal progress of color, glamour, warmth through her brain—an endless stream of pictures, melody, emotions.

And when had she danced like that before? They two alone, drifting through changing rosy mists—of course it was just a theatrical device, but how marvelous to move through showers of radiant flakes like luminous snow—the *music*—its throbbing, luring, human sweetness—cadenced love—wove about them an ever-mounting spell. "Life has hidden so much from me." The music made a mystic religion of love, turning all the loveless life back of her into impiety. Yet, when on the crest of unbelievable happiness their eyes sought each other through the masks, she knew it was he—not the music—that had made the magic. The moment of unmasking, after which they had parted, had been the answer to the promise. A holy emotion. A great love—it was *he* who had said it first!—born of chance. No, it was not chance. Destiny had forced chance.

Her head went down on her arms, making confusion of the papers. At that moment she was a world of ecstasy complete in herself. The next instant she was a world of longing—awaiting fulfillment.

Neither of them could have borne, after that, the Newcomens' formal introduction.

So much better the meeting they had arranged. "I can say 'to-night' now." He would be there to watch the entrance for her, where over dinner they could see what had remained of "Carcassonne." She would have to tell him she was a lawyer—so many men she had seen frozen tongue-tied when they learned of her profession. But with that hour in their possession she need have no fear. And they would have their wonderful moment of recognizing each other—a dinner coat could not disguise him. No one in the room could carry his head with such buoyant pride or have such clean firm lips or such direct eyes under level brows.

"I couldn't know him more absolutely if we had played together in the park when we were children—no, it's not an Arabian Nights' enchantment; it's real."

With women, mind and heart do not always stand under the same sign of the zodiac to celebrate their spring.

As Miss Delaplaine came into court a quarter of an hour before the time for

opening, she looked as fresh as though she had slept eight hours instead of four. Her face did not show fatigue readily; its warm pallor was too vital for that.

She took her seat at the table reserved for litigants at the right of the imaginary line that divides plaintiff from defendant. She was the first to arrive. She wondered whether either of the principals would appear that day. Apparently they were not expected, for the curious crowd that usually filled the room where the affairs of a rich young idler and an ex-chorus girl were to be given publicity had not, at least not yet, appeared. She wondered what Wolfstein would be like; his legal status would be an indication of the amount of money the girl had been able to appropriate.

The clerk of the court took his position under the judge's rostrum. Wolfstein proved to be a very dark young man who badly needed a shave. He had, moreover, so recently applied vaseline to his hair that the proximity of his head—and dandruff on a dusty coat collar—made of him something she could not afford to let her mind dwell on. The name was unknown.

"I should have thought Mrs. Peelle would have retained a better lawyer. That man looks as if he had hung around the police court. Still, they're sometimes keen, in a ratty kind of way." It was disconcerting to have her first appearance in court connected with that type of man—he was looking at her with the most annoying curiosity—he was going to speak to her.

"See here, Miss Delaplaine. They tell me you've been taken into Micou and Hoyme. Congratulate you, I'm sure. We gotta stand aside for the women now; it's a cinch. It's Woman's Age all right all right. That's why I want to see justice done to this here poor little girl I'm representing. I give you my word I wouldn't have taken the case—couldn't really afford the time—if I hadn't been sorry for her. Can't you and I come to some sort of an agreement?"

The entrance of the judge cut him short. As with the others Miss Delaplaine rose to pay respect to the Law-made-visible, she thought, "Fancy his saying that if it had been Judge Micou or Mr. Hoyme! And underneath he hates me because I'm a woman invading his field; all his oiliness can't hide that."

"Equity Court, Division Number Two, is now in session," the clerk was saying.

Miss Delaplaine looked over her shoulder. "The room is filling up. Apparently neither of the principals is coming. I wonder why—if they once cared—they could so soon want to separate. There doesn't seem to have been anything so terribly serious. Spoiled, both of them, I suppose. But there! I've got other things to think of than their feelings. Wolfstein is sure to try to catch me up about the income proposition." Miss Delaplaine braced herself to do credit to her firm.

The knot of lawyers under the judge's desk, their motions filed, melted away. The judge nodded to the clerk who began, "Equity suit No. 503125, docket No. 817, Peelle *vs* Peelle."

"Evidently she isn't going to be here," thought Miss Delaplaine with strong relief. "Even if she is what we claim, there is a baby."

The grimy-jawed man next her was declaiming through as much of his petition for limited divorce as he could safely raise his eyes from. The ground of the plea was desertion; the court was besought to allow a motion for maintenance *pendente lite*, ostentatiously translated for the benefit of the public, "pending litigation." The sum specified, one thousand dollars a month, seemed fairly moderate when it was known that the Amos Peelle estate had been estimated to be well over ten millions.

Therefore Miss Delaplaine, for the defendant, after reading the formal denial of the plaintiff's charges put in a disclaimer to the claim for maintenance, on two grounds: first, the plaintiff al-

Drawing by John Alonzo Williams

THE STRAINED WHITE LIPS FRIGHTENED THE JUDGE

ready possessed assets in the shape of valuable jewelry given her by the defendant; second, the defendant possessed no independent estate but was himself dependent upon the allowance made to him by the executors of the estate of the late Amos Peelle, and that said allowance was barely adequate to the defendant's needs.

At this moment the judge interrogated Miss Delaplaine:

"What is the age of the defendant?"

"Twenty-four years and three months, Your Honor."

"Will you give me the terms of the will of the late Amos Peelle?"

Miss Delaplaine began to recite, in a voice one would have thought too soft to have such carrying quality but with distinct enunciation, an amazing series of large figures. She was very proud of herself for being able to remember them.

"Ah—will you kindly give merely those provisions that relate to the defendant?" the judge interrupted, smiling. "Briefly, please."

"The defendant, after the age of twenty-one, and until he should be twenty-five, if it was the opinion of the executors that he was then competent to administer his estate suitably, was to receive the income from a portion of the estate equal to that of each of the other heirs; if it was not then considered that he was competent, he was to have, beside residence in the family home on Van Ness Avenue, an allowance of one hundred dollars a week."

Someone in the room gasped and a voice was audible, "I thought he was a real sport, not a piker!" That precipitated a small gust of noise which the judge quieted with a word:

"And when the defendant should reach the age of twenty-five—?"

"It is then at the option of the executors to turn over to him his share in the estate or to place it with a suitable trust company which will pay him the income during life and, at his—"

"Your Honor!" Wolfstein interrupted, bellicose of voice and expression. "That is all bunk. Of course a high-roller like Rod Peelle doesn't live on an allowance of one hundred a month! His polo string alone must cost him ten thousand a year!"

"Your Honor, we submit that the Court must be guided by what may be legally considered the defendant's assets. It is strictly within the option of the executors to pay him no more than the sum mentioned."

"The chief executor being a partner in Micou, Hoyme, and Delaplaine!" Elaborate moral disapproval was in Wolfstein's voice.

"The Court suggests that counsel for the plaintiff suppress his emotions if he wishes to continue to plead in this jurisdiction." Judge Farwell's voice was so gentle that Wolfstein did not appreciate, for several minutes, the full force of the statement. When he had done so he was visibly subdued.

"If counsel for the defense will submit a copy of the will in question the Court will take under consideration the matter of maintenance *pendente lite*. I suggest that the counsel meantime confer to the end that you come to some friendly decision as to what would be just in this case."

Miss Delaplaine turned, with the least possible reluctance, to the unpleasant person on her left. Then, for the first time she saw that somebody was sitting on the other seat, next Wolfstein, a young woman who had evidently made her entrance when Miss Delaplaine was too absorbed to notice her. It was an almost painfully slender figure—blonde bobbed-hair with a permanent wave. The girl turned her face toward Miss Delaplaine, a very pale face—permanent wave forlornly near its end, eyes blue and frightened —reddened too—

"Where have I seen her?—It can't be—It's too absurd to think it—I must have heard the name. I certainly would have remembered if it had been 'Peelle' —No. Theresa didn't tell me. The boy came in. She had just shown me

the photograph—It couldn't have been anybody but this girl, although she's even thinner now. The baby was so adorable—*What a young brute my client must be!* Of course, Mr. Hoyme has got it all in his hands. They can't prove Peelle has a cent more than the allowance. We shall be within our legal rights if we screw them down to almost nothing. And Theresa! And that poor, beaten-looking child—See here! I'm supposed to be acting for Peelle!"

"Miss Delaplaine, have you any suggestion?"

"In a minute—" Theresa's little sister, who for a few months had thought herself in paradise! The whole pitiful story that Theresa had told her. No, Theresa could not possibly have known she was going to be given this case. She had had to have the story dragged out of her. It had been as vivid as if Marcia were witnessing the boy's drunken brutality. And Theresa—such a good sport—keeping herself down to ten-cent lunches and cutting out movies so she could make a home for the pair—mother and baby about equally helpless.

"*Remember.* 'Not necessarily justice—not necessarily right—but the law.'" The counsel for the defense gripped her hands together as she told herself this. A wave of hot revolt was making her incapable of thought. Mr. Hoyme said to stress that former lover of young Mrs. Peelle and fight maintenance *pendente lite* because that would be a precedent for alimony. "These girls are suffering. I *know* Theresa told me the truth. Must I—just to win a case—make two girls suffer? She's another woman—Theresa said she was still crazy about him—The baby! She must have felt once as I do—that she couldn't live through the endless hours until I see—until she saw him again."

"Yes, I am ready to confer, Mr. Wolfstein."

A few minutes later Mr. Wolfstein, reeking pathos, reported that his client would—temporarily—accept an allowance of fifty dollars a week, even though that, of course, was pitifully inadequate, "and enough to make a Bolshevist of you when you thought how the defendant in this case was rolling in luxury."

At this point the Court interrupted.

"The total income of the defendant is, you state, one hundred dollars a week, Miss Delaplaine?"

"Yes, Your Honor." Back of the cool precision of the answer was a scurrying of thought. How reconcile her action with usual procedure, conceding nothing that one was not forced by actual evidence to concede? It was evident that triumph was back of Wolfstein's whine. Was she getting herself into a terrible mess? What an unfortunate beginning of her career! Dawning fright seemed to make her mind work more alertly. "Pending the investigation of certain evidence not present when we filed our answer, my client would naturally prefer to err on the side of liberality. I wish to file a statement that this concession is not to be a precedent."

"The Court then rules that, pending litigation, the—"

Judge Farwell stopped involuntarily. A young man had come into the room and stood, midway in the aisle, hesitating a moment while he got his bearings. Unconsciously the judge waited for him to find a seat. There was something about his bearing which made it natural to halt proceedings that he might be served. But tall, buoyantly treading, he opened the gate in the railing that separated the general public from those directly concerned in the case pending, and somewhat apologetically made toward the vacant chair, starting back with an air of confusion when he saw the woman's figure standing next it. Miss Delaplaine turned and saw him.

It was fortunate that no one but the judge saw clearly the flooding of incredulous rapture into her face and of almost

equally incredulous dismay into his. Instantly the glory faded from her face. The strained white lips frightened the judge and he started to rise with the impulse to save the girl from falling. But, hands on the table, she braced herself, fighting for self-command. Moment by moment Judge Farwell saw her gain it. The man, after standing rigid for a moment, placed a long envelope before the counsel for the defense, murmuring something unintelligible, turned and went back the way he came, his pace quickening as he neared the door.

The delay, after all, was very little more than would have been perfectly normal. The unconscious appeal in Miss Delaplaine's eyes went straight to the judge's heart and he rallied to help her.

"To resume: the Court rules, *pendente lite*, an allowance of fifty dol—"

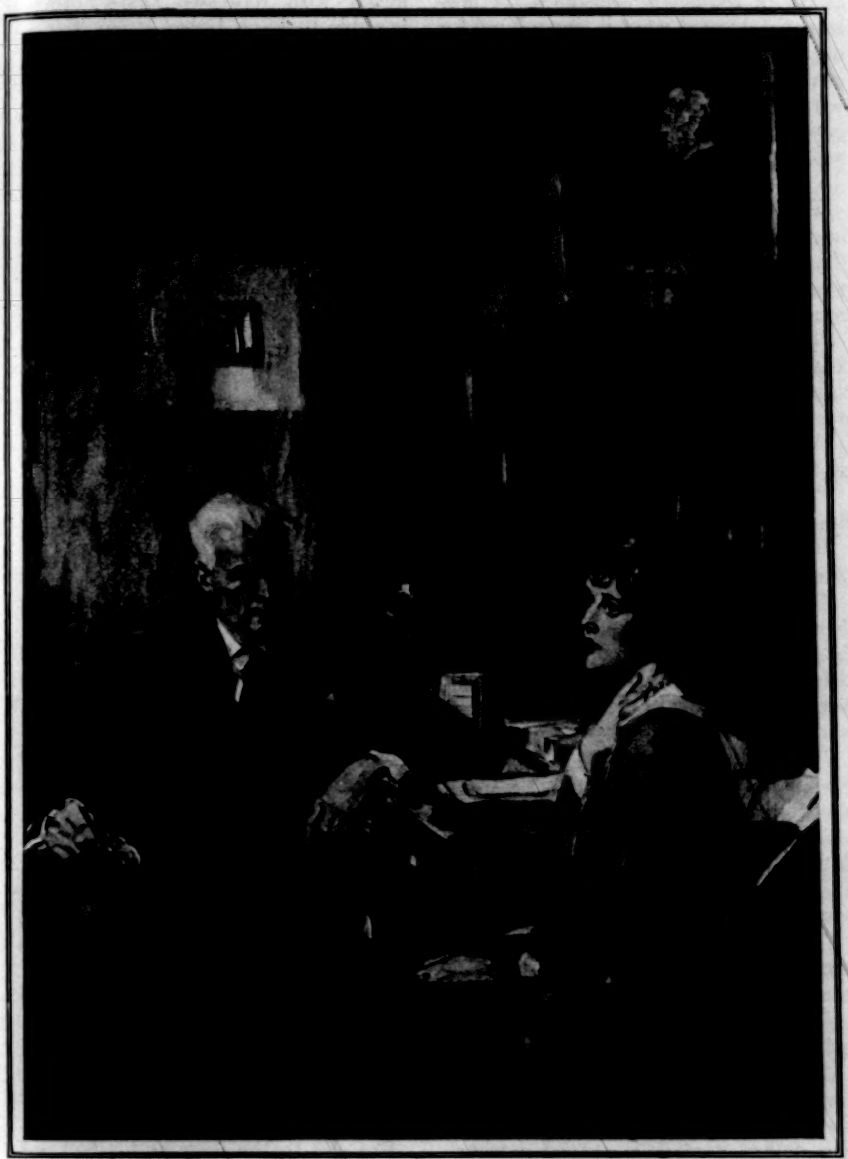
"Will the Court kindly delay his ruling until I have had time to read the communication that has just been brought to me?" The faint voice might well have been caused by her lowered head.

With a motion of his head the judge assented. Thus the counsel for the defense had her moment of respite. She forced herself to read the typewritten letter from the man she was defending—the man whom the sight of her had driven from the room. His signature followed after a list of witnesses who could be called upon to testify concerning the defendant's finances. The name and signature—Oh, there could be no slightest doubt about it—of the man to whom, not two nights before, she had given her unquestioning love.

With blind eyes on the paper she fought for self-preservation. The fierceness of the inner tumult seemed to make a thin murmur of voices about her. Her despair was so complete that, at first, it seemed as if her hope could do nothing but bleed to death. The first glimmer of hope was that she might be saved from betraying herself. By dint of holding that purpose before her, she got to the point where she said to herself, over and over, "It *can't* be true. It can't be *true*. I could never have loved—instantly—such a pitiable creature—Yet—he turned and ran from me. I saw his face. Of course he couldn't have expected to see me, either. Treacherous to me as to that girl there—I thought it *wonderful* that we loved each other without even knowing names. It's—it's—really—funny." A mad impulse to laugh out, laugh loudly, almost undid her. Her face crimsoned with the effort of suppressing it.

"That girl is to blame for it all. She entrapped him. Theresa told me lies. It was all planned that she should try to influence me. That girl is vile—horrible. It is because of her that I am having to suffer like this. I hate her—silly blue eyes. *I won't let her get her divorce.* When we get ready to file our cross-suit it will be easy enough to get evidence against her. It's lucky I made a motion to delay the ruling. I'm sure he came here because he wanted to stiffen the defense so he—so he could marry me. We won't miss a trick. If he gets the divorce I can have him. I won't have to give him up—But what an idiotic move of mine that was about the money. We mustn't admit he has any responsibility. He wasn't in the wrong—*Oh, how could he have treated me so!*—Nonsense! Would fifty marriages have held me back? That's it. It was stronger than he. He probably intended to tell me to-night. He didn't mean to hide anything. I saw his face. It was so *hard* for him to find me here when he couldn't have dreamed it possible. He is mine. He belongs to me."

"I am ready." If her voice had been inaudible before, it was now too loud. The judge started. There was a dull, ugly fire in her eyes. Yet she paused. If the action of the mind were not swifter than lightning the pause would have been noticeable. As it was, no more time was lost than might have been due to the hesitation for the right word. But in that interval she had been



Drawing by John Alonzo Williams

IT WAS HORRIBLE TO HAVE THE JUDGE FACE HER AS AN INQUISITOR

arraigned before herself and found guilty of shameless selfishness, of lawless snatching at what it was infamy for her to want, of being a traitor to another woman—a worse traitor to herself. She might well be as white as paper for, when she spoke, she had resigned all happiness.

When, late in the afternoon, the office boy brought Miss Delaplaine a request that she come to Judge Micou's office for a conference, she found to her wrath and consternation that she was shaking.

"Hoyme will not be pleased when he learns of Judge Farwell's ruling this morning." This was her old friend's opening broadside.

All at once Marcia was as impersonal as her inquisitor.

"I did not expect him to be pleased." She was smiling slightly.

The judge considered her meditatively.

"What was the basis of your action?" Not by the quiver of a muscle in the face of the senior partner could Marcia discover what his attitude was toward her. Something in her ached as she addressed herself to plead her cause.

"I had information that the plaintiff was in great need of money." There she stopped.

"Any information other than that Mr. Wolfstein kindly provided?"

"Facts from a more convincing source."

"I see. But was not three-fourths of the defendant's known resources a somewhat excessive award?"

"Of course he—Rodney Peelle—can get all the money he wants."

"I'm not so sure of that. Hoyme seems to be putting the screws on. And he is the first-named executor. Twenty-five dollars a week is not an extravagant allowance for a young man brought up as young Peelle has been! Barely —"

"He deserves to be punished!" Marcia flashed out.

"Why so much emotion? Against your client, too?"

She put her hand to her throat. It ached with repressed tears. It was horrible to have Judge Micou face her with that air of an inquisitor.

"I knew how hard it was for her and her sister to get along—with the baby, you know. They—they didn't have proper food sometimes. I know they didn't. And—as to *him*—" There were bitterness and pain in her voice—"he was assured of all the comfort in the world, while he was willing to have his wife and child suffer." The pain in her throat was too much for her. She choked.

The old lawyer sat for a minute in silence. At last he spoke.

"Marcia Delaplaine, will you tell me why you thought you were cut out to be a lawyer?"

This was the unbearable insult. She faced him haughtily with bright, angry eyes.

"You *know* I am capable of impersonal judgment. You must know the circumstances were—were unusual."

"You have told me nothing to prove it. If you are sympathetic with every young woman who figures in a lawsuit we might as well haul in our shingle. You can't fail to know that this matter of maintenance now will be used as a basis for a demand for alimony later. And in a year we'll be dealing with assets of several millions!—What's back of all this? You are on the defensive against the head of your firm. Marcia, suppose you tell your old friend what has happened to you."

Of *course* nothing but kindness could come to her from Judge Micou.

"I miss my father." Her eyes filled slowly.

"And I miss the daughter I never had. Suppose you come a little nearer."

She slid to the floor at his feet and, her head on her old friend's knee, she looked forlornly out into space and told him the story. At the end—"I might have kept my head better if it hadn't all come at once," she pleaded. "All the feeling I had ever had since Dad

died—I hardly remember mother. First such wonder and joy—enchantment. Then—to have to sympathize so terribly. Then to recognize Theresa's sister! If I had only had time to get used to it. . . . Theresa had told me how pitiful and *beaten* she was. And her poor eyes were all washed out with crying. And then—to see *him!* To know *he* was the one—!"

"Who? The defendant? But he didn't—"

"No. Yes—of course, yes. Only it was—it was—"

"Not the one you had just—?"

"Yes. It was he."

Apparently the Judge could not speak for a moment. When he did his voice was unsteady.

"That *was* a situation. It was then you made the—generous arrangement about the maintenance *pendente lite.* Excellent penance but poor law."

She was so abased that she would not even allow she had reason to be hurt. But at the return of the professional note she instinctively rose to her feet.

"I—suppose you won't want me in the firm any more?" She could not meet his eyes. She felt no resentment but—the comfort she had craved had not come.

"If we did anything precipitate it might excite some comment, the partnership having been just formed, you know. Possibly one ought not to judge harshly when the circumstances were so unusual."

"That is very kind of you. The work will be something to fill up my time." Marcia's voice was almost inaudible. "But won't Mr. Hoyme be furious with me?"

"I am, of course, the senior partner. I was not particu'arly keen about our handling the case, anyway."

"Then—you—?"

"Sometimes—being a little old-fashioned, perhaps—I myself would fancy a little less technic in litigation and a little more equity."

"But you said—"

"Oh, yes, when you have *taken* a case you have to try to win. But one can choose one's cases."

"But I—"

"I know. You had no choice. Therefore—"

"Oh, then you *didn't* blame me?"

"Um—humph—I have to charge you with being slightly more human than legal. But I can relieve your mind, at all events, as to Hoyme. In his absence from town the other executor has come to the front. And he seems inclined to arrange the maintenance matter very generously; if necessary from his own pocket, and out of court. Of course, if the boy *should* run straight and a reconciliation could be arranged—"

Judge Micou was interrupted by a sound. Its softness could not conceal the agony.

"Why? What?—Oh, poor child, I forgot! I won't torture you another moment. I'll tell you instantly—succinctly, you know—succinctly. The other executor—John Peelle, you know, wanted me to prepare you; thought I could tell you calmly and clearly—with fewer words." He halted to adjust his glasses more firmly.

"Yes! Yes! What?"

"But I'm telling you. Peelle came to court this morning with proof of their contention, but intending to propose some fair arrangement. But something appears to have happened to upset him?"

"I *told* you. But which—?"

"Don't interrupt me. *Don't interrupt me.* You keep interrupting me so I can't explain it to you. Women are so emotional. You almost make me think I have been wrong in espousing their cause. It is true, as I have affirmed publicly, woman has a certain fine, instinctive perception of the truth often denied to men. The question now before the court is—"

"Oh, please—!"

"Will this attribute counterbalance what cannot be denied—their emotionality in situations where men, on the

contrary, are able to deliver clear, cold impersonal judgments? I conclude, however, that, while women are engaged in demonstrating this new thing in human affairs, it is reasonable as well as chivalrous to allow them all possible concessions."

"But—"

The smile that denotes a dawning *bon mot* lightened the seriousness of his face—broadened. The jest might be a useful one—grace public addresses.

"Allow professional women, in fact, liberal maintenance *pending litigation*—"

"Won't you—?"

"I am preparing you. Well, he's here. In the inner office—the man I was telling you about—And he's waiting—"

"Oh, won't you tell me? If it isn't what you almost make me hope it is, I'll *die*. You are *torturing* me! I can't st—"

"I *am* telling you—succinctly. Are you implying that Adam Micou can't brief a case? I've told you he's here—the Peelle you are—interested in. You're too emotional to listen straight. In the next room . . . where else would he be? . . . But there! If you won't let me finish, go then. He'll muddle it all up but—confound it all—let him tell you!"

The eminent jurist flung open the door, pushed Marcia through it, and then, wiping the real sweat from his theoretically calm brow, his hand extraordinarily shaky for a men delivering cold, impersonal judgment on the emotional sex, pulled the door shut again.

Marcia stood just inside the door.

John Peelle stood before her, much as he had stood at that first moment of unmasking. He was diffident. His frank eyes were more troubled than triumphant. He was under a tremendous necessity for immediate understanding. Apparently there was no strength to be derived from the fact that he towered above her.

"You—I—funny thing," he stammered. But his eyes said, "Can't you understand? Can't it be all as it was—instantly?" His mouth was so much sweeter for its definite firmness. And no one could be anything but master of himself with that forehead—tranquil above the stormy eyes.

"Wait. You ran away from me. You thought I was—"

"Thought you were my brother's wife? Not for a minute. Case of stage fright. Look here—You've got to understand. Can't bear to waste a minute. When a fellow's been counting every minute an eternity just because he's waiting to see the one woman—just found her. And she's driven him into an abominable courtroom—yes, you did. Of course you made *any* woman a different question. Had to be decent, though I loathed the mess she and Rod had got into. And then—he sees *you!* Kind of sunstroke—"

"But—it's all—changed!" Peevishness at the invasion of daylight into her misty vision welled up. Her lips quivered.

To John Peelle the quivering lips were a terrible catastrophe, of course. Still—while his heart ached—he was in the saddle. Quite mad apparently with a vain assurance. Gloriously happy, and the conqueror.

"Yes, it is all changed. Before I didn't have you, and now I have—"

"Oh—wait—you know I am a lawyer."

"And I used to be an engineer."

"'Used to be'?"

"Day before yesterday—"

One instant's deafening emotion—almost too tumultuous to be joy—heartbeats that shook them. Then—his kiss.

Laughing, flushed, shaken, . . . it seemed a long time before they dared to look at each other.

WHEN I WAS AN EDITOR

BY JEROME K. JEROME

THE IDLER. "Edited by Jerome K. Jerome and Robert Barr. An illustrated monthly magazine, Price sixpence," was Barr's idea. But the title was mine. Barr had made the English edition of an American journal quite a good property and was keen to start something of his own. He wanted a popular name and, at first, was undecided between Kipling and myself. He chose me—as, speaking somewhat bitterly, he later on confessed to me—thinking I should be the easier to "manage." He had not liked the look of Kipling's jaw. Kipling had been about two years in London, and had just married a beautiful girl with a haunting melancholy in her eyes that still lingers.

By writers he was recognized as a new force, though his aggressive personality naturally made enemies. The critics and the public were more squeamish then. He was accused of coarseness and irreverence. The reason, it is said, that he was never knighted was that Queen Victoria would not forgive him for having called her "The Widow at Windsor." He has not missed much. Lord Charles Beresford used to tell the story—and those who knew him could easily believe it—that King Edward on one occasion said to him:

"You remember L——, that fellow at Homburg? Well, I've just made him a knight."

"Dirty little bounder," said Beresford, "serve him damn well right."

The Idler was a great success so far as circulation was concerned. G. B. Burgin was our sub-editor. He was a glutton for work even then, and his appetite seems to have grown. He thinks nothing of turning out three novels a year. I once wrote two thousand words in a single day and it took me the rest of the week to recover.

Wells is even yet more wonderful. He writes a new book while most people are reading his last; throws off a history of the world while the average schoolboy is learning his dates; and invents a new religion in less time than it must have taken his godparents to teach him his prayers. He has a table by his bedside, and if the spirit moves him will get up in the middle of the night, make himself a cup of coffee, write a chapter or so, and then go to sleep again. During intervals between his more serious work he will contest a Parliamentary election or conduct a conference for educational reform. How Wells carries all his electricity without wearing out the casing and causing a short circuit in his brain is a scientific mystery. I mentioned once in a letter to him that I was a bit run down. He invited me to spend a day or two with him at Folkestone: get some sea air in my lungs and a rest. To "rest" in the neighborhood of Wells is like curling yourself up and trying to go to sleep in the center of a cyclone. When he wasn't explaining the universe he was teaching me new games—complicated things he had invented himself, and under stress of which my brain would reel. There are steepish hills on the South Downs. We went up them at four miles an hour, talking all the time. On the Sunday evening a hurricane was raging with a driving sleet. Wells was sure a walk would do us good—wake us up. While Mrs. Wells was not watching we tucked the two little boys into their overcoats and took them with us.

"We'll all have a blow," said Wells.

They were plucky little beggars, both of them, and only laughed. But battling up the Leas against the wind, we found the sleet was cutting their small faces, so we made them walk one each behind us with their arms around our waist, while we pressed forward with ducked heads. And even then Wells talked. But one day Nature got the better of him and silenced him. That was when he was staying with me at Goulds Grove near Wallingford. We climbed a lonely spur of the Chilterns, and half way up he gave out and never spoke again till we had reached the top and had sat there for at least five minutes, looking down upon the towers of Oxford and the Cotswold Hills beyond. Southampton Water gleamed like a speck of silver on the horizon, and at our feet we marked—now rutted and grassgrown—the long straight line of the old Roman way that led from Grimm's Dyke past the camp on the Sinodun hills and so onward to the north.

I can't remember for certain whether it was to Wells at Folkestone when I was staying with him, or to me at Wallingford when he was stopping with me, that there came one afternoon a company of garden-city experts on the hunt for a new site. The head of the party was an American gentleman who had devoted most of his life to the building of garden cities. He had been invited over to assist with his experience. He never got further than the two words "garden city." At that point Wells took the matter in hand, and for twenty minutes he explained to the old gentleman how garden cities should be constructed; the inherent imperfectability of all garden cities that had hitherto been built; the proper method of financing and running garden cities. The old gentleman attempted a few feeble interruptions but Wells would have none of them.

"Your ideas are all right," said the old gentleman when Wells at last had finished, "but they are not practical."

"If the ideas are right," said Wells, "your business is to make them practical."

Of Shaw it is said that he is never at rest unless he is working. Shaw once told me that he only had three speeches: one about politics (including religion), one about art (together with life in general), and the other one about himself. He said he found these three—with variations—served him for all purposes.

"People think I am making new speeches," he said. "I'm repeating things that I have told them over and over again, if only they had listened. I'm tired of talking. I wouldn't have to talk one-tenth as much if people only listened."

He used to say there were two schools of elocution: one the Lyceum Theatre (in Irving's time) and the other Hyde Park. He himself had graduated in Hyde Park, mounted on a chair without a back, opposite the Marble Arch. There is only one way of countering Shaw on a platform. It is hopeless trying to cross wits with him. The only thing is to force him to become serious. Then I have known him to flounder. His mind works like lightning. I remember the then president of the Playgoers Club coming to him one day. It was at the beginning of the cinema boom. He was an earnest young man.

"We want you to speak for us on Sunday evening, Mr. Shaw," he said, "on the question: Is there any danger of the actor being eliminated?"

"You don't say which actor," answered Shaw, "and anyhow, why speak of it as a danger?"

Shaw is one of the kindest of men, but has little tenderness. His chief exercise, according to his own account, is public speaking; and his favorite recreation, thinking. He admitted to me once that there have been times when he has thought too much. He was motoring in Algiers, driving himself, with his chauffeur beside him, when out of his musings came to him the idea for a play.

"What do you think of this?" he said, turning to his chauffeur, and went on then and there to tell the man all about it.

He had usually found his chauffeur a

keen and helpful critic. But on this occasion, instead of friendly encouragement, he threw himself upon Shaw and, wrenching the wheel out of his hands, sat down upon him.

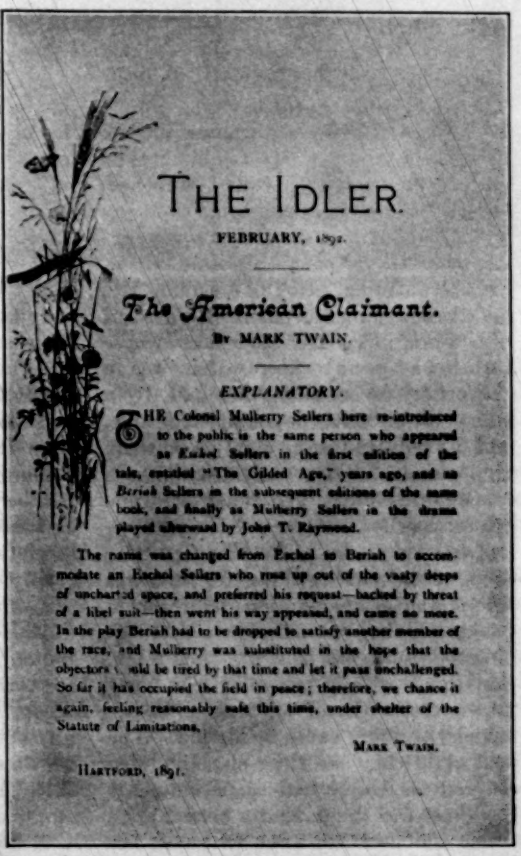
"Excuse me, Mr. Shaw," the man said later on; "but it's such a damn good play that I didn't want you to die before you'd written it."

Shaw had never noticed the precipice.

Conan Doyle used to be another tremendous worker. He would sit at a small desk in a corner of his own drawing-room, writing a story, while a dozen people round about him were talking and laughing. He preferred it to being alone in his study. Sometimes, without looking up from his work he would make a remark showing he must have been listening to our conversation; but his pen had never ceased moving. Barrie had the same gift. He was a reporter on a provincial newspaper in his early days, and while waiting for orders amid the babel and confusion of the press room he would curl himself upon a chair and, quite undisturbed, peg away at something dreamy and poetic.

A vigorous family, the Doyles, both mentally and physically. One of his sisters married a clergyman named Angel, a dear ugly fellow. They lived near to us at Wallingford, and next door to them happened to live another clergyman named Dam. And later on Dam was moved to Goring and found himself next door to a Roman Catholic priest whose name was Father Hell. Providence, I take it, arranges these little things for some wise purpose.

Doyle had always a bent towards the occult. He told me once a curious story. It led him to conclusions with which he may now disagree. He and another member of the Psychical Research Society were sent down to an old manor house in Somerset to investigate a "phenomenon," as it is termed—"ghost story" our grandmothers would have said. There lived in this house a retired Colonel and his wife with their only daughter, an unmarried woman of about five and thirty. For some time past strange noises had been heard: a low moaning, rising to a wailing sob, and a sound as of a chain being dragged across the floor. Night after night the noises would be heard; then for a while they would cease; and then they would come



THE IDLER.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

The American Claimant.

By MARK TWAIN.

EXPLANATORY.

THE Colonel Mulberry Sellers here re-introduced to the public is the same person who appeared as *Euchel* Sellers in the first edition of the tale, entitled "The Gilded Age," years ago, and as *Beriah* Sellers in the subsequent editions of the same book, and finally as Mulberry Sellers in the drama played afterward by John T. Raymond.

The name was changed from Euchel to Beriah to accommodate an Euchel Sellers who rose up out of the vasty deeps of uncharted space, and preferred his request—backed by threat of a libel suit—then went his way appeased, and came no more. In the play Beriah had to be dropped to satisfy another member of the race, and Mulberry was substituted in the hope that the objectors would be tired by that time and let it pass unchallenged. So far it has occupied the field in peace; therefore, we chance it again, feeling reasonably safe this time, under shelter of the Statute of Limitations.

MARK TWAIN.

HARTFORD, 1891.

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE FIRST ISSUE OF *THE IDLER*

again. The servants—so the old gentleman explained—were being frightened out of their lives: most of them had left, and even the dogs were becoming jumpy. Doyle and his friend were to say nothing about the Psychical Research Society. They were to come merely as guests, friends of the Colonel's whom he had run across in London. He had not told his wife and daughter. His idea was that no woman could keep a secret. The Colonel himself pooh-poohed the whole thing—he put it down to rats. But his wife's health was becoming affected and he was evidently more worried than he cared to show.

It was a lonely house. Doyle and his friend arrived there in time for dinner. In the evening they played a rubber of whist with the Colonel and his daughter—it was before bridge was invented. The old lady looked on while knitting. They seemed a most devoted family. Doyle and his friend, pleading drowsiness as the result of country air, retired early. That night nothing happened. On the second night Doyle, suddenly waking about two o'clock in the morning, heard the noises exactly as described: the low moaning, rising to a wailing sob, and the dragging of a chain. He was out of bed in a jiffy. The other man, whose turn it had been to keep watch, was in the gallery overlooking the hall, from where, he felt sure, the sounds had come. The old lady and gentleman joined them almost immediately; and the daughter a few minutes later. The daughter, while comforting her mother—whose self-control seemed to be at breaking point—declared she had heard nothing; and was sure it was all imagination, the result of "suggestion"; but admitted, after the old people had gone back into their room, that this was only pretense. She burst into a violent fit of weeping. Doyle's medical training came to his aid. The next night they laid their plans and discovered, as Doyle had suspected, that the ghost was the daughter herself.

She was not mad. She protested her love both for her father and her mother. She could offer no explanation. The thing seemed as unaccountable to her as it did to Doyle. On the understanding that the thing ended, secrecy was promised. The noises were never heard again. The mysteries are with the living, not the dead.

From shining examples of industry and steadfastness I—being a lazy man myself—find it a comfort to turn my thoughts away to W. W. Jacobs. He has told me himself that often he will spend (the word is his own) an entire morning in constructing a single sentence. If he writes a four-thousand-word story in a month he feels he has earned a holiday; and the reason that he does not always take it is that he is generally too tired.

He told me that if it hadn't been for the Night Watchman he might have had to give up writing. He had exhausted all his own stories. For weeks he cudgeled his brain in vain. Then suddenly in desperation he seized his pen and wrote:

"'Speaking of wimmen,' said the Night Watchman."

And after that it was plain sailing. He left it to the Night Watchman. The Night Watchman talked on.

I like talking to Jacobs about politics. He is so gloriously honest.

"I'm not sure that I do want the greatest happiness of the greatest number," he said to me one afternoon. We were driving across the Berkshire downs behind a jolly little Irish cob of mine; it was before the days of motors. "So far as I can see, there's not enough of the good things of this world to go round evenly, and I want more than my share."

As a matter of fact he doesn't. All he wants to make him happy is a pipe, two Scotch whiskies a day, and a game of bowls three afternoons a week. But he's an obstinate beggar. I asked him once why he was afraid of Socialism. I promised him—I offered personally to guarantee it—that under Socialism all his simple desires would be assured to him.

"I don't want things assured to me," he answered quite crossly. "I'd hate a

lot of clever people fussing about, making me happy and doing me good. Damn their eyes."

Editorial experience taught me that the test of a manuscript lies in its first twenty lines. If the writer could say nothing in those first twenty lines to arrest my attention, it was not worth while continuing. I am speaking of the unknown author; but I would myself apply the argument all round. By adopting this method I was able to give personal consideration to every manuscript sent in to me. The accompanying letter I took care, after a time, not to read. So often the real story was there. Everything had been tried; everything had failed: this was their last chance. The sole support of widowed mother—of small crippled brother, could I not see my way? Struggling tradesmen, on the verge of bankruptcy, who had heard that Rudyard Kipling received a hundred pounds for a short story—would be willing to take less. Wives of little clerks, dreaming of new curtains; would-be-bridegrooms, wishful to add to their income: photograph of proposed bride enclosed, to be returned. Humbug, many of them, but trouble enough in the world to render it probable that the majority were genuine. Running through all of them was the conviction that literature is the last refuge of the deserving poor. The idea would seem to be general. Friends would drop in to talk to me about their sons: nice boys but, for some reason or another, hitherto unfortunate; nothing else left for them but to take to literature. Would I see them and put them up to the ropes?

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A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF JEROME K. JEROME

That it requires no training I admit. A writer's first play or first book can be as good as his last—or better. I like to remember that I discovered a goodish few new authors.

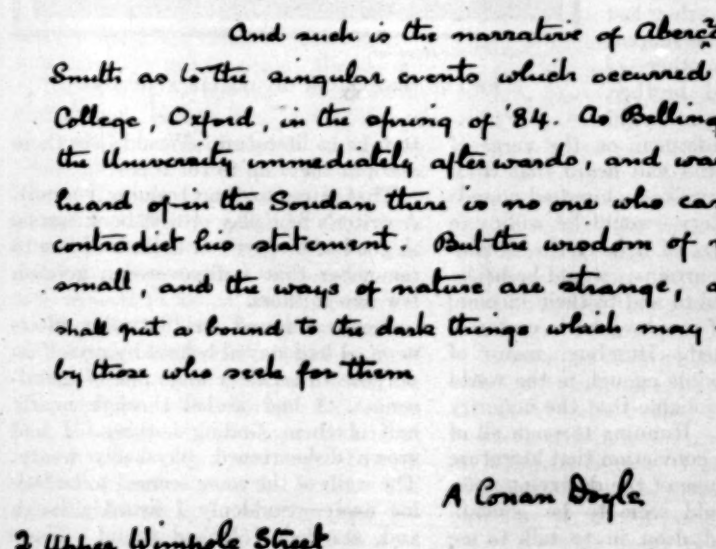
Jacobs I found one Saturday afternoon. I had stayed behind by myself on purpose to tackle a huge pile of manuscripts. I had waded through nearly half of them, finding nothing. I had grown disheartened, physically weary. The walls of the room seemed to be fading away. Suddenly I heard a laugh and, startled, I looked round. There was no one in the room but myself. I took up the manuscript lying before me—some dozen pages of fine close writ-

ing. I read it through a second time and wrote to "W. W. Jacobs, Esq." to come to see me. Then I bundled the remaining manuscripts into a drawer and went home, feeling I had done a good afternoon's work.

He came on Monday—a quiet, shy young man with dreamy eyes and a soft voice. He looked a mere boy. Even now, in the dusk with the light behind him, he could pass very well for twenty-five—anyhow with his hat on.

I made a contract with him for a series of short stories. He was diffident—afraid lest they might not all be up to sample. I had difficulty in persuading him. The story he had sent me had been round to a dozen magazines and returned with the usual editorial regrets and compliments. I fancy the regrets came to be sincere.

I suppose luck goes to the making of reputations, as it does to the shaping of most things human. Next to Hardy, I place Eden Phillpotts as the greatest of living English novelists: and Hardy has not his humor. But I take it he will have to wait till he is dead before full justice is done to him. He was staying with us; and one afternoon we went on a picnic. Landing at Dorchester Lock, we climbed the Sinodun Hills where once was a Roman encampment commanding the river. A grove of trees marks the place now. It is a famous landmark for many miles around. We talked, as we boiled our kettle, of the danger of fire. There had been no rain for weeks and all the countryside was parched. The fear haunted us. The idea once started, we seemed unable to get away from it—there were dead trunks among the living that would have served as touchwood to ignite the whole. After tea we were preparing to light our pipes. Phillpotts was standing with his matchbox in his hand. I was waiting to ask him for a light. It is most men's one economy—lucifer matches. Instead, he replaced the box in his pocket and, turning his back on me, walked down the hill. I called to him but he took no notice. Later I found him seated on the lock gates, smoking.


And such is the narrative of Abercrombie Smith as to the singular events which occurred in Old College, Oxford, in the spring of '84. As Bellingham left the University immediately afterwards, and was last heard of in the Soudan there is no one who can contradict his statement. But the wisdom of man is small, and the ways of nature are strange, and who shall put a bound to the dark things which may be found by those who seek for them

A Conan Doyle

2 Upper Wimpole Street
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THE CONCLUSION OF CONAN DOYLE'S STORY, "LOT NO. 249," AS HE WROTE IT FOR HARPER'S

EDEN PHILLPOTTS IN HIS GARDEN

"Do you know what was happening to me just now?" he said. "A beastly little imp was urging me for all he was worth to set fire to that rotten tree against which we were standing. One lighted match would have done it and burned down the entire grove. If I hadn't come away I believe he'd have nagged me into doing it."

Love of nature is to Phillpotts almost a religion. I wonder if there is a Devil.

A Scotchman who signed himself Cynicus drew cartoons for *The Idler*—clever sketches with a biting satire. He had a quaint studio in Drury Lane and lived there with his sisters. One used to meet Ramsay MacDonald there. He was a pleasant, handsome young man — so many of us were, five and thirty years ago. He was fond of lecturing. Get him on the subject of Carlyle, and he would talk for half an hour. He would stand with his hat in one hand and the door handle in the other, and by this means always secured the last word.

The Idler was not enough for me. I had the plan in my mind of a new weekly paper that should be a combination of magazine and journal. I put my own money into it and got together the rest. *To-day* I suppose is now forgotten; but though I say it who shouldn't, it was a wonderful twopenny worth. Stevenson's *Ebb-Tide* was our first serial. Myself, I never read the serial in a magazine. A month is too long: one loses touch. But a week is just right: one remembers and looks forward. Stevenson agreed with me. He came to see me two or three times. He was ill and looking forward to getting out of England. It was always a difficulty getting him to talk, but once started he would go on without a break: reminding me, in this respect, of Barrie. Maybe it is a Scotch trait. A gentle,

unassuming man, he seemed to have no notion that he was anybody of importance—or if he had he kept it hidden.

To-day was an illustrated paper. Phil May was one of those who used to draw for it. It was difficult to get work out of Phil May in his later years. He would promise you—would swear by all the gods he knew and then forget all about it. I had a useful office boy. He had a gift for sitting still and doing nothing. He could sit for hours. It never seemed to bore him. James was one of his names.

"James," I would say, "you go round to Mr. Phil May's studio and tell him you've come for the drawing he promised Mr. Jerome last Friday week; and wait till you get it."

If Phil May wasn't in, he would wait till Phil May did come in. If Phil May was engaged, he would wait till Phil May was disengaged. The only way of getting him out of the studio was to give him a drawing. Generally Phil May gave him anything that happened to be handy. It might be the drawing he had intended for me. More often it would be a sketch belonging, properly speaking, to some other editor. Then there was trouble with the other editor. But Phil May was used to trouble. He was a thirsty soul. His wife used to tell the story that one night he woke her up by breaking crockery. It seemed he was looking for water—the water bottle was empty.

"Oh, well, drink out of the jug," suggested Mrs. May, "there's plenty of water in that. I filled it myself, the last thing."

"I've finished that," said May.

He had been in the office of an art dealer in Liverpool, before he came to London. They hadn't got on together. There had been faults on both sides, one gathered. The old man also came to London and established himself in Bond Street. From him I obtained an insight into the ways of picture dealers. He looked me up one day at my office.

"Could you put your hand on a journalist," he asked me, "who knows anything about art?"

"Sounds easy," I answered. "Most of them know everything. What is it you want?"

"He needn't know much," he went on, "I want him to write me an article about Raeburn. I'll tell him just what I want him to say. All he's got to do is to make it readable, with plenty of headlines. Then I want you to make a special feature of it in *To-day*."

"Wait a bit," I said. "From all I've heard, this man Raeburn is dead. Where does the excitement come in, from my point of view?"

"I'm not asking you to do it for nothing," he explained. "Send your advertisement man to me and he and I will fix it up."

I began to understand.

"You've been buying Raeburns," I suggested.

"Raeburn is going to be the big thing this season," he answered. "We're just waiting for the Americans to come over."

Another view of the Press was afforded me by the late Barney Barnato. He had lately arrived in London from South Africa and *To-Day* had taken the occasion to give its readers the story of his life—putting down nothing in malice, I hope, but on the other hand nothing extenuating. Two days after our article had appeared he called upon me. He was not of imposing presence; but his manner was friendly and he made himself at home.

"I've read your article," he said. He seemed to be under the impression I had written it myself. "There are one or two points about which you are mistaken."

He was looking at me out of his little eyes. There came a twinkle into them.

"I've always been friendly with the Press," he continued. "I've made a note of where you've gone wrong here and there. What I'd like you to do is to write another little article—no immediate hurry about it—just putting things right."

He had taken from his pocketbook a

sheet of note paper. He rose and, breathing heavily, came across and laid it on the desk before me. It was covered with small writing. I took it up to read it. Underneath it there was a check for a hundred pounds, payable to bearer and uncrossed.

He was sadly out of condition, it was evident, but he had been a prize fighter. Besides, violence is always undignified. I handed the check back to him and, crumpling up his sheet of paper, threw it into the waste paper basket. He looked at me more in sorrow than in anger. A sigh of resignation escaped him. He took a fountain pen out of his bulging waistcoat and, leaning over the back of the desk, proceeded quite calmly to make alterations: then pushed the check across to me. He had made it for two hundred pounds and had initialed the corrections.

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A PHIL MAY CARTOON

It was my turn to give it back to him. I wondered what he would do. He merely shrugged his shoulders.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

He was so good-tempered about it that I could not help laughing. I explained to him it wasn't done—not in London.

There came again a twinkle into those small sly eyes.

"Sorry," he said. "No offense." He held out a grubby hand.

Hardy wrote short stories for *To-Day*. Hardy has never been a best-seller and has won his position without advertising. It was Mr. Crummles who used to wonder "how these things get into the papers." The smaller men one can forgive; but I wish the big men would not do it. Shaw never writes a postcard to his grandmother that is not quoted the next morning in half the newspapers of Europe and America. And if God comes to Hall Caine in a dream, urging him to write a new book, every breakfast table in England has heard about it before the end of the week. There is nothing of the Celebrity about Thomas Hardy, O.M. He himself tells the story that a very young lady friend of his thought that O.M. stood for Old Man, and was very angry with King Edward. The last time I saw Thomas Hardy was at a private view of the Royal Academy. He was talking to the Baldrys. The papers the next morning gave the usual list of celebrities who had been present: all the famous chorus ladies, all the film stars, all the American millionaires. Nobody had noticed Thomas Hardy.

He lives behind a high wall in an unpretentious house which he built for himself long ago on the downs beyond Dorchester. We called upon him there just before the War. His wife was away and it happened to be the servant's afternoon out. His secretary opened the door to us. His wife died a little later, and she is now the second Mrs. Hardy. It was a warm afternoon and we walked in the garden. At first Hardy

appears to be a gentleman of no importance; but after a while, behind his quietness and simplicity you catch glimpses of the real man. He shows himself in his poetry to be one of the deepest thinkers of the age. The unassuming little gentleman looking at you with gentle eyes does not suggest it. There was a whispering towards tea time between Hardy and his secretary. Hardy was worried. It seemed that Mrs. Hardy, careful soul, not anticipating visitors, had before leaving locked up all the spare tea-things. We had some fun searching round. My wife and daughter were with me, making five of us. We got together a scratch lot and sat down to table.

To-Day was killed by a libel action brought against me by a company promoter, a Mr. Samson Fox, whose activities my city editor had somewhat severely criticized. I have the satisfaction of boasting that it was the longest case, and one of the most expensive, ever heard in the court of Queen's Bench. It resolved itself into an argument as to whether domestic gas could be made out of water. At the end of thirty days the unanimous conclusion arrived at was that it remained to be seen; and the Judge, in a kindly speech, concluded that the best way of ending the trouble would be for us each to pay our own costs. Mine came to nine thousand pounds and Mr. Samson Fox's to eleven. We shook hands in the corridor. He informed me that he was going back to Leeds to strangle his solicitors and hoped I would do the same by mine. But it seemed to me too late.

A big catastrophe has, at first, a numbing effect. Realization comes later. It was summer time and my family were in the country. I dined by myself at a restaurant in Soho and afterwards went to the theater, but I recall a dull aching sensation in the neighborhood of my stomach and an obstinate dryness of the throat.

Of course it meant my selling out, both from *The Idler* and *To-Day*. Barr's friends took over the monthly and Bottomley bought most of my holding in the weekly. But it had been from the beginning a one-man paper, and after I went out it gradually died.

I had always dreamed of being an editor. My mother gave me a desk on my sixth birthday and I started a newspaper in partnership with a little old maiden aunt of mine. She wore three corkscrew curls on each side of her head, and used to take them off before bending down over the table to write.

My mother liked our first number. "I am sure he was meant to be a preacher," she said to my father.

"It comes to the same thing," said father. "The newspaper is going to be the new pulpit."

I still think it might be.

NEW MEXICO AND THE BACKWASH OF SPAIN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IN tourist-ridden southern California they capitalize Spanish vestiges almost unmercifully. You are never allowed to forget Padre Junipero Serra, that famous Franciscan; he divides the honors with Helen Hunt Jackson's Ramona. They advertise the old Spanish Missions vociferously; and these are worth advertising, being historically romantic, physically lovely, and tragic in decay. I say no word against the Missions, for of them one does not tire. It is a great regret to me that I have seen only a few of them. One tires immediately and profoundly of Ramona, for she seems to have had as many places of sojourn as Washington had headquarters or Lafayette had four-posters; and it is all rather silly and forced. The Spanish influence, which in San Francisco is a single element naturally felt among many others, becomes in southern California an over-emphasized business asset. The populated region is overwhelmingly American, and Spain withdrew from it long since. There are plenty of Mexican families clustered in the towns and villages; but they are exotic and totally without influence. Progressive America, seeking health and wealth, has swamped them. Southern California has no continuous history that you can trace visibly; and Missions and such are mere furbished monuments to catch the tourist's eye. There is really no practical use for Spanish in Los Angeles or San Diego counties. Kansan or Iowan would be more to the purpose.

Farther east, however, lie Arizona, New Mexico, and southern Texas; and in this real Southwest, Spain has played a different role. Here she is no licensed purveyor of the picturesque, long since elbowed out of the foreground except as, costumed on street corners, she can sell her wares to the tourist. Nowhere, except in Virginia and along the Massachusetts coast, can our country boast a continuous civilization of three centuries' duration—save in the Southwest. St. Augustine is hardly a case in point, since St. Augustine to-day has nothing whatever in common with St. Augustine as it was founded. There has been nothing Spanish about St. Augustine these hundred years. Not even in Virginia or Massachusetts is there so *obviously* continuous a civilization (such as it is) as in New Mexico. Changes have been little felt here since the sixteenth century and the *conquistadores*.

The New Mexicans have suffered few, if any, of the irruptions and interruptions so characteristic of our violent national history. They were separated from the vicissitudes and triumphs of our colonial period by two thousand miles of unknown territory, by Spanish blood, and by inherited Spanish rule. In the early nineteenth century they automatically became Mexican citizens instead of Spanish subjects. It must have made very little social and human difference. The bitterness of the free-soil controversies did not touch the New Mexicans, for they were not included in the Louisiana Purchase. Nor did they share in the thrilling, if not wholly creditable, adventure of the Texan Republic. (The Texan Santa Fé Expedition was only a grim joke.) Nothing, indeed, of our feverish influence touched them, except for the traders who traveled the Santa Fé Trail in the 'twenties and 'thirties. After twenty years or so of the Santa Fé trade came our war with Mexico. Then, and only

then, did their civilization begin to be affected by the United States.

The astonishing fact, to the sojourner in the New Mexican desert, is that the effect of the United States has been so slight. You are surrounded here by an old Spanish civilization. The Spanish of it is much more emphatic everywhere than the American of it. There is, also, of course, the Indian of it. "In a land of sand and ruin and gold," I used to quote to myself; the tone-color of the familiar words seeming to fit the landscape peculiarly, even though the gold is rather a matter of sunlight on the desert than of treasures within the earth. Pueblos, adobe houses, barren beautiful mountains, burros, mesas, dry arroyos, the Indian and Mexican skins—all blend together into a soft, sad, dusty brown that the imagination connects immemorially with Spain. The emptiness, the sleepiness, the sudden note in costume or church altar of gorgeous tawdriness, are as un-American as anything to be found in our great country.

There is really very little United States to be savored. The country has never stopped being Spanish in temper, in language, in blood, in habit of life. "Santa Fé?" said a good American in Albuquerque. "Oh, it's just a Mexican town. Their principal pastime up there is doing nothing." I suspect that he was right; and certainly Santa Fé is far less American than the capital of any other sovereign state that I have ever seen. I do not know how much they "do" in Santa Fé, beyond making corrupt politics more corrupt, but visually speaking, it is more Spanish than American, and more Mexican than Spanish. All speeches made in the New Mexico legislature have to be translated by an interpreter into Spanish, sentence by sentence, as they are uttered. You cannot live in this country satisfactorily without speaking Spanish—and you certainly cannot safely commit a crime without knowledge of that tongue, for juries are apt to be unacquainted with English. If I speak casually of committing crimes, it is because one gathers that, in New Mexico, almost every citizen finds it, sooner or later, necessary to his business or his happiness to do so. The Anglo-Saxon American has not, according to his little habit, dominated the scene immediately on arrival. Except in a commercial sense, he has not "taken over" the country at all; and up to a very short time ago the Spaniard owned most of the land, as he still owns the New Mexican soul.

Why has the habitually dominant race failed here, when it has triumphed at once in every other part of the West? That continuous civilization is, no doubt, one of the main reasons. The Southwest was not "new" country; it was the oldest section, humanly speaking, of United States territory. But southern California also was "old"; and southern California has been socially and physically conquered with no delay and no trouble. The more important—even if secondary—reason is probably this: that there was nothing in the Southwest that the dominant race supremely wanted. Gregg (our chief contemporary authority on the Santa Fé trade) says that the Indian attacks on the Santa Fé caravans were few and negligible *because the white men carried no ploughs*. They threatened no permanent settling—or stealing—of the land. They were frankly transitory; and their trains were like the great tea-caravans that used to wander back and forth between central Asia and Archangel on the Arctic. The same Pawnees that were the terror of the Oregon Trail let the Santa Fé traders by.

Tragic episodes occurred, of course, now and then, but they were far less molested than the northern pioneers. The Southwestern desert did not lure the farmer or the family man. There were no women and children on the Santa Fé Trail—unless now and then a Spanish lady returning to Santa Fé or Chihuahua by the land route. Of precious metals there seems always to have been a certain amount in New Mexico, but on a modest scale. The

nature and conformation of the country made them difficult to get at. You cannot do placer-mining where there are no rivers; you cannot mine comfortably at all where there is no water to drink. The Mexicans worked the mines in desultory fashion, but it was mostly sheep country.

There was never any big "strike," never any gold-rush or occasion for a gold-rush. Nothing, in other words, to lure the adventurer or to tempt the sober citizen. The great deposits of coal that are said to underlie the soil of New Mexico are still undeveloped. The Americans seeped into New Mexico; they never really invaded it or colonized it.

There were ranches in the days of the cattle kings; but while this is good sheep country, it is not good cattle country—not, at least, under the modern conditions of cattle-raising. Within a very few years they have tried again to make cattle country of it, and have miserably failed. That sparsely inhabited land has been left very largely to the people who have adapted themselves to its peculiarities and are satisfied. The only thing an ambitious man could acquire was land by the square mile; and he hardly knew what to do with the land if he got it. There has been plenty of land-grabbing in the Southwest—organized pillage of the Indians and violent work with the vast holdings of Spanish land owners—but there has never been a real American invasion.

The later seepage into northern New Mexico has been caused very largely by two discoveries: first, that it is a marvellously curative climate for tuberculosis; second, that the Pueblo Indians and their ways and works are what is known as "picturesque." "Lungers" and artists have taken to New Mexico in numbers. The Middle West, which seems to be obsessed with the idea of packing itself and its property into an automobile and looking for a pleasanter habitation somewhere between the Rockies and the Pacific, has dropped a good many pilgrims in the Southwest, although most of them push on to southern California. There are, as everyone knows, two towns worthy the name in northern New Mexico: Santa Fé and Albuquerque. Santa Fé despises Albuquerque for an uninteresting and commercially minded place; Albuquerque despises Santa Fé because it is divided between politicians and æsthetes. In Santa Fé they shudder at the nearly unrelieved Americanism of Albuquerque; in Albuquerque they shudder at the riotous living and the shameless politics of Santa Fé. You take your choice.

Concerning Santa Fé, I must state my own case in the very teeth of the Santa Fé cult. A lovelier situation than this it would be unreasonable to ask and hard to find. Santa Fé is uplifted seven thousand feet in air, amid a tumble of mountain ranges—the Jemez to the west, the Pecos melting into the Sangre de Cristo on the east. It has the charm of the city to which you must climb. Those of us who were taught in youth that it was the oldest town in the United States have dreamed of it, off and on, since childhood. Well, the Plaza is there, with the Governor's Palace (1608, I believe) ranged along one side; with a monument, too, marking the end of the Santa Fé Trail. There is on the outskirts the old, old church of San Miguel; there are mementos of the turbulent Mexican history of the first third of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately, they have developed in New Mexico a thing called the "Santa Fé type of architecture"—a graceless blend of Spanish and Hopi. The Spanish type exemplified in the old Governor's Palace has a distinction, a charm, a fitness of its own: you cannot do better in this climate and this landscape. The Hopi house is, however, perfectly unadaptable to American life; and the grotesques that cluster near the Santa Fé Plaza are disillusioning—would be pathetic were they not so strident. The State buildings are like many others scattered over our broad land; merely uncompromisingly Ameri-

can and bad. The New Fonda Hotel, the Art Museum, the Post Office, are like nothing on earth except their own impossible selves; and if this Hopi nightmare was first dreamed in Santa Fé, one wonders on what insane root the architects had dined. After all, they had the excellent if unpretentious Governor's Palace in their line of vision before they went to sleep. The interior of the Art Museum, the lobby of the hotel, are well decorated and very handsome in their way; but inevitably one steps outside again and beholds the impossible façades. An Indian pueblo can be very impressive; but the American conception of modernized and adapted Hopi is like Mrs. Todgers's idea of a wooden leg—though I believe, actually, Mr. Pecksniff never acquired that contribution to Art.

It is partly the architecture, no doubt, that makes Santa Fé so disillusioning. As a Mexican town, it is not a very good Mexican town; rather undignified and squalid. As an American town, it is not successful. Climate and situation apart, it would be for most of us a depressing place of residence. To live in the very spot where New Mexican politics are being daily perpetrated would be bad enough in itself. Besides, the devotees of the picturesque have turned Santa Fé—as one understands they have turned Tahiti—into a sort of Greenwich Village. The Art Museum is full of bad pictures, the hotel is full of atrocious food, and the Post Office, one feels sure, is full of hectic and mendacious correspondence. Certain resorts in the neighborhood of Santa Fé must be heavenly places to linger in, for every prospect pleases. But the capital itself they have ruined. Even the delightful Governor's Palace, in becoming a museum, has inevitably become dismal. Of Taos, sixty miles to the north, I cannot speak. There is some good painting done at Taos, as we know; more than that I cannot say. I have never been there—and fancy I shall never go, since one normally reaches Taos *via* the tragic and tawdry city of the Holy Faith of St. Francis. Some prices are too high to pay for the satisfaction of minor curiosities, and the spectacle of Santa Fé is disheartening—especially as one's desire had been set on it long since.

If divorce has "made" Reno financially, tuberculosis has "made" both Albuquerque and Santa Fé, I take it, in the same sense. Albuquerque is not a particularly attractive place, for, though it has an altitude of four thousand feet, and commands adorable views of the Sandia mountains (for which I, myself, have an incurable passion) it is municipally ugly. Moreover, the endless rows of little shacks that consist chiefly of a screened porch with a bed on it, are depressing. The object of the shack is only too clear; and the inhabitants—hopeful or hopeless—take no trouble to beautify their surroundings. The shack seems no more like a home than the automobile you pass, parked for the night in the open desert, forty miles from anything except the Santa Fé Trail. You have to work for vegetation in these desert towns, and the number of Albuquerque householders who feel that a dirt chicken-run is a good substitute for a front lawn is appalling. The American part of Albuquerque is entirely hideous. Its only charm lies in the few old Spanish gardens, the frankly Mexican life. The Santa Fé Railroad hotel—the Alvarado—is the only beautiful building that Americans have erected there, and many of the Spanish houses are falling to decay. Though Albuquerque is much less advertised than Santa Fé, it is more accessible and, in several ways, more rewarding. Santa Fé is not easy to get to—this is the third time I have taken the Santa Fé route home from the Coast, and the first time I have ever achieved Santa Fé itself. Not even this time did we attempt to reach it by train—though there is a train, sometimes, from Lamy on the main line. We motored to it from Albuquerque. I shall always motor to Santa Fé from Albuquerque. Not only is the drive one of the most beautiful

and one of the most exciting in the country (those who have dared La Bajada Hill know what I mean) but Albuquerque, which does not make Santa Fé's proud pretensions, is less depressing than the capital. It is, moreover, an excellent center for wondrous journeys into the ever-marvellous desert, to the feet of divinely beautiful mountains. Except for a new hotel just finished (protest, apparently, against the benevolent despotism of the Santa Fé Railroad), the citizens of Albuquerque have not indulged into the "Hopi house" vagary. The hotel—I forget what it is to be named—is an enormous Hopi house, worse perhaps than anything in Santa Fé. But so far it is alone. True, the University of New Mexico is more or less Hopi; but it has the grace to sit down at a distance, among its own trees, on the tubercular side of the tracks, and not to mass its Hopi-ness in the public vision.

Let it be said here that one was tempted —while sympathizing with the desire of Albuquerqueans to thumb their noses at the despotic Santa Fé—to give them Machiavellian advice. They should approach the Santa Fé not with insult, but with flattery and argument. They cannot buck the Fred Harvey system: consider the strategic position of the railroad —sole carrier for a region five hundred miles in width and fifteen hundred miles in length. Consider also its organization. A system that can run a successful hotel on the brink of the Grand Canyon, to which all water must be carried sixty miles, and can pick up fruit and game in the middle of nowhere, to serve to you fresh that night in the dining car, has nothing to fear from a rival hotel in a place where it has an excellent one of its own. Albuquerque should have approached the Santa Fé Railroad on its knees, saying "O king, live forever." Then it might have risen to its feet and proceeded with cogent and practical argument.

Albuquerque has a right to insist on its position as the only convenient tourist center between the Mojave desert and Colorado. It is on the main line of the railroad—which Santa Fé is not; and it is, in any case, a better center for excursions—being three thousand feet lower, and tapping not only the Santa Fé region but also a vast, picturesque country to the west. It is the junction for the line down to El Paso and old Mexico. Moreover it is a city, with some of a city's resources; not, like Santa Fé, a much disfigured museum-piece. To go to Taos and all the beautiful crannies of extreme northwestern New Mexico, you can start more easily from Santa Fé; but Albuquerque is actually within striking distance of more pueblos than is the capital. If from Santa Fé you wish to reach Isleta, Laguna, or Acoma, you must first come sixty miles westward to Albuquerque; and San Domingo, Cochiti, Abo, Sandia (I have an unquenchable desire to see Sandia: I am told it is the dirtiest pueblo in the state of New Mexico) are as well reached from Albuquerque as from Santa Fé. As for all the tourist goals in eastern Arizona, Albuquerque is sixty miles nearer them than Santa Fé, and there is no La Bajada Hill to negotiate. The Santa Fé Railroad has a charming trick of building good hotels suddenly in the middle of nothing at all; but it cannot make points of departure and repair of places like Flagstaff or Williams or Gallup. They do, however, owe it to the hundreds of thousands who are bent on seeing America last—if not first —to make a tourist center somewhere in the beautiful and historic Southwest.

At present, if you wish to stop en route between the Grand Canyon and Chicago, you are heavily penalized. The California Limited (which is, in summer at least, their one first-class train) will make no reservations to points between the Grand Canyon and Kansas City. If you wish to stop at Albuquerque or Santa Fé, you depend on luck alone. There may be space on the Limited when it pulls into the station; probably there is not. If you must have a Pull-

man reservation ahead (most people have a preference that way) you will have to make it on one of the inferior trains which carry no observation car and no dining car. Fred Harvey will feed you properly when you arrive at one of his eating-houses; but you may be three hours late for breakfast, and there is nothing that you can do about it.

No wonder most tourists pass through New Mexico without getting off the California Limited. As there is no reason on earth, except the Grand Canyon, why anyone should travel to the Coast *via* the Santa Fé, it would seem as though the Santa Fé itself were neglecting its opportunities. They have immense and exclusive assets in the Spanish-Indian Southwest, but instead of luring the tourist hither, they penalize him for stopping. It is rumored that the Santa Fé intends to develop Jemez Hot Springs eventually, when everyone has seen the Grand Canyon. Perhaps, then, Albuquerque will be better served. At present, it is served very ill; and the new hotel is really a pathetic and not very lucid statement of its dire case. Why should the Santa Fé Railroad issue an enchanting booklet called "Off the Beaten Path in Arizona and New Mexico," and make it as difficult and uncomfortable as possible for you to leave the beaten path and approach these treasures? I have experienced some of the accommodations and conveniences that the booklet has the cynical audacity to recommend. . . .

The sad Southwest: that is the phrase that recurs most often to one's lips when one dwells upon this region. Beauty is itself inspiriting; yet if there be a beauty in itself melancholy, it is the beauty of the inoccupable desert. There is a sharp distinction to be drawn between this and the black desert, say, of central Oregon, or the "bad lands" of North Dakota, which the devil seems to have created for an easy lesson in discouragement. This has an æsthetic, almost a mystical value, and is totally lacking in the sardonic. On the other hand, the private question one asks is not, as in the bad lands, "What can man do with this?" but rather, confronted as one is with ancient vestiges and the slow persistence of history, "What has man done with this?" In New Mexico the immediate answer does not make for optimism. What man has done with it is all about you.

The answer to the question is two dying civilizations, and a third which, so far, is only feasting on their corruption: the Pueblo Indian; the Spanish Mexican; the American, who is usually either a politician or a sentimentalist. Before the bar of judgment the sentimentalist will fare better than the politician, for, as Senator Walsh of Montana has recently reminded us, "You cannot impeach a man for stupidity"; but one comes to consider it a nice question whether the Pueblo Indian will not suffer as much from his misguided friends as from his cynical despoilers. The best citizens of New Mexico, by all accounts, are the members of the old Spanish families. They are rapidly being shorn of their power and their estate; and none of the invaders, apparently, is intelligent enough to be sentimental about *them*. Perhaps the invaders could not break into a genuine, if alien, aristocracy even if they would. Certainly one comes to feel that life in New Mexico would be humanly and socially tolerable only if one could contrive to establish relations with the survivors of the old Mexican aristocracy.

New Mexico is, all in all, a wild and uncivilized state. Life is cheap, ignorant Mexican juries are easily packed, and if a sheriff grows (which seldom happens) too zealous in behalf of law and order, it is pretty difficult, in the end, to find out who killed him. The politicians of New Mexico have never had an enviable reputation. Their chief activity has usually been lining their pockets at the expense of the Indian. The state's most distinguished political figure at the present day is, one supposes, ex-Senator

Fall. Senator Bursum, to be sure, achieved some notoriety recently with his unsuccessful Indian bill—which was nothing like so bad as the uninformed public, stirred up by the "friends of the Indian," believed it to be. The Bursum Bill was faulty; but it was frankly a compromise, a makeshift way of dealing with a situation that had grown legally and practically intolerable; and the manifesto against it which emanated from Santa Fé was certainly as faulty as the bill itself.

The Indian has been ill served by his friends, and one is sometimes inclined to pity an Indian Bureau, however incompetent, which has to stand between the rapacious politician and the devotee who is ruining the Indian morally, æsthetically, and socially, as fast as ever his kind heart and muddled brain will permit. I omit any reference to the men and women—there are plenty of them—who are merely getting a new sensation out of the Indian, and exploit him for their own excitement, amusement, reputation, and trivial sense of power. It is for the real friends of the Indian one is concerned; for all right-minded folk must be unofficially and sincerely his friends.

The red man has had hard luck; and one sometimes wonders if we have not harmed him as much since we grew sentimental about him as we did in the old days when we destroyed him at sight if possible. We have stolen unconscionably from him; we have also wasted a great deal of money on him. He is a very conservative person; and to attempt to Christianize—especially to Protestantize—him is as silly as it is impossible. To force the Pueblo Indian to a government school is an expensive piece of stupidity. Either American education "takes," or it does not. If it does not, he goes back to the pueblo and reverts; if it does, he is merely miserable, for the pueblo civilization is in his blood, and his half-hearted approximations to a United States mode of life are ridiculous and doomed. The race-prejudice which is so strong in the Anglo-Saxon temperament is much weakened when it is a question of the red man rather than of the yellow, the brown, and the black; yet most white people are not easily going to admit most red people to real social intimacy. It is only the sensation-seekers who do it, in point of fact—and they do not thereby help the Indian. Neither as a temporary toy nor as a saint and martyr will he be enabled to work out his salvation.

This preoccupation with the Indian on the part of resident and tourist alike is natural enough. You may go to New Mexico convinced that the Pueblo Indian bores you, or that he is merely a vanishing problem; determined therefore to seek for future rather than past factors in Southwestern affairs. All through northern Arizona and northern New Mexico you will, in spite of yourself, come back to the Indian. The white American is still to a large extent his parasite—clinging to him, whether for the sake of gain or of cheap publicity or of archæological interest or of æsthetic pleasure.

Not to the temporary resident is it given to penetrate the patios of Oteros and Chavezes; to meet face to face, with respect and sympathy, a point of view that derives from a religious and social tradition wholly alien to the Anglo-Saxon American. When, moreover, has Spain ever successfully withstood America on this side of the Atlantic? The Spanish New Mexicans will inevitably pass from prominence and control. As the great men die, their vast holdings are broken up and parceled out. The younger generation compromises with American ways, often to its own undoing. The atmosphere of a sovereign state of the Union is not favorable to the preservation of Spanish social and domestic traits. Moreover, this northern province of Mexico was, until 1848, literally that; and Mexico is not quite Spain, as we all know. It has had its own prejudices against the

mother country; and in the 'thirties a Spaniard from Spain was almost more unpopular in Santa Fé than an American from Missouri.

What is true of Mexico in general must have been true of the northern provinces: namely, that the purity of creole blood grew more and more tinged with the darker Indian strain. The Rio Grande had no social significance in those days, and Santa Fé was only a smaller Chihuahua farther to the north. That which differentiated New Mexico from old Mexico before 1848 was what differentiates it, chiefly, now: sparser settling, a greater emptiness, the atmosphere of the outpost and the frontier, a fighting history unbroken since the *conquistadores*—and the Pueblo Indian. The Pueblos may seem a meek race compared with Apaches and Comanches, but they fought in the streets of Santa Fé as late as 1837. In the days of rival governors, rival parties, the pueblos took sides or stayed neutral—and the attitude of a strong pueblo was a matter of real importance. Since the sixteenth century they have spasmodically fought and conquered, been bloodily reduced or temporized, planned secret revolts, sulked on their mesas, massacred their priests or protected them—but from 1549 to 1849 they always counted heavily in the turbulent history of northern Mexico.

To the Mexican resident they were important as the aboriginal and by no means impotent owners of the soil; to the incoming American they counted, later, as the chief opportunity of the unscrupulous, the most frequent storm center of politics, and the most positive and vivid asset of the archæologically minded. This is, in a very real sense, the Pueblo Indian's country. The Indians mix happily enough at fiestas and such like with the humbler Mexicans; and they are of course far outnumbered by the Mexican citizens of the state. They have no objection to speaking Spanish, though they often have a profound objection to speaking English. But though New Mexico is prevailingly Mexican still—did they not, in Socorro and El Paso, celebrate our recognition of the Mexican government as spontaneously as if it had been a saint's day?—the Mexican sheep-herder or farmer is a less positive creature than the Indian. He and his adobe, his sheep, his dogs, his ponies, his children, are the dusty background against which life must move. He has imposed upon this region his language—or the *conquistadores* imposed it for him—and in a general way his religion and his attitude to life. But he is too ignorant, too mongrel, too indolent a creature to win any long-drawn-out contest, or even to express in his own person the perpetual question, "What are you going to do about *me*?" We are not going to do anything about him except wait for the generations slowly to oust him. He confuses the social situation, because in the smaller towns and villages he has all the votes and can see to it that his vices are not too hardly dealt with and that vengeance is not too swift.

The Pueblo Indian, on the other hand, is a perpetual interrogation-point; and being a ward of the government he must be answered. He cannot simply perish vaguely among the rigors of competitive citizenship. For all these reasons, you cannot get away from the Indian in the Southwest—not until he is quite dead. We found it useless to try, in spite of our original prejudices born of much sentimental public and private nonsense about him.

The Pueblo Indian is, one gathers, a very respectable as he is certainly a very fine-looking person. It is not he who shoots honest road commissioners in the back, or drowns objectionable ranchers in their own sheep vats, or pays so much a head to the jury for acquitting him of murder. He is very conservative, he is very proud—and he is not a citizen. Nor is he a rich man. An Osage Indian from Oklahoma who has struck oil and proceeds to pile his women-folk and

their enormous vanity cases into an expensive car, to jaunt westward and crow, in the worst American slang, over his red kin on the reservations, is as objectionable as any human being to be met with on New York's east side. (Oil, they have been suggesting lately, is a contaminating thing.) The Pueblo is a farmer; and the scorn of what the industrial schools can teach him about agriculture is not only deep but well-founded.

It is characteristic both of him and of us that the state of California should spend large sums of money and the time of experts to determine how to save the Imperial Valley from the dire results of over-irrigation, and eventually discover a way that the New Mexican Indians have been quietly practicing for generations. Very like us never to have observed him; very like him never to have told. The eternal squatting on Indian lands, the vagueness of titles, the consequent piling up of litigation—thousands of cases, stretching over years, that no one can make head or tail of—which it was the honest intention, apparently, of the despised Bursum Bill to find some way out of—even if not a perfect one—have left him, certainly, with shrunken possessions. I am not defending the Bursum Bill; but it is clear that even its objectionable clauses grew out of, and were conditioned by, an absolutely impossible situation which was in itself worse than almost any solution. It was not the cold-blooded steal that the country was made to feel it was; and the points made against it were often illogical and ill-taken.

The big steals came earlier. No honest American citizen, one supposes, would defend our treatment of the Indian since we frankly conquered him; yet one has a certain sympathy with Indian commissioners and Indian officials. On the whole, the government has latterly been trying to do the decent thing—frustrated at every turn by all the people who are concerned with the Indian: concerned to rob him or concerned to protect him. In the Southwest the case is perhaps most glaring, because the Pueblo Indian is not, and in historic times never has been, nomadic. His pueblos were going strong as self-governing cities when the Spanish came; he had developed his own religion, his own art, his own political ideals, and, living as inaccessibly as possible, he asked only to be let alone. He cared as little, really, for scalps as for the blessings of Catholicism. The *conquistadores*, who were treasure-mad, would not let him alone, and we all know the results.

The Pueblos took over Catholic Christianity and accepted resident friars in their pueblos. They built churches, a hundred and fifty to two hundred years before California did, and the New Mexican mission churches are still in use. It seems to be admitted on all sides that the priests have been good for their morals, though the Indians' Christianity is at least as eclectic as that of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. The conservatism of the Pueblo Indian is something that it takes more than three hundred years of an alien faith to disturb. Rome, with its profound psychological insight, has permitted them—even as it did when it converted the Germans—to keep their paganism pretty well unimpaired. They dance before the patron saint of the pueblo—but the dance is what it always was in character and meaning; expurgated a little, no doubt, out of deference to the conquering paleface. One tribe—Zuñi, I think—has come out in the course of the last decades and proclaimed itself definitely non-Christian. Most of the Southwestern Indians do not trouble to announce the fact.

Here was, one cannot but feel, a beautiful chance for the white man to have peace with the red man. The tribes had to go from the vast prairie country because the American needed it; but the American did not need the Pueblo farm-lands, which were neither rich nor vast; and the Pueblo could have gone on living his life without detriment

to the social fabric. He might, in that uncoveted region, have had from us the peace that Spain—which *would* believe in hoards of gold and the Seven Cities of this or that—never gave him. The Indian, however, is always the first person to be stolen from because, on account of his anomalous position, he is the safest. So we lost our chance of preserving his semi-civilization unimpaired, of co-existing with him in a dignified manner.

Then came the tourist, who always ruins an alien peasantry. The Indians learned to sell their wares at stations and by roadsides, and learned also to beg. The children of any pueblo stretch out their hands and whine for "*cinque centavos*" as you pass. Their pride has been subtly corroded by the traveler, no doubt, as has their art. Most of the things they want to sell you nowadays are horrors—as are most of the things that come out of Japan since Japanese stuff has become a fad. The old Indian paintings and weavings had a certain beauty and quality—but where do you find them now? Not in the hands of the flushed sightseer, surely. Their potters and their smiths still have a knack and a conscience—until they begin supplying a market. Then you get things as bad as the modern Japanese product in the department stores.

And—let the truth be told—none of it was ever *great* art, anyhow. Their vanity may well be flattered by all the artists who have wanted to paint them, the white folk who have wanted to live in their pueblos, the misguided people who construct "pageants" out of them. The pathetic fact is that it is the less respectable Indian, or the less respectable traits in that Indian, which condescend to endure this sort of patronage. The by-product of it is to be seen in the Indian who will not let himself be photographed save at an exorbitant price. The Indian you respect, as man to man, is not the handsome young buck whose profession in life is dressing up as an artist's model, or who enters into the social life of white men and women. The ones you respect are more apt to be the real residents of the pueblo, who work their farms, cherish their traditions, depart in no wise from their own courses, and object—not physically or formally, but temperamentally—to white visitors.

I recall with pleasure one or two older inhabitants of Laguna pueblo, their dignity, their fine manners, and their uncompromising but quite unaffected Indianness. One of them, never forgotten, is still admiringly referred to by us as "the gentleman from Laguna." His courtesy was complete; but I do not think he would have cared to sit at meat with us—I hope not. The English have learned better than we the right manner with the honorable member of an alien race, which consists in respecting rather than ignoring his differences, in admitting the clash of traditions without dwelling on it, in neither despising him nor flattering him, in meeting only when and as both races can meet without offending any convention of the other. It may be said, too, that it is the Englishman who achieves this golden mean. The English woman stays out of the game—which is a help. We Americans are apt either to despise the alien or to fawn on him—muddling all comparative values in either case. "No good Indian but a dead Indian" is at one extreme; going into their pueblos and living with them (unless for official reasons) is at the other. Only mutual disillusion can come of the latter course.

Not long ago the New York newspapers, which are always rich in astonishing incident, presented us with an account of some Pueblo Indians arriving in New York on their way to Washington, and giving one of their tribal dances in the Town Hall before an interested group of clergymen and others. The episode was conceived, one fears, by friends of the Indian. A corn dance in the Town Hall of New York City! It is at such a point as this that one begins to be genuinely and unashamedly sorry for the Indian—to think that perhaps he does need fending for. The occasion for

this absurdity (or indignity, if you like) was clear enough: various Pueblo Indians were on their way to Washington in connection with a Pueblo Land bill of sorts, and their white friends thought it an excellent opportunity to show an eastern public how innocuous are the tribal dances that the government talks of suppressing. But there is a lot of tortured logic in this matter; and if the friends of the Indian would condescend to talk things over with people officially responsible for the Indian's welfare, they would discover that to themselves is in large measure due the threat of forbidding his dances.

You find many people pulling at the Indian in different directions; his "friends" (rival groups of them); the white men who sink their consciences while dealing with the red man, and care not what becomes of him once they have stripped him; the officials, competent and incompetent, who are employed to advise and teach and look after him—and, of course, the missionaries. There is also a queer mass of public opinion, variable but bulky. The friends of the Indian say that the dances are beautiful, symbolic, harmless, and that it is cruel and stupid and short-sighted of the government to stop them. So far one quite agrees—and continues, I may say, to agree, even though some of the dances are perhaps not so beautiful or so harmless as they are stated to be. They are the Indians' own affair, in any case. It is currently believed among the native American residents of Albuquerque that the people of one of the obscurer pueblos (I will not name it) still contrive to sacrifice a living baby every year to the snake-god. This may or may not be true. If it is, the custom is neither profoundly beautiful nor wholly harmless, and no one could blame an Indian Bureau that interfered. Neither from officials nor from sentimentalists did we hear it; only from the native-born resident, who took the Indians philosophically, having known them well, collectively and individually, all his life.

Within a fortnight the Secretary of the Interior has declared, in answer to a petition from the San Ildefonso pueblo, that the guardians of the Indians have no intention of interfering with religious dances "or those given for pleasure or entertainment which are not degrading." But he adds, "There are certain practices, however, which are against the laws of nature or moral laws, and all who wish to perpetuate the integrity of their race must refrain from them." Cryptic, to say the least; and committing the government to nothing.

The real storm center at the present moment seems to be the Hopi Snake Dance, held each August on the Hopi reservation in northern Arizona, alternately on the first and third mesas—at Walpi and Oraibi, if you prefer the names. We came too late for the Snake Dance. They do say—everyone says—that the Hopi Snake Dance has not much longer to run; that the government is sure to stop it. Apart from one's baffled desires—for the Hopi Snake Dance, on whichever mesa, is one of the few things I can hardly bear to die without having seen—one hopes that the government will have the common sense not to interfere. Their only good argument against it seems to be that preparation for it unfits the partakers for normal work during a good many weeks of each year. The snakes are entirely real and venomous; and the only way the priests can deal with them, apparently, is to subsist for a long time before the dance on a curious secret diet. They starve themselves into a kind of anæmia—no blood flows, I understand, when the serpent strikes—and drug themselves also into immunity to the poison.

While the process is going on, they are far from being able and industrious citizens. What of it? one cannot but ask. Are they not perhaps making as important a contribution to contemporary life by preserving for us an ancient ritual as by harvesting a little more corn? A man is useful to the community by

virtue of his peculiar gifts. Almost any one can raise corn and peaches, but those who can preserve and perform the Snake Dance are few. To the people who object on the score that it is a pagan ceremonial, one has nothing to say. It *is* a pagan ceremonial. Again, and more emphatically, what of it? Are we or are we not going to be faithful to our original promise of religious liberty for all dwellers within our land? It would take a Klansman, I think, to say "no" with real and pious conviction. So long as the Indian does not harm others—and no one can accuse him of trying to propagate his faith, or of asking anyone else to develop anæmia—he has a perfect right, under the Constitution of the United States, to pursue his private cults. The Roman Church has not seen fit, in three hundred years, to interfere with his ritual: are Protestants going to be less intelligent and less tolerant?

"But they say 'they' are going to stop all the dances," some friend of the Indian says to you, in righteous and terrified wrath.

To which, at long last, one's reply comes to be as follows: "We hope 'they' won't. It would, I agree, be the last insult to a proud race that is dying, and dying in our power. But if 'they' do anything so unreasonable, you will have been largely to blame. Of most of the dances no one has ever complained—or ever would have complained effectively, unless you had begun to capitalize, artificialize, exploit them. 'They' are probably justified, to some extent, in saying that the dances take the Indians away from their farms, and spoil them, and may eventually bring them to poverty. This arid land takes a lot of arduous cultivating. People who dance all the time can't manage it. The Indians, however, managed both to dance and to farm until you came. Now the pueblos are crowded with white folk on feast-days—and of course the temptation is to charge a thumping admission fee instead of raising funds in a more laborious way.

"Moreover, instead of piously protecting the real, the sincere, the immemorial seasonal dances, what have you done? Created a lot of new occasions. You have invented an intertribal ceremonial at Gallup which is directly contrary to every Indian habit and tradition, and you drag them there from all over to make a perfectly meaningless festival. In September you bring them into Santa Fé to do all sorts of stunts which have no significance whatever in the Plaza of Santa Fé, precisely because the dances *are* religious, seasonal, and local. Abolish your silly Santa Fé pageant; give up your idiotic invention at Gallup; stop dressing the Indian up and bribing or flattering him into posing, in and out of season, for third-rate painters. Give guarantees to the government that you will stop playing the fool with the Pueblo Indian—wasting his time, corrupting his integrity, and making a holy show of his religion—and perhaps the government might even reconsider.

"That your intentions are of the best, one does not doubt; but mere archæology, mere æsthetics, mere taste should show you that a religious ceremony loses all validity when you remove it from the time, the place, and the occasion that it was created to fit. No person with a sense of the fitness of things is going, if he can possibly help it, to witness a corn dance or a rain dance or whatever in the Plaza of Santa Fé or the Town Hall of New York, or watch the tribes 'get together' in the tourist season at Gallup."

You might suspect from the Santa Fé handbook that the Snake Dance is hard to get to. But no one would suspect that discomfort and delay attend on him who would visit Acoma. It must be confessed, however, that Acoma is one of the things for which one must "pay." For this, as for so many things, one finds Albuquerque the best point of departure. Indeed, it is so hard to get to any point on the Santa Fé (except the Grand Canyon, which is pampered with

every sort of special service) that the wise thing to do is, once having contrived to get to Albuquerque, to stop there and make it headquarters for all one's exploration of northern New Mexico and eastern Arizona.

It is not within the scope of this article to dwell on Acoma. Let it merely be taken as illustrative of the whole pueblo problem. The legend that the Acomans lived originally—very far back, since we know Acoma was going strong in 1549—on the Enchanted Mesa, seems to have been exploded, like many other cherished theories. Few people have been on top of the *Mesa Encantada*, and descriptions of human vestiges thereon are not well substantiated. Acoma itself is difficult enough of access; you climb up the cliff-side, using handholds and toe-rests cut in the rock. "Acoma is a very backward pueblo," said some official person at Laguna, who preferred the young product of the government schools to its unreclaimed elders. Horizontally fifteen miles from a road, across gashed and hummocky desert, vertically five hundred sheer feet in air, it is what you might call separated from the blessings of civilization. The church of Acoma is a well-known marvel; said, thirty years ago, to be actually the largest church (in area) in the United States, it took forty years, in the seventeenth century, to build, and every cubic inch of earth for the adobe walls and roof, every foot of timber for the beams, had to be carried up the face of the cliff on Indian backs.

The California Missions, so much lovelier, so much newer—and so much more ephemeral—than these of New Mexico, become historically insignificant compared with the queer pueblo churches which have been in active use (some of them) for nearly three hundred years, and are still served by mission priests. A few months ago there were sad rumors that Acoma church was going; the roof is in sore need of repair, and there was no money anywhere—two thousand dollars being the needed sum—to repair it. There are, you see, no Daughters of the Pueblo Revolution (they had a first-rate Revolution in 1680) to form chapters and preserve monuments of Pueblo history; there is no Acoma Association, with lady regents, to protect one of the oldest churches we possess. I have been told, however, since beginning this article, that certain wide and kind individuals in Denver have guaranteed the repair of the Acoma church roof. I am told also that "they" are threatening to move the inhabitants of the pueblo from Acoma to Acomita in the plain where their farm lands lie. I cannot say—for desert distances are hard to judge in desert air—how many miles away Acomita lies; but it would be hard work to commute from the top of the Rock of Acoma to any place whatsoever, even to the Enchanted Mesa. Let us only hope that the Church on the Rock will be maintained.

Nowhere else, however, can St. Stephen have quite such a setting and such a prelude for "his" dance. For though there are no Delight-Makers at Acoma, there is the Rock; and while the tom-toms beat in the underground council chamber, the whole cliff thuds and resounds and reverberates about you and beneath you, and you stand at the heart of a monotonous and thrilling vibration of which you cannot determine the place or the source. It is rather too bad that there is not an Acoma Association. And one is inclined to side with the friends of the Indian to this extent: that one wishes the government had a little more respect for the Pueblo Indian as he is, and less for its conception of the hybrid he ought to be.

"In 1540 Coronado made gunpowder in Bernalillo." He mined his sulphur at Jemez, I believe. Bernalillo is still there—in fact, it is the county-seat of Sandoval county, and must see some very queer justice meted out in the course of a year. Bernalillo, Algodones, Domingo, La Bajada—these Spanish villages stretch along the desert between

the near Sandias and the distant Jemez, and if one were looking for a Thebaïd one might do worse. An acre of desert should come cheap—some sheep-owning Spanish or American magnate might cut one off for you, without noticing it, from his quarter of a million—and a Mexican can build you an adobe shack in your own back yard. All you do, as has been said, is to convert your own land from the horizontal to the vertical position. You had best not have too much wealth and gear—but who does in a Thebaïd?—for the morals of Sandoval county concerning life and property are not quite up to specification, and though the capital is not far away, the benign influence of the legislature does not seem to extend to any great distance.

You would expect to be killed in Bernalillo or Algodones if you made yourself unpopular; nor would you expect to be avenged. There is no particular reason, however, in any such village why you should be unpopular if you neither splurge nor criticize nor shout English at your neighbors. The climate is gorgeous, the landscape lovely, *mañana* is the watchword, and if you are neither ambitious nor quarrelsome nor censorious, I fancy you will be let alone. To make yourself quite solid you would probably need only to make friends with the priest, and now and then —to show that you are human—go off at night with your burro (you can buy one for fifty cents in Sante Fé) to the neighboring turquoise mine and chip out a few bits of blue stone for yourself. The turquoise mine belongs to Tiffany, but Fifth Avenue is very far away, and the Indians never seem to lack cheap turquoise for their personal use, though one is quite sure they do not buy it from Tiffany.

It would also be well, one supposes, to pretend not to see any *Penitentes*, if one did see them—but the *Penitentes* are to be found rather, one gathers, in the remoter hamlets and the far folds of the hills. The Church, I believe, has almost won its long campaign against the flagellants; though you still hear the old tales of their secret political power, and still hear the classical remark that if you could see the backs of many prominent citizens, you would see them scarred. Not, however, in Bernalillo or Algodones or Domingo, in all probability, would you spend Good Friday among the *Penitentes*.

When the Indian has at last perished and the Mexican has been submerged, what will be left here in New Mexico? Only with infinite and costly irrigation does it become white man's country in the productive sense. The climate and the beauty will attract more and more parasites; but they are not the people who make a state and a civilization. Will there come a day when English, not Spanish, is the convenient tongue outside the rare cities? Will the *fiestas* give place to the movies and the adobe walls revert to the soil whence they were digged? The Spanish soul has possessed the land for three centuries, with the Pueblo Indian for sole rival; and, compared with the Anglo Saxon, these two are brothers-in-arms. The patron saint of the pueblo receives on his feast day a curious medley of honors: the Mass first, then a pagan dance before his image, and most likely in the afternoon a wholly Spanish *fiesta*, with the Indians looking on, sympathetic but incurious. It is difficult to foresee the future, even after the Indian shall have passed. The Mexican will stick on much longer than he, and the adobe shack will outlast, probably, the Hopi house. All we shall do, no doubt, is to obliterate the graces and preserve the drawbacks of the old Spanish civilization. We shall eventually see to it that all our Spanish citizens are desperately poor; for that is our pleasant little conquering way. It is all a matter of the intensity of our desire, the richness of the loot. If they strike oil—or mine their coal—God help them. But if the Southwest can for a time remain lovely and profitless, it can for a time remain Spanish—as it is now.

PARDONED

A Story

BY EDGAR VALENTINE SMITH

JOHN HENRY, sitting manacled beside the prison transfer agent in the Jim Crow car, recalled that the brown woman had laughed even before sentence had been pronounced upon him. His thoughts flashed to the judge, too. He had been hard; much harder than they used to be in juvenile court. There they always gave a boy a lot of good advice before they punished him. But this judge had been different—and hard. John Henry remembered almost word for word what he had said.

"Ordinarily your youth would be a recommendation to the mercy of the court. But the record shows that you are an old offender. As a boy you were haled into juvenile court a half dozen times. Later you served sentences out of the court for misdemeanors and felonies: one on the county roads and the other in the mines. And you were brought here charged with an assault upon the person of another with intent to murder. After a fair presentation of the case and, having considered the evidence, the jury—"

The jury! They didn't know anything about it. Except what that brown woman told them. And she hadn't told them all. Didn't say anything about how she had led him on. Taking all his money—with that smile of hers!—and then telling him to get more. Said he would have to—or leave. He got it, too. But they caught him. And what she said when he hurried to her when he was free:

"Mo' money, Boy; mo' money!"

She didn't tell the jury about that either. But somebody else told the judge about the sentence he had served in the mines because he got money for her the second time. And he . . . His thoughts reverted again to what the judge had said:

"Having considered the evidence, the jury finds you guilty as charged."

That was when the brown woman had laughed the first time. She was waiting in the corridor, just outside the courtroom, for that. She was glad . . . of course. Hadn't been for her—her and that new scar in her throat—they couldn't have convicted him. Still . . . there was the doctor. The knife had missed a vital spot by a fraction of an inch, the doctor testified. Missed? He'd been in too big a hurry: too mad. Next time, though . . .

"The law requires in such cases"—the voice of the judge came to him again in the rumbling of the car wheels—"that the sentence be an indeterminate one. I, therefore, sentence you to serve at hard labor in the state penitentiary for not less than five, nor more than twenty years."

Then the woman had laughed again. Louder this time. Laughed because she had beaten him. Because she had sent him up. He could hear her laughing now. Wasn't that it? No. Just the brakes screeching as the train slowed to a stop at a way station. That was the way she had sounded, though. Shrill. As much as to say she was putting the brakes on him, all right. Maybe so. Five years . . . twenty . . . Never mind. Some day . . .

She had come to the train to see him off, to see him handcuffed in charge of a transfer agent. She hadn't laughed—out loud—while they were in the station waiting for the train. But she had smiled. Smiled, showing those two rows of white teeth in her brown face. And as he passed through the gateway to the train he had heard her laughing . . . laughing. . . .

He was roused from his reverie by the thrust of an elbow in his side and the harsh voice of the transfer agent:

"Sit up straight there! Don't be leaning over on me! What you tryin' to do? Start something, Black Boy?"

Black Boy! John Henry straightened suddenly. That was what she had called him. Black Boy! Making fun of his color because she was high brown. That was right after he had finished his term in the mines, when he had hurried to her as to a friend. And she had laughed—laughed in his face—showing her white teeth.

"Go 'way! We's th'ough. I don't want no black boy hangin' 'round!"

Then he had struck—and here he was.

The train, a local, rumbled its way slowly through the hill section of the mineral district of the state. Later it came to the lower lands where farms were numerous, the fences of these paralleling the railroad. Field hands, stopping in their work, waved gaily. Once, a woman standing beside a fence, leaning on the handle of a hoe, turned a brown smiling face toward the train. She reminded John Henry of . . . Suddenly he turned fiercely from the window, to be cautioned again by the harsh-voiced agent:

"Easy there, Black Boy! Watch your step!"

Late afternoon found them at the prison station. John Henry, still manacled, was hustled into a waiting automobile and, with two guards carrying loaded guns, he and the transfer agent were taken to the penitentiary.

In the warden's office he saw them making entries about him in a big book: writing his name, race, age, description, offense, and sentence.

"What about 'remarks'?" the warden asked.

"Guess you better put 'im down 'Incorrigible,' Chief," was the answer. "Been a trouble-maker all his life."

It was this—his previous record—that accounted for the vigilant watch set over him. Shortly after his arrival at the prison a new guard reporting for duty was sent to the fields where John Henry and others were at work. His predecessor, before relinquishing his post, pointed out certain peculiarities that he deemed to be inherent in some of his charges.

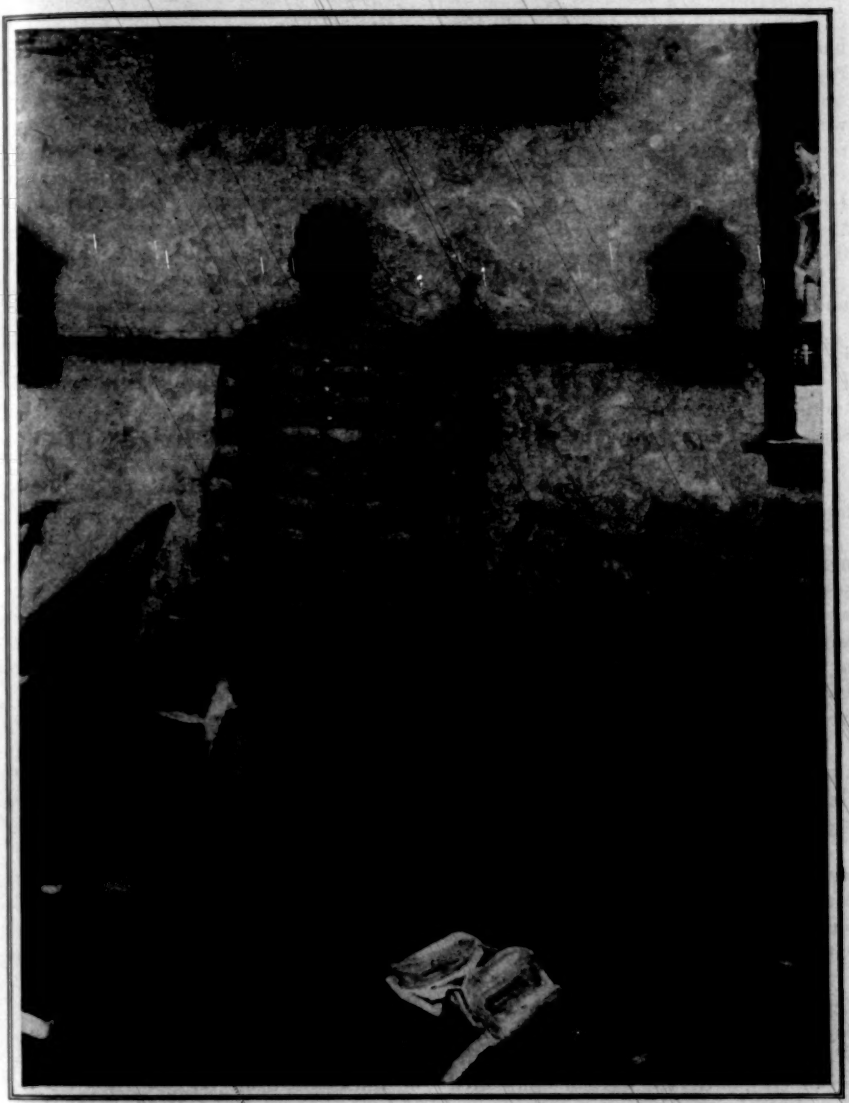
"That coal-black one," he said, indicating John Henry with the barrel of his gun, "you better watch mighty close. Got a bad record. Wouldn't turn my back when I was near 'im. Might brain you with that hoe."

John Henry had heard. He tightened his grip on the handle of the hoe. His fingers tingled with the desire to strike. Yes, he was bad. If they didn't believe it, just give him a chance to leave there long enough to spend one night in Birmingham. But . . . not ten feet distant that new guard, with his gun dropped to the crook of his arm, was looking at him, smiling. N-no . . . no chance.

And that kennel of dogs, too, close by the main building: hungry-looking, with lolling tongues and restless eyes, trained in man-hunting.

There were walls, too—everywhere! Wasn't like it had been on the county roads and at the mines. They had wooden stockades and camp houses of lumber there. And sometimes a boy got away. Here? Walls, thick and high, of smooth gray concrete. Couldn't climb them. No chance for a foothold. They had him shut in. Shut in from a woman he wanted to see—for just one minute. Some day, though, if he lived long enough, they would open those gates for him . . . and then . . .

His first outbreak came when he had been at the prison less than a month.



Drawing by J. W. Schlaikjer

IN THE CHAPEL HE WAS ALONE FOR THE GREATER PART OF EACH DAY

Inmates whose conduct warranted it were permitted a lounging hour in the exercising yard of the prison when they had finished their day's work. Surrounded by high walls and under the watchful eyes of armed guards, they were allowed to talk or sing. One evening, from out the medley of droning voices, a familiar refrain smote John Henry's ear: a half-ribald song praising the charms of brown women. He shuffled over to the singer.

"Cut 'at out, frien'," he ordered ominously.

"Speakin' to me?" The man whom he had addressed, towering above John Henry by half a head, looked his contempt at the speaker. "Black Boy, I sings whut I pleases an' when I pleases."

"You ain't aimin' to quit?"

"Me quit? Listen." And the man launched again into the ditty.

The song ended abruptly. For a moment John Henry, forgetting, had searched his pockets futilely for a weapon. Then he sprang with his bare hands. The fierceness and suddenness of his charge overwhelmed the singer. His fingers dug into the man's throat, his teeth buried themselves in his cheek. It required the combined efforts of three guards to drag him from his victim, and then they had to beat him almost into insensibility.

As punishment he was given three weeks of solitary confinement. Then, for thirty days, he was denied the lounging-hour privilege, while two hours extra work were added to his daily task.

State laws required that records be kept semi-annually of the conduct of each inmate of a penal institution. When John Henry had been at the prison six months the warden summoned one of his deputies.

"What about this John Henry Adkins from Jefferson County?" he asked.

"Well, Chief, there's that other nigger he tried to kill. And he's always sullen. There's his record, too—"

"Yes," the warden assented. "His record." And opposite the name of John Henry Adkins, in the space reserved for "Prisoner's Conduct," he wrote the word "Refractory."

But John Henry continued very much along his even, sullen way. For one thing, those other niggers made him mad, the way they acted. Rushing out the minute the cell doors were opened to fall in line when they had to march to meals or to work. That didn't get you anything. Fool niggers—always in a hurry! Him? He'd take his own time. And just to show 'em . . .

One morning he remained in his cell when formations were called. The turnkey in charge came to his door.

"What's the trouble, Black Boy? Sick?"

John Henry, gazing at him sullenly, made no reply.

"Come along!" the turnkey commanded. "Snap out of it!"

John Henry made no move. Finally several of the guards dragged him from his cell. Leg-irons connected by a short chain were clamped about his ankles and he was marched to work under a special guard. Again his privileges were taken from him; again his tasks were increased. But even after he was restored to normal standing it was only when he heard the sharp "Shake 'em up there, Black Boy!" of the warden in charge that he ever hurried his shuffling step in getting into formation.

Those other niggers made him mad in other ways, too. Tried to be so polite! It was always "Good mawnin', Cap'n!" when a guard or deputy warden came near. Little good that would do 'em! Be as nice as they wanted to, but just let one of 'em turn his back and start to run—he'd see how quick he'd get a load of buckshot from one of those Winchester pumps! Him? He'd speak when spoken to. He'd do what he was told to do. And that was all!

Had he been possessed of a more highly developed mentality and been given the power of introspection, John Henry might have realized that he was too busy with other thoughts to be

courteous. For when one sees in his waking hours and in his dreams at night a mocking face, with lips parted in a taunting smile, revealing two rows of spotlessly white teeth; when, at forced labor, he hears in the humming of factory wheels a woman's voice raised in triumphant, derisive laughter—he has time for only one thing: to hate. He cannot be pleasant to men who stand guard over him, keeping him back from his vengeance.

Squads of convicts were brought to the prison at intervals. John Henry, eager to secure certain information, managed to communicate with the newcomers as opportunity offered.

"F'm Bummin'ham?" he would ask and, receiving a negative answer, would await his chance to address another.

"F'm Bummin'ham?" his question would come again, and again there would be a negative. But at last he found one who answered in the affirmative.

"Know Brown Annie?" he asked in a sibilant whisper.

"Does I? Who don't?"

"She still livin'?"

"Boy, she is! An' steppin' high, wide an' han'some as evuh!"

So . . . she was still stepping high. All right. Let her step high—till he got out. Then he'd stop her stepping. Wipe that smile from her brown face, too, once and for all. No missing next time. He knew what the trouble had been. Used a common old pocket knife and the blade had half closed on his hand when he struck. Next time, though, he'd get a dirk with a spring in the back of the handle that would hold the blade open. And then he'd stop her laughing. . . .

He had been in the prison for eighteen months, going sulkily about his tasks, saying little save when spoken to, when he was transferred to the administration building to work as janitor. The explanation for this lay in the fact that the chief warden recently had become interested in the study of Criminology. This negro, Adkins, with a record of evil-doing since childhood, offered an excellent opportunity for personal observation, and as a "type" he could be studied more conveniently in the building which housed the warden's office.

John Henry brought to his new duties much of the sullenness of demeanor that had characterized his earlier months in prison. Stolidly he went about his tasks of sweeping and dusting the rooms, emptying and cleaning cuspidors, and doing such other odd jobs as came to hand. It was as he worked in the chapel one day that his attention was first drawn to the picture of the Madonna and Child.

Connoisseurs said of the painting that the artist had seized upon an unconventional theme for delineation. Save for the easily recognized stable interior, lighted with a dim supernatural glow, there was little about the picture to call to mind the works of the old masters. It had been the artist's conception—as he had explained to someone—that shortly after the birth of the child, the mother had been given prophetic insight, for one burning moment, of what the future held. She sat beside the manger, one arm extended protectingly across the infant. The other hand was clenched at her breast. Her face, turned full upon the onlooker, mirrored a great haunting dread. In the shadowy depths of her eyes there breathed a wordless entreaty that what was to be might not be.

John Henry had never heard of a Madonna. But, looking at the painting, he formed his own conception of its meaning.

"Reckon 'at's de warden's wife an' baby," he mused. The conviction was followed instantly by amazement. "Wonder how he come to have dey pitcher took in a cow's stall."

He pondered over this. One day as he stood idle, gazing at the painting, revolving the problem laboriously in his mind, he was startled from his reverie by the voice of the guard: "All right, Black Boy! The picture ain't goin' to run away. You can work an' look at it, too. Get busy!"

Ordinarily John Henry would have resumed his sweeping in sullen silence. But that question persisted: it demanded an answer. Finally he turned to the guard.

"Cap'n," he asked hesitantly, "what made de warden have his wife an' baby's pitcher took in a cow's stall?"

"Warden's wife an' baby?" Out of the fullness of his superior knowledge the guard could laugh at ignorance. "Black Boy, don't you know nothin'? That's the Madonna: the Mother and Child."

"Madonnuh?" John Henry repeated the word. Some newfangled way the white folks had of saying "mother," he mused. Didn't know much about mothers himself. They told him his mammy died when he was young. Fact was, about the only kinfolks he remembered much about was his old grandpa. Sure was a fine old man. . . . Used to love to sit around the fireplace and talk about slavery times. Always was telling something about the war . . . and the Yankees. . . . If he hadn't died . . .

During the months that followed John Henry formed the habit—an act almost intuitive, it seemed—of stopping several times daily in his work to turn and stare fixedly at the picture: a puzzled frown corrugating his forehead as though his mind, trying to reach out, groped helplessly for something it could not quite attain. It was a long time before even the first ray of light came to him.

"Looks like she's worryin' 'bout somep'm," he hazarded one day. And then with definiteness, "'At's it—she *is* worryin'."

It was but a step from this to the conviction that the chief cause of the mother's concern lay in the child in the manger. Course she would worry. All alone—just her and the baby—in that cow's stall. . . . It was night, too. You could see that from the dim light in the picture. Seemed like she had just heard a noise and had looked up, scared. Yes . . . that was it: she was 'fraid something might hurt the baby. Her face showed it.

His mental processes were, at best—vague, shadowy, uncertain. New ideas, changes in old conceptions came haltingly to the threshold of his brain and were admitted and digested still more laboriously. But, though they formed slowly in his mind, certain fancies came now to be indulged in.

It pleased him to endow the Madonna with a personality he could understand. She was a very rich and very kind-hearted white lady: just like those who used to come to the county camps 'long about Christmas time, bringing fruits and other good things for the convicts. They always felt sorry for a boy, too. One of them cried one day when a prisoner got hurt. This lady was like that. Leastwise, she would be if she could quit bothering about the baby long enough. . . .

Timidly at first, he ventured to offer reassurance. "I wouldn't be worryin' 'bout somep'm goin' to hurt de baby, Ma'am, if I was you. Dey can't nothin' git in here where you all is at."

Hitherto, where he was surrounded by his fellows in fields or factory, though he rarely cared to communicate with them, there had been at least the subconscious influence of companionship. Here in the chapel he was alone for the greater part of each day, save for the occasional passing of the guard and visits from the warden, who came sometimes—silent, closely observant. Loneliness was, perhaps, responsible in part for the next progression in his thoughts. But in far greater measure it could be laid to the mystical strain within him—a heritage from voodoo-worshiping ancestors, two scant generations removed. For what he had indulged at first merely as a fancy began to take on the nature of reality. Slowly, but none the less definitely, to him the woman and baby in the painting approached actuality. With the passing of months they came to be living entities.

His consequent attitude toward them might have been chargeable, partially, to racial traits; though more probably it

too was an inheritance: for there came to him now with startling vividness those stories he had heard his grandfather tell —stories of the heroism and loyalty of slaves who had remained on the plantations, guardians of the womenfolk and children, while their masters were away on the business of war.

"You is plumb safe here, Ma'am." Repeatedly he sought to reassure the lady. "When I ain't in dis room I's in de one nex' do'. An' I'd jus' like to see de Yankees, or anybody else, come pesterin' 'round whilse I's anywheres about. 'T ain't nothin' goin' to bother you all."

Perhaps the warden, considering John Henry as a "type," may have been disappointed. "He's become docile—absolutely," he mused one day. Strolling quietly observant through the chapel, he had watched the prisoner closely for months. "Seems as though he really enjoys his work, too." The impression must have deepened a few days later when, as he was passing through the room, the prisoner hailed him:

"Cap'n, suh, could I git a step-ladduh?"

"A step-ladder?" The warden showed his surprise. "Why, what in the world do you want with a step-ladder?"

John Henry indicated the painting. "You see, suh, wid me sweepin' in here de dus' gits all over de lady an' de baby. If I had a ladduh, I could climb up dere an' clean it off when I gits th'ough wid de flo'."

"All right, Boy!" The warden laughed. "You shall have your ladder." And more soberly, to himself, "He *is* showing interest in his work." He walked away, musing. "Hm-m! May make one of our best men yet."

Daily John Henry with dusting mop and cloth would go over the painting religiously from top to bottom.

"I oughta be whipped, Ma'am—whipped good," he explained apologetically, "foh not thinkin' o' dis sooner. 'Sides de dus' gittin' in yo' eyes, it's ap' to git in de baby's th'oat an' give 'im de whoopin' cough—or somep'm."

He had explained to his own satisfaction the presence of a rich lady and her baby in a cow's stall: her automobile had broken down; a storm had come up and she had sought refuge in the first haven that offered.

"Bofe of us, Ma'am," he mused one day, "is where we don't want to be at. Dere you is in 'at cow's stall an' here I is here." It occurred to him that his presence in state's prison might need explaining. "Reckon I wouldn't nevuh been here, Ma'am, excep' foh 'at brown 'ooman. She done me dirt—she sho' did! An' laughed right in my face! Jus' 'cause she was high brown an' me black. Co'se I can't he'p my coluh, Ma'am. She sont me here, too. But she forgot somep'm: she forgot 'at some day I'll be gittin' out."

But though the memory of the brown woman still lingered, cached away in some niche of his brain, only once during the months that followed did he give way to one of his murderous rages.

The negro whom he had attacked during the earlier days of his incarceration had been made a trusty and was allowed the freedom of the buildings. He had always held malice because of the incident and had bided his chance for vengeance. Not that he would have dared risk a physical conflict with John Henry, but he began seeking, by slyly worded innuendo, to humiliate him when occasional errands brought him to the administration building. And, shrewdly judging the other's temperament, he was crafty enough to begin with a sort of feeling-out process lest he goad his victim beyond the limits of endurance.

"Nice little job you got, Black Boy," he commented one day in passing. "Sof' an' easy. Well . . . foh light men, light work, you know."

John Henry caught the slur in the words but held himself in check. "Go 'long, nigguh," he retorted. "I got no time to be losin' on you."

"Yes; I sees you is ve'y busy—sweepin'. Be keerful. Don't strain

yo'se'f. Might not hurt a strong 'leben-year-ol' boy to do 'at kind o' work, but you" . . .

He grew bolder as John Henry, outwardly unresenting, went grimly about his tasks, giving no indication of the rage that seethed within him. "Dey tells me," the man offered once, "'at it's easy to find out how dey ranks a man here by de work dey puts 'im to doin'. De sho' 'nough mens is put in de fiel's or de fact'ry. It's on'y de feather weights dey sets to wrasslin' dus' offen de seats wid a piece o' cloth."

Still John Henry held his temper. He was doing very well now—behaving himself. Besides he remembered: in that adjoining room there sat the warden.

The man became more emboldened. His taunts began to cut more deeply. His manner became pronouncedly contemptuous. Probably he reasoned that the spirit of this black boy had been thoroughly humbled; that there were no limits beyond which he could be pushed. "Dey's one suggestion I's goin' to make to de warden," he said one day. John Henry, sweeping between the rows of seats, did not even glance up at him. His tormentor came closer, walking from the outer aisle in between the seats. He stopped a few feet distant. "Ain't but one thing wrong 'bout you, far's I kin see. 'At's de kind o' clo'es dey makes you wear. What you oughta have on is a apron an' one dese funny little white caps. 'Cause why? 'Cause you ain't nothin' but a chambermaid to a flock o' cuspidohs!"

A woman! It was the insult supreme. John Henry lost sight of everything save the urge to destroy that flamed suddenly within him. He seized the weapon nearest at hand—a floor mop with a heavy handle of hardwood—and charged. The other man, realizing his error too late, started running backward with an arm upraised to ward off the blow. He had almost reached the aisle nearest the wall when his hip struck the upraised armrest of the seat. He fell, sprawling backward, his head striking the wall of the room with terrific force. Before he could rise John Henry, leaping forward, swung the heavy-handled mop over his head to strike—and did not.

For there on the wall, just above the semi-prostrate figure of his tormentor, hung the picture of the Madonna. John Henry stopped in his tracks—staring at it, wide-eyed. The lady . . . she was looking straight at him . . . *afraid!* Looking . . . begging him to stop something . . . something that she hated to see happen. . . .

Slowly he lowered the mop till the upraised end touched the floor; slowly the expression of his face softened, became penitent; the tenseness of his body relaxed.

"'Scuse me, Ma'am," he mumbled. "I—I forgot."

He turned to the other negro, who had scrambled to his feet. "Go on, nigguh; I ain't goin to hurt you."

The warden, standing in the doorway of his office, had witnessed a portion of the scene. He saw John Henry rush forward with the uplifted mop; must have sensed the rage that impelled him; saw him stop suddenly, with his intended victim helpless before him, and refuse to strike. But—he did not suspect the influence that had caused him to stay his hand.

At first he had started forward as though to deliver a reprimand, hesitated, shook his head slowly, and returned to his office. For a long time he sat at his desk with lips pursed thoughtfully. Occasionally he would muse aloud. "Same one he had trouble with shortly after he came here . . . Could very nearly have killed him—and didn't. . . . Learning self-control . . . Getting better . . . much better."

From the top of his desk he took down the big book and opened it at the name of John Henry Adkins. Here, less than a week earlier, he had written the word "Good." He picked up a pen and very deliberately drew a line through this. Then he wrote "Excellent."

A year later John Henry was summoned to the warden's office. He entered the room and stood stiffly, awkwardly at attention.

"Boy, you've surprised us all, agreeably." On the desk before the warden John Henry saw the book in which they had written his name when he came to the prison. "You were sent here with a bad record and for the first several months you lived up to it—fully. For the last two years, though, your conduct has been steadily improving. I have watched you myself. We want to give every man a chance—a fair chance—to show what there is in him. I've been thinking of making you a trusty—within the walls. If I should place this much confidence in you, do you think you would violate it?"

"If you means, Cap'n, suh, would I try to run away"—John Henry's words carried conviction from their very earnestness—"I sho' wouldn't!"

Run away? With that pack of hungry-looking nigger dogs itching to take his trail the moment the alarm should be sounded that he had gone? Not him! 'Co'se . . . he wanted to get back to Birmingham. Something he had to attend to there. But . . . it would have to wait till he got out legally. Those dogs . . . they'd catch him before he got started. . . .

"Very well," the warden turned to his desk, "I'm going to take a chance on you."

John Henry's new standing carried with it many desired privileges. He still slept in a cell but he did not have to fall in line to march to mess and to work; instead he was now one of those who helped serve the prisoners their meals. In this he seemed to take a keen delight. As each man passed his station, with porcelain dish and spoon, John Henry would heap the food upon it.

"Eat hearty, ol' nigguh!" he would urge each of the colored prisoners. "You is been workin' hahd an' deserves it." And when the prisoner chanced to be a white man, smilingly, "'At be 'nough, Cap'n? Dey's plenty mo'."

He was allowed to go where he chose within the walls as long as he attended to his duties properly, and to talk with the other prisoners at will, without forever keeping a watchful eye on the guards. Newcomers he sought out with the now almost mechanical questions on his lips, "F'm Bummin'ham? . . . Know Brown Annie?" It was as though this had become a habit with him.

But for more than two years now the lady and her baby had been his chief—rather, his sole—interest in the prison. His attachment to them was doglike. He would even awaken sometimes in the middle of the night, roused from a troubled dream, to wonder—staring in the darkness toward the ceiling of his cell—if she were very much scared: just her and the baby up there by themselves in the cow's stall. They were his chief concern when his duties ended in the evening and upon returning to them in the morning. Daily, just before quitting the chapel, he would stop before the painting.

"I's got to go now, Ma'am, till in de mawnin'," he would explain apologetically. "You see, dey has to lock me up in de cell. But you jus' don't worry none 'bout de baby. 'T ain't nothin' goin' to bother you all to-night." He would return in the morning, hurrying back to his work with an alacrity that caused comment among the prison officials. "Here I is, Ma'am. You see, dey didn't nothin' trouble you an' de baby las' night, did dey? Tol' you eve'ything would be all right."

For months after he came to the prison he had kept a more or less accurate account of time. He knew approximately when the first year of his sentence ended; even the close of the second year was fairly well fixed in his mind. Then gradually he stopped counting the months. Another year passed—still another—with little that happened to break the dullness of prison routine. But he was fairly comfortable; his tasks were not arduous. And the warden, he had decided, was a mighty fine man . . .

treated everybody right. 'Co'se . . . he wanted to leave. Had to get to Birmingham . . . some time. Something he had to attend to there. . . .

Then one morning he was summoned again to the warden's office. He entered the room, smiling. "Here I is, Cap'n."

The warden too was smiling. "Boy, do you know what a parole is?"

John Henry opened his eyes wide. "Means you lets 'em go, don't it, Cap'n?"

"Conditionally—yes. A prisoner is allowed to leave, but the first time he's caught violating the law—and that means any law—he's sent back here. You came to serve not less than five nor more than twenty years. Your minimum sentence expires to-day. The law requires that I forward to the state board of parole a record of your conduct with such recommendation as I see fit to make. If I suggest a parole for you, do you think you can behave yourself? Will you promise me that if you are released we'll never see you here again? Will you promise?"

Promise? For a parole? For a chance to get back to Birmingham . . . ?

"Cap'n, suh"—again John Henry's earnestness carried conviction—"if you all lets me out you won't nevuh see me here no mo'!"

Sober thought later dulled his enthusiasm over the prospect of release. He wanted to get out, but . . . there was the lady and her baby. Still . . . Birmingham . . .

A week later his parole was issued. In accordance with the law he was given a cheap suit of clothes and a ticket to Birmingham, the place whence he had been sentenced.

"And now, Boy," the warden cautioned, "remember: don't break the law. And another thing: report to the sheriff of Jefferson County as soon as you get to Birmingham. After that report to him once a week till you're notified not to."

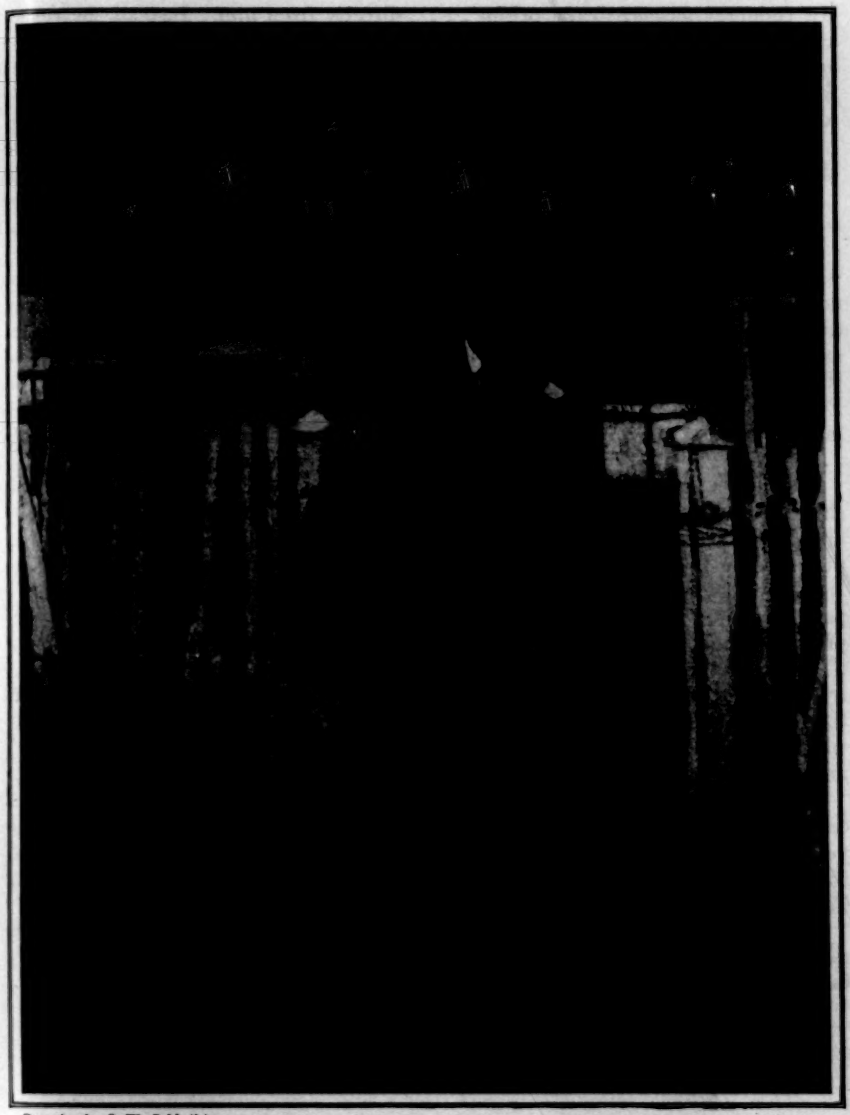
Ordinarily the path of a paroled prisoner would have lain straight toward the big double gates in the prison wall that let into the outside world. But John Henry did not take this direct way. Instead he walked toward the chapel entrance, stood hesitant for a moment on the threshold and, removing his cap, entered the room. Slowly he approached the painting.

"It's me, Ma'am." It had occurred to him that without his prison garb he might not be recognized. "An' . . . I's leavin'. You see, dey's paroled me an' I's got to go. To Bummin'ham. I hates to leave you an' de baby . . . but I's jus' *got* to go. Wanted to tell you ag'in, Ma'am, dough, befo' I leaves 'at dey can't nothin' hurt you all in here. Why, ain't you seed all 'ese guards wid dem Winchester pumps? Reckon they'd be lettin' anything bother you? *Naw, Ma'am!* Dey wouldn't eben let anything come nigh you all. You neentuh be skeered. 'T ain't nothin' goin' to hurt you a tall."

For a long time he continued to gaze at the painting. Finally he turned to leave, stopped on the threshold to look at it again. "Sho' wisht you would quit worryin', Ma'am." He put on his cap and left the building.

Dusk of that evening found the train which bore him entering the outskirts of Birmingham. Supper time in the prison. Wondered if they missed him—those niggers he used to feed. And the lady . . . He always dropped into the chapel after supper to see that everything was all right. He looked out of the car window. Here on the southside the brown woman lived. Once he thought of leaving the train as it pulled slowly into the yards, but decided against it. No special hurry. . . . Better wait till night anyway. He'd eat first . . . sit around and talk a while. . . .

He left the train at the main station, sought out a small restaurant, ordered and ate plentifully. Then he smoked a cigar, sitting and talking with the Greek proprietor for half an hour. He had plenty of time . . . all night. 'T wasn't late. Later he sauntered over to a pool room, played several games.



Drawing by J. W. Schlaikjer

HE WAITED TILL THE OFFICER HAD PASSED

Finally he bent his way toward the house where the brown woman lived. His thoughts flashed to the prison . . . and the lady and her baby. Wondered how they were . . . there in the dark by themselves. Suddenly he remembered something: he had no weapon. He retraced his steps and entered one of his old haunts, a pawnshop.

"Reckon I better git me a knife," he told the proprietor.

He wondered idly whether the brown woman had married. Decided in the next instant that she had not. Men didn't marry her kind. She had laughed at him five years ago . . . laughed. Pity the lady in the prison couldn't laugh. Didn't ever smile even. Worried too much. Always worrying . . . Scared. . . .

The house of the brown woman—a shabby, one-story frame dwelling—sat on a corner. As John Henry neared the place he saw the policeman on the beat. Intuitively he waited till the officer had passed on his rounds. Then he approached the house. As he came up to it, glancing through a window, he saw by the light of a single kerosene lamp that the woman was alone in a room which opened upon the porch. He had imagined that she might have company.

He mounted the steps of the porch, came to the door, pushed it gently. It yielded. He entered the room, drawing the knife from his pocket, flipping open the blade as he did so.

The woman glanced up. For one startled moment she looked at him uncertainly. Then recognition flamed in her face. With a peculiar half-cry she sprang to her feet. But she did not retreat directly from him. Instead she rushed diagonally across the room. A baby's cradle stood against the wall. She stopped before it, whirled about, facing John Henry—her eyes distended in terror, her lithe body a barrier between him and the occupant of the crib. One hand flew instinctively to that old scar in her throat. But she uttered no sound. She stood tense, breathless, watching him.

And John Henry, creeping forward with knife upraised, stopped suddenly in mid-stride. He stared at the woman stupidly. Her . . . face . . . She . . . she was . . . *afraid!* The hand that held the knife seemed to falter—began to descend slowly, dropped finally limp at his side. Mechanically, still gazing dully at the vision before him, he pressed the back of the knife blade against his trousers leg, folding it within the handle, and dropped the weapon into his pocket. With his eyes still upon the woman's face he began backing away from her, with a hand behind him groping for the doorknob.

"'T ain't nothin' goin' to hurt you all," he mumbled.

The single deputy on night duty in the sheriff's office sat immersed in the evening newspaper. He glanced up at a sound in the doorway. A young negro with a face as black as ebony stood on the threshold. He was smiling.

"Cap'n, suh," he said, "dis is John Henry Adkins, f'm de pen'tenchry, repo'tin' on parole."

THE GREAT STUPIDITY

BY ELTON MAYO

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The warfare between capital and labor—sometimes active, sometimes passive, but always menacing—is one of the most disastrous maladies of our civilization. In this article a competent psychologist who has undertaken wide research in labor problems shows the futility of our so-called remedies for industrial unrest—of any remedy, in fact, which does not take into account the whole mental life of the individual. To manufacturers, business men, students of social conditions, and all others interested in this most insistent problem of our modern mechanical civilization, we recommend Mr. Mayo's article as a thought-provoking approach to a real solution.—*Editor's Note.*

"APPARENTLY modern society, if it is to cohere, must have a high order of generalizing mind—a mind which can grasp a multitude of complex relations—but this is a mind which can, at best, only be produced in small quantity and at high cost. Capital has preferred the specialized mind and that not of the highest quality, since it has found it profitable to set quantity before quality to the limit which the market will endure. Capitalists have never insisted upon raising an educational standard save in science and mechanics, and the relative overstimulation of the scientific mind has now become an actual menace to order because of the inferiority of the administrative intelligence." (p. 217, *Theory of Social Revolutions:* Brooks Adams.)

Brooks Adams wrote this in 1913; in 1925 it is possible to point to a precise illustration of the specialization and narrowness of vision he specifies. In the last few years there has developed a psychology which considers the fitness of the individual for the vocation. This is so far excellent, provided always that it is supplemented by another and a complementary investigation—an investigation of the fitness of the vocation for the individual. But the cramped narrowness of an exclusively industrial outlook prevents psychology from undertaking the broader and more necessary research. This is not the only effect of the blindness of overspecialization. It is true also that the leaders of business and administration widely through the world fail to read, in a mood of critical detachment, the unpleasant things which students of the human sciences are saying. The curious unanimity of depression with respect to the future of civilization among such students is a fact which has escaped the notice of our leaders. This depression is not merely a sequel of the war; it existed before the war and on both sides of the Atlantic. Graham Wallas's *The Great Society*, Brooks Adams's *Theory of Social Revolutions*, C. F. G. Masterman's *The Condition of England* were all published before the war. Since the war the tendency has, of course, strengthened and to these writers other students have joined themselves—men such as E. G. Conklin, Lowes Dickinson, Albert Schweitzer, William MacDougall, and E. A. Ross.

These scientists are not merely pessimistic; they are concerned to show that civilization is neglecting to take account of certain facts vitally relevant to its prosperity and continuance. They represent research in the fields of biology, psychology, medicine, economics, poli-

tics, history, and social philosophy. And for all practical purposes their work is entirely disregarded.

The latest recruit to the ranks is unquestionably a pessimist. Oswald Spengler of Germany, in his book *The Downfall of Western Civilization*, asserts that civilizations are like organisms—they are born, they grow, and they decay. History, he says, has seen eight such civilizations pass; our own, the eighth, is in process of decline. The ideals of Western Civilization—Power, Dominance, Success—have taken us as far as they can take us. The mists of death and obscurity are upon us; we are in the first stages of collapse.

But Spengler's prophetic and gloomy reinforcement of the warnings of science need give no ground for pessimism. Decadence comes not by defeat, but by acquiescence in defeat. Historians tend to the pessimistic because in studying human achievement they fail to study man. As Lowes Dickinson has said, civilization is in need of a new kind of history, a history written rather from the point of view of man himself than from the standpoint of empires and political systems. Protagoras' assertion that man is the measure of all things remains true. Civilizations pass but man endures. Civilizations pass because man himself discards them like an outworn garment. From the earliest dawn of social beginnings man has been adventuring in the direction of intellectual and spiritual freedom. The material achievement is incidental and by the way. Humanity builds a mighty empire as an experiment in freedom—and smashes it without remorse when it impedes the high adventure. To regret the vanished pomps of yesterday, the forgotten glories of Babylon, is folly; human destiny lies beyond these trivialities. The very facts which Spengler indicates are a ground of hope and an inspiration to begin the work aright.

But the time has come when this work can no longer be postponed. A wide research into the nature of man is difficult; it does not promise the immediate dividends of vocational selection. Yet without it there will be no continuing dividends and no future for our particular experiment in social organization. Investigations which merely touch the surface, such as intelligence testing, are not enough; we are in need of research that goes de- per, that will discover what civilization, as we have conceived it, is doing to humanity. Many facts are known at present which bear directly on this investigation. Psychiatry in recent years has shown that intelligence is a product of mental integration or harmony; there is no easy argument from a test by a "mental rater" to biological heredity. What is most needed is correlation and synthesis. The urgent problems of today are all human.

The fact is that democracy has given too much attention to Rousseau and too little to Machiavelli. Society has not progressed beyond Rousseau's pious hope that desires and impulses inimical to the general welfare will somehow cancel one another in general discussion or general assembly. Machiavelli, writing in the sixteenth century, warned his ruling class that no such hope could be realized unless administrators set themselves the task of understanding human motives, of cultivating desirable social movements, and checking the undesirable: "those people who expect a republic to remain without divisions deceive themselves very much; but it is also true that while some injure a republic, others do not. The divisions which injure are those accompanied by factions and feuds, whilst those which do not cause factions or feuds are of benefit to a republic." (Florentine History.) Not much was known of obsessional mental states in Machiavelli's time; yet in effect this passage warns a republic that any social situation of rivalry complicated by mental obsession will not prove amenable to reason. And with the emergence of irrationality respect for law and order will disappear.

The industrial situation in modern democracies is an instance of the dangerous type of division described by Machiavelli. The last few years, the world over, have seen a development toward feuds and factions and irrationality. America is not "class-conscious" yet; Great Britain and Australia are. And with the emergence of class-consciousness the situation in industry is embittered and made more difficult. There are those who believe that the political alignment of parties in England will gradually drop back into something resembling the former polite hostility between Conservative and Liberal. Such prophets are greatly mistaken; the division is of a different nature and is complicated by irrational obsessions on both sides.

In Australia since 1893 the Labor Party has steadily developed in strength; there are now only two factions divided not merely by political beliefs but also by economic status. This generalization of the industrial as a political issue has not made for reason and industrial peace but against it. Strikes are more frequent than ever before—in spite of specially created Arbitration Courts. And obsessions are fostered and strengthened by every political event. One of the greatest industrial upheavals of recent years, the Sydney railway strike of August, 1917, was mainly caused by the workers' unreasoned terror of a mere word—"Taylorism." The Railway Commissioners attempted to introduce a card system of recording work, with a view to accurate measurement of cost. The trade-unions and the Labor Press stigmatized this as an attempt to introduce "the Taylor System" into the workshops. The Railway Commissioners, instead of dealing with the human situation, tried to meet fear with force; they ordered the introduction of the card-system. The railway and tramway men at once came out on strike; a few days later coal miners, seamen, wharf laborers, gas workers, butchers, and many other unions ceased work. In some degree the strike spread through all the States of the Australian Commonwealth.

This is no solitary instance; in the last thirty years of her history Australia has suffered constantly from widespread social disruptions of this type. She lives through these crises somehow, and her politicians vainly try to believe that Arbitration Courts and administrative opportunism will some day discover a solution. The plain fact is that class obsessions are continuously cultivated in the name of democratic self-government and these recurrent disorders are their product. It is only by reason of the fact that conditions of living have up to the present been fairly easy in Australia that she has not suffered still worse disasters. There is unfortunately every indication that Great Britain is traveling, though perhaps more slowly, the same calamitous road. A nominal party system based on class-consciousness and obsessions of hate does not make for democratic self-government. It implies rather a rift in the very foundations of society, a rift which must be mended if civilization is to endure.

In the United States the situation, superficially viewed, seems altogether different. There is no political Labor Party; and while some industries have been "unionized," the majority probably have not. The employers' avowed policy is that of "the open shop." As outlined by F. Lauriston Bullard in the *Atlantic Monthly*, this policy sounds reasonable enough. He says: "I endorse the open shop as opposed to 'the shop in which only members of the union claiming jurisdiction are allowed to retain employment.' The one is consistent with the traditions of Americanism, the other is not. As I conceive the open shop, it violates no man's rights, and it secures to all men equal opportunity to work. It does not deny the right to organize and to bargain collectively." This may be a true description of the open-shop policy as practiced by the

more enlightened employers of labor; unfortunately, it is not generally true. The open-shop policy is no clearly formulated method of handling the industrial situation to which large groups of employers have pledged adherence. It is little more than a phrase which covers a multitudinous variety of differing policies—every employer interpreting the phrase to suit himself. And anyone acquainted with American industry knows that the average open shop is definitely closed to unionists or to those suspected of unionist sympathies. He knows also that probably in the majority of instances "the right to organize and to bargain collectively" is vigorously denied. In other words, although the ideal open shop exists in the industrial field, it is rarely encountered. The so-called open shop is all too often only another variety of closed shop. Nothing, so far as one can see, is being done to remedy this situation. One meets, as in Australia, employers who have suffered by reason of unionism and are embittered thereby. Far too often, however, the interest of such employers in the whole question ceases at this point. They have been hit, they intend to hit back; they are not interested in the problem as to where all this hitting is taking us.

The general condition of affairs resembles very closely that of industrial England in the last century or that of industrial Australia before 1890. In Australia especially, employers generally offered a blind unthinking opposition to the growth of unionism. And unionism, as in Great Britain, continued to thrive on such opposition. G. V. Portus estimates that in 1840 there was one unionist in every 318 of the population, 1 in 54 in 1885, 1 in 9 in 1916. A merely negative opposition can do no more than delay defeat. And the conflict unquestionably harms the society; it engenders bitter hatred and obsession, it causes suffering and setback which might be avoided. By the time that unionism has become compulsory the society is disintegrated into feuds and factions of the type which Machiavelli deplored. It takes generations to overcome the effects of such a legacy of obsession—and there is always the possibility that the society may need to drop back to a more primitive level, as in Russia, before such effects are overcome.

The British employer who visits America usually assumes that the "unionization" of American industries will necessarily be accomplished in the course of time. While this is a probable, I do not believe that it is a necessary, consequence.[63] As compared with Great Britain or Australia, there is surprisingly little "class-consciousness" in the average industrial worker of America.[64] The British worker, even if he does not believe in Socialism and is only moderately enthusiastic about trade-unionism, is wholly class-conscious. That is to say, he does not believe that identity of economic interest as between employer and employee is possible. Here even the opinions of the trade-union organizer are moderate by comparison. Organizers are anxious to consolidate and extend unionism; they make no parade of the Marxian gospel. They can "easily get subscriptions but find it difficult to get union members." "Workers will not attend union meetings; they are afraid their employers will come to know and will give them the sack."[65] America seems to be at the stage where workers are organizing for purposes of defense and bargaining. The Communist gets no hearing, the militant class-conscious unionist has no great influence yet. In this condition of affairs the future of American industry would seem to depend upon the intelligence of employers and employers' associations. Only recently an otherwise intelligent employer refused to grant a concession recommended by his executives on the ground that a union in another factory had made a similar request. He did not wish to institute an obviously necessary reform because it was irrationally confused with unionism in his mind. One can only repeat that those who choose the sword

will perish by the sword: unreason provokes unreason.

The comparative absence of class-consciousness is therefore no matter for lengthy congratulation. Unless the open-shop policy becomes more than a mere phrase, class-consciousness will arrive, and speedily. While there is yet time, employers should realize that the open shop is not an end but a beginning. Unionism does not exist uncaused, nor is it a mere symptom or manifestation of original sin. If the virtual class-war which obtains in British communities is to be avoided, it can be avoided only by anticipating the unionization of industry, by making it unnecessary. The first step should be a clear definition of the conditions of the open shop by some association of intelligent employers. This definition should formulate in detail open-shop conditions in such fashion that no embittered reactionary can claim that his eccentricities of policy are in line with the best traditions of Americanism. The second step is even more necessary and important. An open-shop policy based on the private opinions and prepossessions of a few employers is utterly valueless. What the social situation actually is in its broader aspects can be discovered only by adequate investigation. Such investigation, like any other, requires experts—in this instance, experts in human research. The problem of industrial unrest is not merely industrial; it cannot be solved within the four walls of the factory. Workers are not only workers; they are citizens whose life, private and social, is satisfactory or unsatisfactory. Anything which makes for general dissatisfaction will manifest itself in the factory. The social symptoms which are classified as "unrest" constitute one of the major problems of our time.

At this point I may be suspected of an intention to propose as a solution some form of industrial council or other variant of "industrial democracy." I have no such intention; the few investigators I know in this field are all anxious to avoid ready-made solutions and to promote an extended research into the human aspect of industry and civilizations. One is willing to admit Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's claim that the educative effect of industrial councils upon employer and employe alike is admirable. But the whole proposal savors too much of the pious hopes and evasions of Rousseau—Rousseau the *ignis fatuus* that has led democracy into the mire. Machiavelli's advice is the sounder: if civilization is to express and satisfy human aspiration, then someone must make it his special business to understand human nature. The social psychologist and educationist cannot be allowed to escape from the burden of responsibility which is rightly theirs.

Directly we abandon the narrow and merely economic conception of "unrest" we begin to see that other aspects of social investigation bear some relevance to the question. None can say precisely where the inquiry ceases to be industrial in the strict sense and becomes social. Research into the nature of industrial fatigue, for instance, has virtually broken down for some such reason; two widely known British psychologists have recently abandoned their work in this field. Physiological fatigue can be measured in the laboratory; in the factory this is complicated by what has been termed mental fatigue. Mental fatigue may be caused by overwork, but a similar mental condition followed by a similar effect is induced by anxiety, indifferent morale, lack of interest, or undue monotony. These mental conditions of effective work vary for every individual according to his native intelligence and private life history. In many cases, indeed, the lack of interest in work is merely a particular expression of a general lack of interest in life. Over very wide areas, as Dean Inge has reminded us, civilization dislikes the work it is called upon to do—and is unhappy.

When we talk of social problems we are apt to forget that every social prob-

lem is ultimately individual; social psychology finds much to support Dean Inge's view. The belief that the average person succeeds in achieving a satisfactory serenity of mind, at least in youth or in early middle age, has no good ground in fact. Everywhere one finds evidence that life is not lived successfully. The mentality of the average individual is strongly suggestive of the milder forms of the maniac-depressive psychosis: in solitude, pessimistic revery tends to dominate the situation; activity or search for amusement is often little more than an effort to escape the reflective mood. "Thinking" in common parlance is equivalent to revery or reflection; and "thinking" is avoided, "it's bad for you." This is an attitude observable on every hand. If one takes opportunity to discover what reveries dominate the quieter moments of life, one can only marvel that the symptoms of unrest are so few. Anxieties about the health and safety of oneself and relatives, fears for the future, reveries of suicide are apparently universal, or almost so. The difference between the "nervous breakdown" patient and the person of average normality is not that the former suffers pessimistic reveries and the latter none. It is rather that the latter by some fortunate accident of circumstance or heredity is enabled, with varying success, to carry and not give way under his burden. The so-called normal person does not, of course, permit himself to describe his situation thus. He seeks pleasures with the herd, and hates to think of death. Or he succeeds in business and keeps fifteen varieties of patent medicines upon a bedroom shelf. He has some magic ceremony, such as morning salts, which soothes his fears; or he dulls the apprehensions of his relaxed moments with alcohol or tobacco. Life that requires reassurance or narcotics is not fully civilized. Pessimistic reveries do not make for progress but against it; they are at once a source and symptom of "unrest."

To-day I was listening to the life story of a twenty-two-year-old girl who supports herself by working. She was married at eighteen and unsuccessfully. After two years of working for her husband and herself she left him and will not be reconciled to him. She has since supported herself. She has no grudge against him; there is no bitterness in her attitude to marriage. "We were too young," she says; the incident is closed and she is going on. She is good looking, well dressed and understands the cosmetic art. On first glance one would take her to be young, happy, and careless of serious things. But in the mood of revery her outlook is somber. She knows "no-one who is really happy." She has a female relative who is religious and "seems happy." Asked to name the unhappiest person she knows, she falls into reflection and after silence names herself. In seeking to define the cause of this unhappiness she goes beyond her marriage and, somewhat surprisingly, attributes it to lack of education. She thinks that education would make her happy, but her few unguided essays in this direction have convinced her that she "tires easily." She cannot find the appropriate education which a sound impulse makes her vaguely seek. And she desires something in the nature of high adventure.

Monotony of work, and the insidious growth of pessimistic revery under conditions of monotony, is a serious problem of our "machine-ridden" civilization. The mental life of man is dynamic; an effort to achieve is essential. Deny this effort or leave it unguided, and there supervenes a mental attitude described by the Freudians as "repression." It is possible, of course, for an individual to mold himself to a routine and to compensate his failing interest in life by taking pride in his rose garden, house, or family. But the compensating achievement is not always so fortunate and in any case some degree of defeat is implied: "some of him lived, but most of him died." The human desire to achieve is essentially social; there is a fundamental urge not

merely to stand well with one's fellows but also to collaborate with them in a social task. When this initiative is denied and turned aside, it only rarely finds another equally satisfactory outlet. More often than not it turns upon itself and manifests itself in the form of disintegrating moods of pessimism. There are few machine shops in America or elsewhere which do not run a noisy accompaniment to a rising tide of human defeat. This is not necessary; some enlightened employers have demonstrated that it can be avoided. But widely over the industrial field the assertion remains true. The machine shop is a potent agency of repression or perversion of human energy; that civilization disregards this fact is the great stupidity of our time.

This is stupid because it is unnecessary; civilization does everything to accentuate the problem, nothing to mitigate it. Under present conditions of education and social life the average individual inevitably develops irrationalities of attitude: superstitions, fears, hatreds. These minor abnormalities of outlook matter little if by a fortunate chance life offers such an individual a happily vigorous and sufficiently varied occupation. But should monotony chiefly characterize his daily work, his fears and superstitions grow, his mental garden is uncultivated and is overrun by the poisonous weeds of unhealthy revery. It is this attitude in the mind-behind-the-scenes of the defeated worker which gives rise to all forms of "unrest" and to the incessant shift of "travelers" from one occupation to another.

The ill cannot be cured by "industrial democracy" because neither employer nor employee is capable of discovering exactly what is wrong. Prescription for a symptom without diagnosis of the disease would speedily bring discredit upon medical science; the industrial problem is as little to be solved by such opportunism. Financial incentives, "getting-together," socialism—these things are similarly irrelevant. Our defect is that in organizing work we tend to take full account of the capabilities of the machine and no account whatever of human capacity. If a business is to succeed it must achieve a sustained, and not spasmodic, productivity. There are many industrial managers of the present who succeed in developing a high productivity for a week, a month, or a year, only to find at the conclusion of such period that the human portion of the organization is dropping to pieces in their hands. A high labor turnover is a symptom of ignorance in the management, of a failure to know something which is humanly essential to successful organization. The fact that monotony of work kills slowly serves to conceal from many of our industrial leaders the truth that they are organizing not for sustained but for slowly diminishing production.

This truth is still further obscured by the variation of occupation which workers unwittingly achieve for themselves by moving from one factory to another. I know of one factory where a thousand workers were taken on in five months in order to keep nine hundred working. This means that the newcomers have to be taught their work or at least "broken in" to the methods of the particular machine shop. It means also a relatively high overhead cost in respect of a busy employment office. The probability is that this waste of time and actual expenditure might be almost entirely saved by an adequate investigation of the human conditions of machine work. A sustained productivity that improves slowly with the years must in the end surpass the spasmodically high production that is accompanied by labor turnover. A further consideration of importance is that it is the latter form of so-called organization which is periodically interrupted by strikes.

It is unhappily easy to illustrate the manner in which unrelieved monotony of work accentuates any individual tendency to irrationality or pessimism.

Such instances as one finds usually occur in factories where the morale is comparatively good, the employer relatively enlightened and humane. This is so probably for the reason that the employee, recognizing the superiority of the organization, tries to stay on—to his or her ultimate disadvantage. In one such factory a monotonous machine operation is performed entirely by women. The work is organized on a piece-work basis; it involves ten hours work a day for five days in the week. The operative stands for five hours, there is a forty-five minutes break at lunchtime, and again in the afternoon she stands at her machine for five hours. The mental attitude of these employees was exceedingly instructive. They all approve the management, the majority "liked their work." But in every instance, and especially in employees of some years standing, their private ills or difficulties bulked unnecessarily large. One girl of twenty-three years, physically fit, was becoming increasingly "nervous" after three years in the employ of the firm. At first entirely free from disabilities of this type, she now finds that her work is frequently interrupted by minor hysterical attacks of unknown origin. Her history shows that for nine years she has had to face a very difficult home situation. In the last two years she has tended to "worry" about this problem during the better part of her working day.

This instance is duplicated many times over, the only difference being, of course, the nature of the private trouble. Another worker, of approximately thirty years, has supported her mother and several brothers and sisters for nine years since the father's death. For five years she was the sole provider; for the remaining four she has been the main support. For many years she was the "best producer" in her department. Recently her productivity and the regularity of her attendance have diminished and to such an extent that she is now no more than an "average producer." Eighteen months ago she had a "nervous breakdown" and since then she has "not been the same person." Before her breakdown she used to go to dances with boys and girls of her own age; nowadays she prefers to sit at home in solitude when not working. Formerly she wished to marry; now she has decided that marriage means too much in the way of responsibility and the possibility of disasters such as that her mother suffered. Nine years of meditation or revery during work-time upon her excessive responsibilities have apparently made it difficult for her to face with equanimity the ordinary incidents of living. The special interest of this case lies in the fact that since she has accepted a suggestion that she should rest for ten minutes in every working hour she has apparently begun to come back to normality. Her earning capacity has been nothing diminished by this much-needed rest; her mental attitude to life has notably improved. There is every reason to hope that as a result of a better managed working day her productivity and mental health will be completely restored.

These are not isolated or specially selected instances. It is difficult in any machine shop to find individuals to whom this general description does not apply. A male operative, in a quite different type of machine work, revealed the fact that since 1918, while bending over his machine, he has thought about little but various incidents of the war. His special comrade was killed beside him and in a rather horrible manner. His officer, on another occasion, was badly wounded by machine gun-fire and subsequently died. These things have increasingly occupied his working reveries, to the point that he wants another war in order that he may fulfill his desire for savage revenge. Another worker whose meditations were almost similar admitted that he thinks more about the war now than he did when he came back. For this general condition of things our methods of organizing industry cannot escape responsibility. Not everywhere, but over a very wide field, the customary

method of organizing machine work tends to cause unnecessary fatigue, to diminish production, and to promote the growth of any irrationalities which may exist in the worker's mind. Our failure to investigate and take account of the human conditions of production carries a heavy penalty for the individual and the society.

Unfortunately the tale of stupidity is not yet complete. In every civilized country, and those democratically organized not exempt, there exist politicians and amusement promoters who further accentuate the ill. I have often watched, in countries very remote from this, the expert politician "handling" his audience. His initial procedure is not unlike that of a psychiatrist engaged in investigating an individual's sanity. Like the psychiatrist, the politican assembles a number of topics and tries them on his audience; he also is looking for evidence of an emotional and irrational reaction. Once such an irrationality is discovered all resemblance between the politican and psychiatrist is at an end. For the politician, faced with a purely emotional reaction in his audience, endeavors to emphasize it, to make it more pronounced, to develop it in his own interest and that of his party. It is unfortunately easier to gain adherents by a "scandal," by appealing to fear and suspicion, than by appealing to reason. All too often the politician makes no attempt to instruct and lead the people, but rather tries to stampede them like cattle in the direction which happens to suit his plans. It is a melancholy fact that our industrial methods make workers generally more susceptible to this form of exploitation by politicians. It is not the doctrines he maintains, but the methods he adopts that make an agitator.

The amusement promoter completes the work begun by the industrial leader and the politician. Many picture corporations and certain types of popular magazine disseminate utterly false and injurious ideas of personal achievement and happiness. It may, of course, be said of these agencies that, like the others, they know not what they do. It is nevertheless true that picture and magazine have been led, probably by commercial motives, to the promulgation of a philosophy of human defeat. The great majority of stories tell nothing of the real romance of civilized achievement; they all preach the acceptance of fantastic substitutes for living. By the continual presentation of merely childish dreams, dreams that have no reference to reality, these agencies of publication perpetuate in individuals, young and middle-aged, hysterical phantasies which adult maturity should repudiate. It is only when the main urge to achieve is defeated in the individual that he turns aside to find comfort in artificial beauty, promiscuous adventure, or narcotic phantasies. Our story literature, if it can be called literature, conspires to recommend substitutes for reality and real living; it is sodden with human defeat. This cannot do otherwise than strengthen and confirm the existing tendency to pessimistic revery. What wonder that social unrest increases when a temporary failure to adapt humanity to new conditions of civilization is accentuated by a philosophy of acquiescence in defeat!

It is evident that a careful investigation of the human aspect of industrial organization is greatly needed. Our increasingly complex civilization can no longer safely rely on guesses by the management or the vague hope that humanity will somehow adapt itself to any working conditions we see fit to impose. A wide research into the nature of man is difficult; it does not promise the immediate dividends of vocational selection. Yet without it there will be no continuing dividends and no future for our particular experiment in social organization. If our civilization over broad areas achieves little but human defeat, it will go down to nonentity, its fate justly proportioned to its deserts.

A NEW WAY WITH OLD MASTERPIECES

VI—*Thomas Hardy*

BY ERNEST BOYD

AS a novelist Thomas Hardy is the living link between the modern literature of our own time and the literature of the past, to which the classics, by definition, belong. His last novel, *Jude the Obscure*, was published thirty years ago, and his first acknowledged piece of writing dates from 1865, when he entertained the readers of that almost incredible periodical of the Victorian era, *Chamber's Journal of Popular Literature, Science and Arts*, with "How I Built Myself a House." This was the year in which *Our Mutual Friend* appeared, and it was about that time that Dickens was editing *All the Year Round*, and recommending in prefatory exhortations the *Legends and Lyrics* of Adelaide Anne Procter. A novel that was to exceed any of Hardy's in popular esteem, *Strathmore*, also introduced a new writer named Ouida, in 1865; and during the next ten years Mrs. Henry Wood, Wilkie Collins, Bulwer Lytton, Anthony Trollope, and George Eliot were the gods of the Valhalla which the architect from Dorchester had come up to London to storm. They produced the kind of fiction which soothed the leisure moments of Darwin, who had recently aroused in the intellectuals a passionate interest in geology; and so, while Gladstone and Huxley argued about the Gadarene swine, and the quaint superstitions of rationalism displaced those of Judaism in advanced circles, literature was abandoned to the plain people.

On the evidence of the few poems surviving from his first years in London, Thomas Hardy was undisturbed by the turmoil of the sixties, when what Mr. Chesterton calls "the Victorian compromise" began to break down. While still under thirty he had reached all the fundamental conclusions of his philosophy:

If but some vengeful god would call to me
From up the sky, and laugh: "Thou suffering thing,
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,
That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting!"

Then would I bear it, clench myself, and die,
Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited;
Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?
—Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan
. . .
These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

It is hardly necessary to say that this was not the kind of poetry that editors were then disposed to regard sympathetically, nor was this Schopenhauerian conception of the universe particularly acceptable to a minority convinced that science held the key to the riddle of that universe. Thomas Hardy retired from London and decided to write fiction and, being a modest young man of thirty, with the noble company of Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, and Mrs. Craik to inspire and dazzle him, he published his first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, anonymously in 1871, paying the sum of seventy-five pounds for the privilege.

He had previously submitted the manuscript of *The Poor Man and the Lady* to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, for whom George Meredith acted as reader. Meredith rejected it, as he rejected *East Lynne*, but for diametrically opposite reasons. Hardy's defect was lack of incident and too much "talk," as to which Meredith offered advice of the kind which he himself would never have taken. *Desperate Remedies* was everything that a mid-Victorian best-seller ought to be: it contained no less than three intertwined mysteries, all held together by a love story and all solved in the last half of the book. It failed to attract any attention. The author confessed that "the principles observed in its composition are, no doubt, too exclusively those in which mystery, entanglement, surprise, and moral obliquity are depended on for exciting interest," but pointed with some pride, in 1896, to the fact that "certain characteristics which provoked much discussion in my latest story were present in my first . . . when there was no French name for them." That Hardy referred to his realistic, unsentimental attitude towards love seems to be indicated by contemporary complaints that the book was "unpleasant," and by the hope politely expressed by one reviewer in that age of innocence that the author of this outspoken work was not "an English lady."

Sad as the implications of that hope were, we must remember that George Eliot flourished in those days, and one might expect the green bay tree to give out shoots at any moment. It so happens that George Eliot's name was linked with that of Hardy when his second novel, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, appeared anonymously, and when *Far from the Madding Crowd* ran as an unsigned serial in a London magazine, it was actually attributed to the author of *Silas Marner*. The two stories have something of the quality of George Sand and George Eliot in their portrayal of rural manners and the sounds and sights of rustic life, but into these pastoral scenes the tragic irony of Hardy comes with a force which lifts the Wessex novels far above the amiable romanticism and sentimentalizing of those ladies. One staunch admirer of George Eliot declares that these two are "the only novels in which the sexual passion plays no more than a normal part in the development of character. . . . Hardy's characters never pass from a lower to a higher spirituality, as George Eliot's frequently do; they are bound on the wheel of life which inexorably breaks them in its revolutions." It would certainly be difficult to find two novelists so thoroughly English and so frequently mentioned together as Thomas Hardy and George Eliot who are so radically different from each other in every respect save that of nationality.

Hardy was a youth of eighteen when *Scenes of Clerical Life* appeared; during his early manhood George Eliot established her fame and influence, and *Middlemarch* was published the same year as

THOMAS HARDY AS A YOUNG MAN

Desperate Remedies. He was, therefore, in a sense a contemporary of that typical Victorian figure, and it is in the abyss that separates them, rather than in any slight or imaginary resemblance between them, that the explanation of Hardy's vitality to-day will be found. That abyss separates him not only from George Eliot but from the entire host of writers to whose influence and example he might have succumbed—the minor novelists of the mid-nineteenth century, assuredly the most completely extinct of all writers of English fiction—as it separates him from a tradition which, as I have suggested in the article on Dickens, took the English novel into the nursery for the amusement of children and of adults who have never grown up. During the decade before Hardy began to write George Meredith had been offering those children *The Shaving of Shagpat*, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *Evan Harrington*, *Sandra Belloni*, *Rhoda Fleming*, and *Vittoria*, which very naturally passed unperceived by a public grovelling in *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, and *Our Mutual Friend*—to mention those works of Dickens which coincided with the first ten years of Meredith's career. But Meredith was so miraculously uncontaminated by his period that he does not present the same kind of interest as the case of Hardy, who never actually emancipated himself in his novels from certain conventions of Victorian fiction, but who survives nevertheless as one belonging to our own time.

It has often been said that if Thomas Hardy had died thirty years ago his position to-day would be very much what it is, in spite of his insistence during those years upon his superior claim to be a poet rather than a novelist. Strenuous efforts have been made by a few critics to recover from the first dismay created by the Napoleonic epic of *The Dynasts* and to lean so far forward in the other direction as to dismiss the Wessex novels as of little importance compared with that work and with his lyrics. Disputes on this point have something of the effect of thrusting the author, already retired from the world, so far back that he appears as remote as a classic should be. Were it not for the annual protest against the failure of the Swedish Committee to award him the Nobel Prize, Thomas Hardy would be regarded, not as an honored survivor of a departed epoch, but as a dead Victorian with a curious spark of life in his writings. And we should then be engaged in discovering the cause of that spark. As it is, the commentators are visibly impressed by the unusual situation in which they find themselves when dealing with an immortal who is still living. Immortality should not be thus complicated, for it leaves the victim suspended between the hell of academic annotation and the heaven of contemporary reviewing.

In the circumstances discussion of Thomas Hardy becomes very much what it would be were Shakespeare to be raised from the dead and to submit an occasional verse for publication. Criticism would be silent and the mildest animadversions of his most orthodox exegetists in the past would be regarded as blasphemy. Mr. George Moore discovered this when he felt called upon to discuss the defects of Hardy's style; for Hardy, unlike Moore, has not devoted these last thirty years to rewriting his early novels and suppressing those that could not be patched. Consequently, Mr. Moore could unearth the following passage from *Far from the Madding Crowd:*

> The persistent torrent from the gurgoyle's jaws directed all its vengeance into the grave. The rich tawny mould was stirred into motion, and boiled like chocolate. The water accumulated and washed deeper down, and the roar of the pool thus formed spread into the night as the head and chief among other noises of the kind created by the deluging rain. The flowers so carefully planted by Fanny's repentant lover began to move and writhe in their beds. The winter violets turned slowly upside down and became a mere mat of mud. Soon the snowdrops and other bulbs danced in the boiling mass like

ingredients in a cauldron. Plants of the tufted species were loosened, rose to the surface, and floated off.

Whereupon Mr. Middleton Murry, in an essay published in a limited edition of five hundred copies, declared that Mr. Moore was an impotent writer whose books had so little appeal that they were issued in limited editions of one thousand copies, and he further declared that this attack upon Thomas Hardy's style was merely inspired by venom and envy, virtues in a young man—according to Mr. Murry—but "senile indecency" in a writer of Mr. Moore's years.

There are just two points in this debate which should interest the impartial reader. In the first place, the passage quoted does not contain such infelicities as Mr. Moore pretends. The metaphor of the torrent's vengeance is quite effective, and brown mould does look like boiling chocolate in the circumstances described. Flowers *do* writhe when caught in a rush of water, and they can be turned upside down. In the second place, "senile indecency" is not an apt description of the attitude of Mr. Moore, for his hostile interest in *Far from the Madding Crowd* is by no means a pastime of his declining years. It is just thirty-seven years ago since he first discussed this book in his *Confessions of a Young Man*, where he wrote:

> I have heard that Mr. Hardy is country bred, but I should not have discovered this from his writings. They read to me like a report, yes, a report,—a conscientious, well-done report, executed by a thoroughly efficient writer sent down by one of the daily papers. Nowhere do I find selection, everything is reported, dialogues and descriptions. Take for instance the long evening talk between the farm people when Oak is seeking employment. It is not the absolute and literal transcript from nature after the manner of Henri Monier; for that it is a little too diluted with Mr. Hardy's brains, the edges are a little sharpened and pointed, I can see where the author has been at work filing; on the other hand, it is not synthesised—the magical word which reveals the past, and through which we divine the future—is not seized and set triumphantly as it is in *Silas Marner*. The descriptions do not flow out of and form part of the narrative, but are wedged in, and often awkwardly. We are invited to assist at a sheep-shearing scene, or at a harvest supper, because these scenes are not to be found in the works of George Eliot, because the reader is supposed to be interested in such things, because Mr. Hardy is anxious to show how jolly country he is.

This persistent attention to one of Thomas Hardy's lesser novels almost suggests that Mr. Moore's acquaintance with the works of the author he decries is limited, and that he is still, as Oscar Wilde said, conducting his education in public. Gallicisms, bad punctuation, and misspellings leave this passage no less open to destructive comment than the passage from Hardy. But the point of interest at this juncture is that the controversy is typical of the position of Thomas Hardy as a classic, in so far as he is scanned for defects that are passed over in contemporary writers; and his champions do not argue, but pronounce anathemas.

It is also significant that in 1888 George Moore invoked the name of George Eliot against that of Hardy, and in 1924 the juxtaposition in his mind was unaltered. He has relatively kind words for her, leading to the harshest judgment of him, although he admits that her work, "well and solidly" constructed, her prose, "rich and well balanced," were not enough "to save her from the whirling, bubbling flood of Time. . . . Lighter things have floated; hers have sunk out of sight." The same fate has not overtaken Thomas Hardy, to the evident astonishment of George Eliot's admirer, and this fact alone makes it necessary to consider Hardy in this survey of accepted reputations. He lives, therefore—to adapt the Latin tag—we must think of the reasons which have permitted him to escape oblivion.

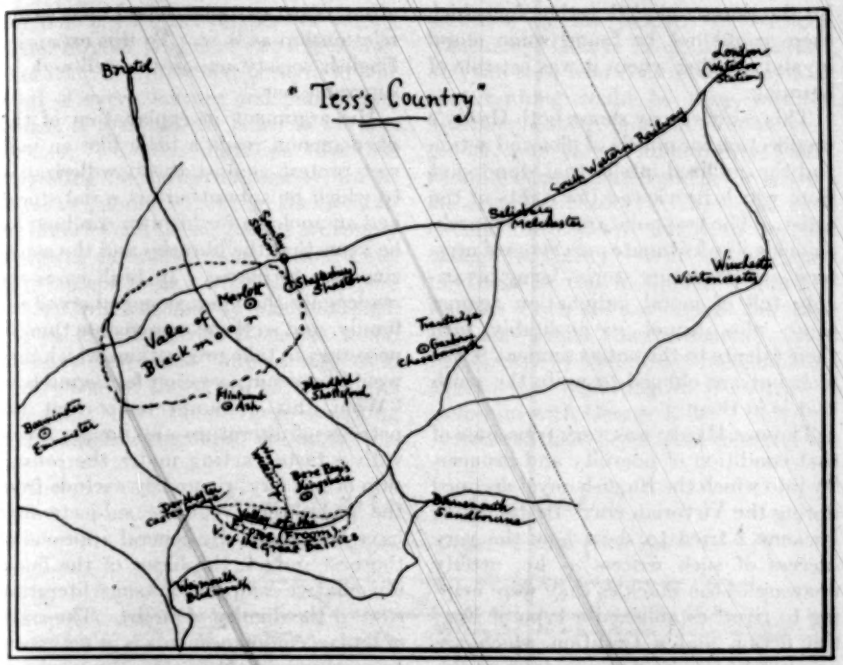
If Hardy could be dismissed because of clumsy writing and melodramatic plots, he would long since have gone the

way of Wilkie Collins, or he might survive as a source of movie scenarios. Only one, however, of his novels has been filmed, and that is the greatest. To outline the plot of certain masterpieces is often an easy way to be facetious—so easy that Mr. Moore could not resist it in his discussion of Hardy in *Conversations in Ebury Street*. But, even in his best novels, Hardy attains such heights of melodrama that in a perfectly sympathetic summary they sound ridiculous rather than impressive. He has a passion for plots, and plots that involve the maximum of incident, of coincidence, of incredible accident. One thinks of Miss Braddon as one recalls that a woman possessed of a vital secret occurs in *Desperate Remedies*, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, *The Hand of Ethelberta*, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, and *Two on a Tower*. The Enoch-Arden *motiv*, in its primitive or its slightly modified form, occurs in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, *Jude the Obscure*, and *Two on a Tower*. The secret wedding plays its part in *The Well-Beloved*, *Two on a Tower*, and *The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid*. The hero whose high station is obscured by poverty is found in *The Woodlanders*, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, and *Waiting for Supper*. The villain as an illegitimate son works his nefarious way through *A Laodicean*, *Desperate Remedies*, and *Far from the Madding Crowd*. In most of these books one encounters all the other paraphernalia of melodrama, from the old-fashioned soliloquy, eavesdropping, mistaken identity, and undelivered messages to the neck-to-neck pursuit as practiced in the movies. Professor Beach has pointed out that, in his last, his ripest, and his most intellectual novel, *Jude the Obscure*, the pattern of the story is a formula:

Jude marries Arabella;
Sue marries Philloson.
Jude divorces Arabella;
Sue is divorced by Philloson.
Sue remarries Philloson,
Jude remarries Arabella.

Add to this the fact that Hardy showed such an obliging attitude towards the exigencies of the custodians of the Young Person's check that a thesis has been written on the bowdlerizations to which he consented when *The Well-Beloved* was published in serial form, and another on the excisions from *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, *Jude the Obscure*, and *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. The question has become a scandal even in academic circles. Thomas Hardy had none of Meredith's superb indifference to public taste and opinion. Unlike the author who shares with him the honors of the Victorian literary *débâcle*, he did not wait until the public had caught up with him; he adapted himself to the public. He approached to the attack of Victorianism by Fabian methods, for it was not until *Jude the Obscure* and *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* appeared, at the close of his activities as a novelist, that he showed the cloven hoof of ideas. It was then, as he explains in a later edition, that a bishop burned the former of these two books, "the experience," he adds, "completely curing me of further interest in novel-writing."

Midway in his career Hardy wrote one of his few essays, which is of the utmost interest because of the explanation which he gives of his own view of the novel and the implied answer to his adverse critics. The reader must not be too critical, "his author should be swallowed whole, like any other alterative pill. He should be believed in slavishly, implicitly. However profusely he may pour out his coincidences, his marvelous juxtapositions, his catastrophes, his conversions of bad people into good people, and *vice versa*, let him never be doubted for a moment. When he exhibits people going out of their way and spending their money on purpose to act consistently, or taking a great deal of trouble to move in a curious and roundabout manner when a plain straight course lies open to them; when he shows that heroes are never faithless in love, and that the unheroic always are so, there should arise a conviction that



HARDY'S OWN MAP OF TESS'S COUNTRY

A hitherto unpublished map drawn many years ago by Mr. Hardy for Mr. and Mrs. Lorin F. Deland (Margaret Deland)

this is precisely according to personal experience." The purpose of such fiction is to enable us to dream, but Hardy admits that some turn to novels for more than food for dreaming, but he thinks we are likely, then, to mistake cleverness for intuition, to overlook a bad story because of the incidental elements, which might better have been expressed in another form. The perfect novel appeals both to the mind and the imagination, but there are few in this class. "Narrative art is neither mature in its artistic aspect, nor in its ethical or philosophical aspect; neither in form nor in substance. To me, at least, the difficulties of perfect presentation in both these kinds appear of such magnitude that the utmost which each generation can be expected to do is to add one or two strokes toward the selection and shaping of a possible ultimate perfection."

Ten years before the event he anticipated the critics of *Jude* and *Tess* by declaring that "the novels which most conduce to moral profit are likely to be among those written without a moral purpose. . . . Those . . . which impress the reader with the inevitableness of character and environment in working out destiny, whether that destiny be just or unjust, enviable or cruel, must have a sound effect, if not what is called a good effect, upon a healthy mind. . . . Of the effects of such sincere presentation on weak minds, when the courses of the characters are not exemplary, and the rewards and punishments ill adjusted to deserts, it is not our duty to consider too closely. A novel which does moral injury to a dozen imbeciles, and has bracing results upon a thousand intellects of normal vigor, can justify its existence; and probably a novel was never written

by the purest-minded author for which there could not be found some moral invalid or other whom it was capable of harming."

This essay clearly shows both Hardy's predilection for novels of plot and action and the civilized intellectual standpoint from which he viewed the rights of the artist. The two points of view so rarely coincide, the fortunate purveyors of mystery and adventure stories being invariably full of moral indignation against those who cannot so profitably turn their talents to the entertainment of the mob but are obliged to write the truth that is in them.

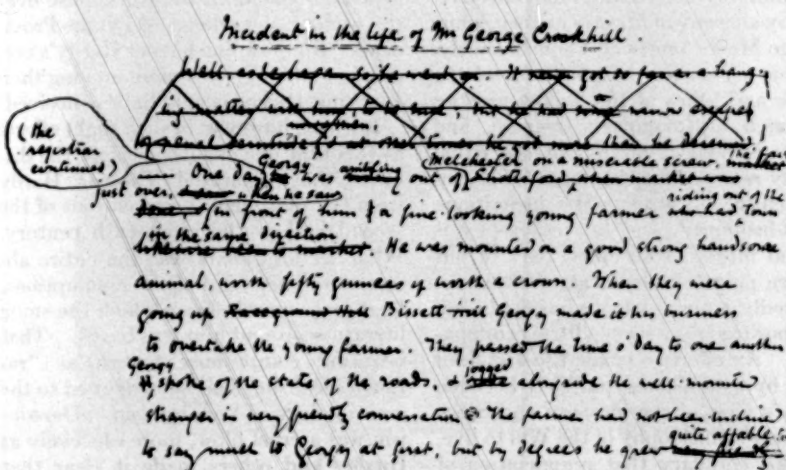
Thomas Hardy was very conscious of that condition of puerility and insincerity into which the English novel declined during the Victorian era. In discussing Dickens I tried to show how the very success of such writers as he, utterly unaware of the shackles they were helping to rivet, established a type of English fiction and a tradition which are peculiar to the English-speaking world, at which all adult readers of other nations gaze in contemptuous wonder. Hardy's realization of the problem is apparent in his essay on "Candour in Fiction" where he says: "Conscientious fiction alone it is which can excite a reflective and abiding interest in the minds of thoughtful readers of mature age, who are weary of puerile inventions and famishing for accuracy; who consider that, in representations of the world, the passions ought to be proportioned as in the world itself. This is the interest which was excited in the minds of the Athenians by their immortal tragedies, and in the minds of Londoners at the first performance of the finer plays of three hundred years ago. They reflected life, revealed life, criticized life. Life being a physiological fact, its honest portrayal must be largely concerned with, for one thing, the relations of the sexes, and the substitution for such catastrophes as favor the false coloring best expressed by the regulation finish that 'they married and were happy ever after,' of catastrophes based upon sexual relationship as it is. To this expansion English society opposes a well-nigh insuperable bar."

His argument in explanation of this phenomenon reads a little like an indirect protest against the bowdlerization to which he submitted his serial stories and an apologia for his own conduct, for he avers that the libraries and the magazines are to blame. In both cases the readers are the younger members of the family, and so those responsible think it necessary to take precautions which they would not deem necessary for themselves. "What this amounts to is that the patrons of literature—no longer Peers with a taste—acting under the censorship of prudery, rigorously exclude from the pages they regulate subjects that have been made, by general approval of the best judges, the bases of the finest imaginative compositions since literature rose to the dignity of an art. The crash of broken commandments is as necessary an accompaniment to the catastrophe of a tragedy as the noise of drum and cymbals to a triumphal march. But the crash of broken commandments shall not be heard; or, if at all, but gently, like the roaring of Bottom—gently as any sucking dove, or as 'twere any nightingale, lest we should frighten the ladies out of their wits. More precisely, an arbitrary proclamation has gone forth that certain picked commandments of the ten shall be preserved intact—to wit, the first, third, and seventh; that the ninth shall be infringed but gingerly; the sixth only as much as necessary; and the remainder alone as much as you please, in a genteel manner."

In the face of such a public an author may ruin his editor, his publisher, and himself, or he may "belie his literary conscience, do despite to his best imaginative instincts by arranging a *dénoûment* which he knows to be indescribably unreal and meretricious, but dear to the Grundyist and subscriber. If the true artist ever weeps it is probably then, when he discovers the fearful price that

he has to pay for the privilege of writing in the English language—no less a price than the complete extinction, in the mind of every mature and penetrating reader, of sympathetic belief in his personages." A true diagnosis this, but suggesting to Hardy no remedy, for he seems to ignore the fact that the circulating libraries and the magazines are simply accepting the conventions of their time. Both accept to-day what they rejected in 1890, when that essay was published, and in 1890 *Desperate Remedies* would not have been called "unpleasant," as in 1871. One of the prices paid by "the true artist" for "the privilege of writing in the English language" is that he was preceded by the phalanx of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, and the rest, who convinced everybody that nothing could be finer, sweeter, healthier, nobler, more humorous, more tender, more sure of immortality, than a literature emasculated and divorced from all sense of reality. What was good enough for Dickens ought to be good enough for Hardy. Who was he to pretend that he was hampered within limitations which did not impede the stride of those "giants" on the hearth? Even Mr. George Moore, first of the gladiators against the circulating libraries, tries to snub him with George Eliot.

None of these people had to regret the



Incident in the life of Mr George Crookhill.

(the equestrian continues)

just over, ... Then he saw ... riding out of the ... in front of him a fine-looking young farmer who had come in the same direction ... He was mounted on a good strong handsome animal, worth fifty guineas at least a crown. When they were going up ... Bissett-hill Georgy made it his business to overtake the young farmer. They passed the time o' day to one another, Georgy spoke of the state of the roads, & jogged alongside the well-mounted stranger in very friendly conversation. The farmer had not been inclined to say much to Georgy at first, but by degrees he grew quite affable & as friendly as Georgy was towards him. He told Crookhill that he had been to market at Melchester, & was going on as far as Shottsford-Forum that night, & so as to reach Casterbridge market next day. When they came to Woodyates Inn they stopped to bait their horses & agreed to drink together; with this they got more friendly, & on they went again. Before they had nearly reached Shottsford it came on to rain, & as they had now passing through the village of Tranton, & it was quite dark, Georgy persuaded the young farmer to go no further that night: the rain would most likely give them a chill. For his part he had heard that the little inn here was comfortable, & he meant to stay. At last the young farmer agreed to put up there also;

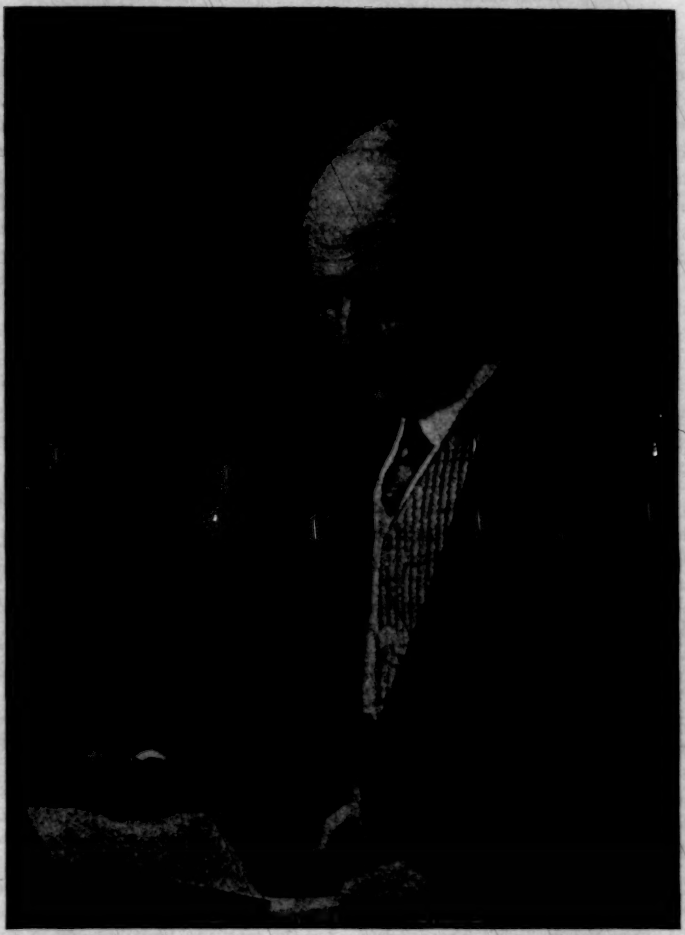
A PIECE OF HARDY MANUSCRIPT

The beginning of a story written for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, showing the author's emendations.

price which Hardy had to pay, and his protest alone would suffice to mark him off as a man so far ahead of his time that we can recognize him as a contemporary. To Thomas Hardy should go the credit usually accorded to the group of almost forgotten writers who flourished for their little hour, during the well-advertised eighteen nineties, and are now forgotten outside the saleroom of rare books. *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure* were the two great novels of the nineties, with *Esther Waters* a third of equal merit. All three were written by men who can, by no stretch of the imagination, be identified with the *Yellow Book* school, but whose revolt against Victorianism was infinitely deeper and more effective. Yet, by an irony of literary history, while George Moore sneers at Thomas Hardy, there is a ceaseless turning over of the rubble and ashes of the yellow nineties in search of imaginary treasure, and Hardy is hedged off by all the ritual usually reserved for the departed glories of English literature. His melodrama is old-fashioned, and his philosophy is now so much an accepted part of our modern point of view that, while it undoubtedly explains why he has not faded, its exposition may seem a little commonplace. An effort to evade this has been made by establishing parallels between Hardy's view of the universe and Schopenhauer's philosophy of the Will to live, with his corollary that renunciation of that Will is the only solution to the problem. Happiness is negative, as Schopenhauer once said; it consists in "the absence of pain."

Whatever the identity between their points of view (and Hardy confesses to many), it is not because of Schopenhauer that Hardy lives. His work belongs to our own time primarily because of the implied, rather than the expressed ideas that underlie his treatment of his characters. He is utterly untouched by didacticism, and even his wildest plots are relieved by touches of irony, a sardonic humor which saves them from the bathos of Dickens. When Fanny Robin, in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, is dragging her weary way to Dorchester Workhouse, her strength fails her when she is a few hundred yards from the place. She falls swooning and is aroused by a dog licking her hand. Leaning on the animal, she is helped forward to the door, where her prostrate figure is found and she is carried in. She has just enough strength to say, "There is a dog outside. Where is he gone? He helped me." "I stoned him away," said the man. It is not difficult to imagine what a lovely picture Dickens would have drawn here. The joyous barks of the noble friend of man, the bright fire gleaming, the luscious bones that would be given to him, and the general rejoicing in the workhouse over the wonderful workings of Divine Providence. But how much truer Hardy's version is, and how much more moving than anything Dickens could have conceived!

It is not, however, in such slight effects as this that one should measure the distance that separated Thomas Hardy from the sentimental conventions of the second half of the nineteenth century. What set him apart was the entire absence from his mind of the assumptions, tacit and avowed, upon which the smug literature around him was based. That beautiful compromise known as "rational idealism" had been devised to the greater glory of Victorianism. Darwinism was a cruel blow, more especially as Huxley and others made it clear that one of the first, the ineluctable consequences of admitting what Ingersoll called "the mistakes of Moses" was that it became necessary to undergo the painful process of thinking for oneself, of arriving at a personal morality, independent alike of Genesis and geology. In order to soften this blow, rational idealism was evolved—a form of idealism which might be summed up by saying ideals should be heard, but not seen. George Eliot has been credited with having most effectively expounded this philosophy of rational idealism, and her "radical" ideas are contrasted with the "reactionary" ideas of Thomas Hardy.



THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

"Humanitarian zeal in George Eliot," writes one of Hardy's critics, "is qualified by a strong recognition of the need for standards and criteria whereby to make effective the attempted reforms. As a result, although her sympathies are catholic, she never allows them to blunt her perception of the wider values involved. There is no question of obscuring sin under the name of misfortune, or of disguising wrongdoing under the sanction of necessity or expediency." Hardy, on the other hand, "glorifies the liberty of the individual in all matters of conduct and behavior. There never occurs to any of his folk the question of their relation to society at large or the possibility of duties toward any save their own individualities. It becomes, therefore, a matter of pity rather than censure when, in following the dictates of individual conscience, one or another hapless wight incurs the traditional reproach and contumely with which society, as it is at present constituted, visits offenders. The ironies which Hardy really perceives in life are nothing less than the discrepancies between action

induced by the individual perception of moral relations and those traditionally accepted by social usage."

In these two quotations are summed up, I think, all the defects of George Eliot and the whole school which she represented, and all the virtues of Thomas Hardy, which have now become social axioms. His offense was twofold. He was amoral and he was pessimistic, in the misunderstood sense of that word. He described Tess as "a pure woman" to a society which believed that chastity was the only test of purity, and he pictured her in terms which make admirers of Romola indignant:

It was a thousand pities, indeed, it was impossible even for an enemy to feel otherwise on looking at Tess as she sat there, with her flower-like mouth and large tender eyes, neither black nor blue nor grey nor violet; rather all those shades together and a hundred others, which could be seen if one looked into their irises—shade behind shade—tint beyond tint—round depths that had no bottom; an almost typical woman, but for the slight incautiousness of character inherited from her race.

It was "French" and degrading to see a woman like this:

She had stretched one arm so high above her coiled-up cable of hair that he could see its delicacy above the sunburn; her face was flushed with sleep and her eyelids hung heavy over their pupils. The brimfulness of her nature breathed from her. It was a moment when a woman's soul is more incarnate than at any other time; when the most spiritual beauty inclines to the corporeal; and sex takes the outside place in her presentation.

George Eliot's Tessa was not like Tess, nor were Hetty Sorrel and Maggie Tulliver as wicked in their waywardness as Sue Bridehead; Romola could not be described as Hardy described Eustacia, the "raw material of a goddess," her "pagan eyes full of nocturnal mysteries." Hardy has been accused of taking a "low" view of woman, that is to say, in the perversion of words to which rational idealists are prone, a view of women which accepts, admires, and understands her femininity. The quotation by J. M. Barrie of a phrase found by him in a copy of *The Return of the Native* has often been cited as illustrating the offensiveness of his attitude towards sex. "What a horrid book!" wrote some reader in the margin of the library copy. "Eustacia is a libel on noble womanhood. Oh, how I hate Thomas Hardy!" Against that it is fair to set this tribute from Miss Anne Macdonnell, the first woman to write about Hardy, away back in 1895, when only Lionel Johnson's book had appeared on the subject:

Every woman will go straight to the point where the novelist has offended this sensitive and emphatic reader, whether she shares the sentiment or not. The offence is that Bathsheba, Fancy, Elfride, and sweet Anne Garland are fickle and wayward, they play the fool over and over again, and are totally wanting in that statuesque and goddess-like dignity that women naturally wish to have regarded as the characteristic garment of their sex. But more than that, and worse: these frail, uncertain creatures are fascinating; there is no doubt about it, each of them

"Light and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enjoying."

They play havoc with readers' hearts, and cause confusion in ideals. And it is so bad for the world to be confirmed in its already too strong opinion that attractiveness and loveableness are hardly things of the proprieties.

It is interesting to quote the whole of this comment, one of the earliest and sanest, on Thomas Hardy, for the writer has been successful in reading him, thirty years ago, with the eyes of a modern woman. Now that the possession of a vote has settled once for all the question of woman's equality with man, those who are attractive and intelligent have been quite resigned to the peculiar type of insult in which Hardy indulged in his delineation of their sex. He adopted instinctively the attitude which was to become the post-feminist attitude, and

Sue in *Jude the Obscure* might have stepped out of a novel of 1925, and one, moreover, written by a woman with a vote and a college education. This picture of the women's dormitory at the Melchester Training College is typical of the situation:

> They all lay in their cubicles, their tender feminine faces upturned to the flaring gas-jets which at intervals stretched down the long dormitories, every face bearing the legend "The Weaker" upon it, as the penalty of the sex wherein they were moulded, which by no possible exertion of their willing hearts and abilities could be made strong while the inexorable laws of Nature remain what they are. They formed a pretty, suggestive, pathetic sight, of whose pathos and beauty they were themselves unconscious, and would not discover till, amid the storms and strains of after years, with their injustice, loneliness, child-bearing, and bereavement, their minds would revert to this experience as to something which had been allowed to slip past them insufficiently regarded.

The resigned and courageous, the buoyant skepticism of our contemporary conviction that "crass casualty," not reforms or laws, must govern our destiny runs through all that Thomas Hardy has written, from his first melodrama to *The Dynasts*. As he wrote in "Nature's Questioning":

> Has some vast Imbecility
> Mighty to build and blend
> But impotent to tend
> Framed us in jest, and left us now to Hazardry?
>
> Or come we of an Automaton
> Unconscious of our pains?
> Or are we live remains
> Of Godhead dying downwards, brain and eye now gone?
>
> Or is it that some high plan betides,
> As yet not understood,
> Of Evil stormed by Good,
> We the Forlorn Hope over which Achievement strides?
>
> Thus things around. No answerer I.
> Meanwhile the winds, and rains,
> And Earth's old glooms and pains,
> Are still the same, and Life and Death are neighbours nigh.

When it was still believed that "God is in his heaven, all is right with the world" Thomas Hardy set out to query "Nature's holy plan," not by argument but by demonstration, by showing us life's ironies, little and great. "That these impressions," as he himself said, "have been condemned as pessimistic—as if that were a wicked word—shows a curious muddle-mindedness. It must be obvious that there is a higher characteristic of philosophy than pessimism, or than meliorism, or even than the optimism of these critics—which is truth." And so it comes about that, in spite of the obsolete machinery of his stories, the characters themselves are authentic human beings, truly observed, and however he may stretch coincidence, whatever melodramatic license he may take, he rarely does violence to the truth, because his men and women are not subservient to any preconceived dogma; they are not distorted by sentimentality. Herein lies the great contrast between Thomas Hardy and his eminent Victorian contemporaries. Dickens could realistically set his stage, but the people on it were grotesques. Hardy conceives the most improbable situation or setting, and then transfigures it by the sincerity and power of his characterization. In his ironical detachment and his sense of reality this last of the Victorians was preeminently un-Victorian.

THE LION'S MOUTH

PROCESSIONAL

BY DOUGLAS BUSH

LEANING back from my little typewriter, I reread my final paragraph with pleasant exhilaration. It concluded one of the prettiest and most delicate excoriations of middle-aged conservatism in American life and literature that I had seen. Phrases here and there even suggested—in the first glow of creation—the Gallic and supremely civilized flavor of Anatole France. At any rate the essay stated with biting lucidity the case for artistic, intellectual, and social freedom and, without being excited or messy, I hanged, drew, and quartered the older generation who look with disfavor or positive alarm at the manifestations of the new spirit in literature, religion, love. In my sensitive hatred of anything approaching coercion of the individual, and the whole edifice of restraints which the bourgeoisie erects to protect itself, I erred a little, perhaps, on the side of intolerance—but then, I said, as I hunted for envelopes, I'm attacking the one thing in the world which is intolerable—that mixture of puritanism and barbarism which cuts off cigarettes in one state, evolution in another, books in another; which makes life in the United States impossible for the æsthetic spirit; which, by organized stifling of every creative impulse, is bent on keeping the American mind unpolluted by ideas, and nourished, if at all, on the old, safe things. There is, I thought, taking a last look at the article, a satisfaction in raising one's voice, however weak it is, on the side of the angels. . . . Of course it isn't quite nice to jump on some of these older men, especially academic ones, but Aristotle said truth was more than the man . . . it's strange to remember that these very men were once leaders in the movement of their day, and seemed to drop behind almost without knowing it. . . .

"Come," I said, as a knock, breaking in upon my meditations, announced the arrival of a student for his fortnightly conference. He deposited his rakish hat, sat down in the accustomed chair, crossed his voluminously flannelled legs and lighted a proffered cigarette. We rapidly achieved an intimate, unacademic atmosphere in exchanging opinions of the weather, the Senate, Oriental philosophy. His reactions were vigorous, his remarks pungent. I always enenjoyed the tutorial hours with Bradford because he had a genuine itch to write which marked him off from the majority proceeding amiably towards a gentleman's degree; his knowledge of literature, old and new, was unusual in an undergraduate. With his perhaps excessive contempt for football and other things American, he had all the makings of an intellectual. We were used to talking on easy terms of equality.

The preliminary amenities over, I scanned his reading card.

"I haven't got much done this time." He flashed his dark, brilliant smile with the unembarrassed candor of one whose record entitles him to kick up his heels occasionally. "I've been busy and . . . oh, I've just felt rebellious lately."

"So have I," I said, "What is it that you want to annihilate? Perhaps we hate the same things."

"Everything!" he exploded: "the general public, the middle-aged, universities, examinations, professors. . . ."

"Tutors?" I supplied.

His ferocity abated. "At least not before Mrs. Boffin."

His smile vanished as he went on. "Here am I, a young man . . ."

"Of promise?" I supplied again. But I saw that he had been having some mental wrestling and that levity was out of place.

"No," he said, "of twenty-one. For days I have been cramming the influence of Brown on Jones, and dozens of writers not worth a damn, and I shall get good grades for saying the proper things about them—selling my soul . . ."

"Well," I said, appreciating the grain of truth in the familiar charge, "most people agree that exams aren't perfect, but no one has suggested an adequate substitute, and the mass of students need a kind of stimulus which they can understand. As for dull writers, they're often valuable as social documents, you know."

Bradford's mouth had been opening and closing in unspoken protest, and here he broke in with an invective that gathered force as its range widened and took in the whole system of trying to educate the naturally illiterate, of divorcing literature from life and serving it up in "influences" and theses; in spite of occasional explanations from me, he inveighed against academic dry rot, the tyranny of the herd in universities and outside, the crimes committed daily against art by the immense bovine stupidity of American democracy. I am radical enough, in all conscience, but one must stop somewhere, and as Bradford grew more and more destructive it became necessary to recall to him some axioms of wisdom and tolerance. He was too clever and intelligent to be allowed to get loose from his moorings. At the same time, in coming to the support of certain institutions and habits of mind, I felt vaguely uncomfortable; I seemed to be slipping into the role of apologist of orthodoxy. If Bradford hadn't been *quite* so anarchistic . . .

"As you know," I said, "I'm anything but a child of the established fact, but—" a shade of what seemed a smile glinted in his eye, yet I went on—"but you can't abolish everything. Just now you're a nihilist but when you're older you'll"—Bradford shifted uneasily in his chair—"you'll think differently. . . ." I paused, for suddenly I seemed to lose my identity; I thought I heard someone speaking, and it was not I. It was an old gentleman who was saying to me, not so many years before, while I squirmed in my chair, "You will think differently when you are older; I was much the same at your age." How I hated and despised that old gentleman! And was I his successor? In a moment, but a longer one than Tithonus's immortality of withering, I felt myself dwindle into the lean and slippered pantaloon and second childishness and mere oblivion. Was I beginning, in the eyes of radical youth, to appear a bundle of old-fashioned prejudices, I, who read nothing but the more advanced journals (outside of the positively Bolshevist ones, of course), and kept in touch with the newest movements in literature, until they lost themselves in a bog of dadaism and psycho-analysis and such absurdities? Bradford, sitting opposite, calmly lighted another cigarette, utterly unconscious of the sudden and blasting thought which had passed athwart my existence. Of course I was right, Bradford was only showing the impetuous haste and intolerance of youth—but, and this was the question that throbbed dully in my brain, was I growing old, had I grown old, was I old? To that clear-eyed youngster was I what that old gentleman had been to me—a curious, impenetrable fragment of antiquity?

"I think," I said with an effort, as I dropped an envelope with a little dull thud into the waste-basket, "I think

you were to read *Absalom and Achitophel*. Would you sketch the political situation of the time."

THE PEARL-HANDLED PISTOL AT MONTE CARLO

BY HOMER CROY

I USED to love to read stories of people staking their fortune on a turn of the wheel at Monte Carlo, losing, and then shooting themselves with a pearl-handled pistol. It stirred my imagination. I could see the scene—splendid ladies and gentlemen in evening clothes: dukes, counts, earls, barons, and princes as thick as hops. Some had brilliant diamonds blazing on their aristocratic breasts, and some had red ribbons across their shirt fronts. The scene changes. These rich, royal personages are playing. The great hall grows quiet, a hush hangs over all; the attendants creep around on tiptoe, for all know that Count de bon Fromage is playing to-night with the very devil in him. There he stands at the board, a fur-trimmed cloak over his shoulders, his long restless hands pushing out the chips while the little ivory ball sings its relentless tune. The hush grows deeper; the other tables have stopped playing and people are now banked around the Count's table six deep. The chips grow higher. The *croupiers*—usually so bored and blasé—have blanched faces. The Count doubles his stakes; the *croupiers* turn to stare at each other; never have they seen such playing, but there is no more expression on the Count's face than on a mason jar. Only once the keenest observer might see a muscle at the lower right corner of his mouth twitch. Again his hands reach out and again the stakes are doubled. The song of the ivory ball is the only sound in the hushed room. Again the ball spins . . . the Count has lost. He is a ruined man. Getting up, he asks for a cigarette; his neighbor fumbles for one and then the Count, adjusting his mantle, moves nonchalantly toward the door. He is now in the cloak-room. A sharp sound breaks the hush. There is the rush of feet, a hubbub of voices, doors are flung open. There, lying on the floor, is the Count, a crimson hole in his temple and at his side is a pearl-handled pistol fallen from his nerveless fingers. . . . That was the way I thought it was.

And now I am over here and if there is a pearl-handled pistol in Monte Carlo it is in a second-hand store with a price label on it.

When I arrived I could hardly wait till I got to the Casino—I wanted to see the people with the pearl-handled pistols. I entered. As I paused before the table I was shocked. Where were all the dukes, counts, earls, barons, and princes? Where were the red ribbons? I studied the people. If there was a Count there he succeeded in hiding it; and the only red ribbon I saw had a lip stick on the end of it. But the place was filled with buyers from Forth Worth, Kansas City, Chattanooga, and Hutchinson, Kansas.

Except for the Americans, the thing that astonished me most was the number of kindly, gray-haired grandmothers playing roulette and knitting. They had grown tired of sitting around in their *pensions* and had come out to see Life and finish up the troublesome heel. There close to the tables they sat, their industrious fingers flying; now and then they would get up, put a five-franc chip on the table (five francs is now a little more than a quarter of a dollar), watch the wicked ivory ball go singing around the flying wheel, then pick up their winnings, or give a gentle sigh as the long rake went out and their money disappeared into the banker's box. Then they would sink back into their easy chairs and again their worn old fingers would begin to fly. If one of them won a five-franc piece she was radiantly happy—she would go back to her

pension with a lot to tell her other aged friends at dinner.

I began to hear about a sacred Inner Circle—*le cercle intime*—a sort of club where only members are admitted and where ordinary players see only the thick, leather doors. Through a friend, I was able to get a card and the next evening I was in the inner chamber, in the sacred precincts. I looked around but there was the same royal scarcity as in the main rooms. There were no more dukes than in Greenwich Village. I went over to the table, expecting to see chips stacked in heaps and mounds. But they were as far apart as the now famous mountains in Nebraska. What a disappointment—they were playing for a dollar a round.

Some spirit of recklessness came over me and I had five dollars changed into chips and put it all down in one grand throw. It was the biggest pot on the boards; it simply staggered the other players. Even the stolid, bloodless *croupiers* looked at me with interest. "Here," they thought, "is a millionaire who has walked into our net." Pretty soon the money was gone and I walked out, the most talked-of man-in the room.

But what I wanted to see more than anything else was the man breaking the Bank. That would be splendid, dramatic. I had often read of him; sometimes he was a mysterious stranger, sometimes a Grand Duke. I wanted to be there the night it happened; what a moment—the doors locked, no more people allowed to enter, the owners of the establishment ready to shoot themselves, the dare-devil winner buying champagne for the crowd!

And then I began to find out something about this mysterious bank-wrecker. It simply can't be done. The Bank is broken several times a day in stories, but some way or other Monte Carlo still manages to cling to the rocks. Now and then a player actually manages to break a table—but there are dozens of tables. When it happens the banker of that particular table hands out his remaining cash, draws the green cover over the top, and announces that there will be no more playing that night. Next evening it goes on with the same merry old swing.

Once in a long, long time, somebody in *le cercle intime* does make a big killing and the house gets in a flutter and announces that the Bank has been broken. The newspapers take it up, there are wild stories about the great winning and patronage doubles. Nothing helps business like a story getting out that the Bank has gone broke. One or two breaks during the winter mean a record season. The proprietors could afford to hire a man to break the Bank. Besides, he will come back in a few days—or next season—and lose it all again.

But how different it is when you see a motion-picture version of Monte Carlo: hordes of people in evening clothes . . . women with ropes of pearls . . . mountains of money. . . . Why, the Monte Carlo over here is just a cheap imitation. If you wish a spectacular, thrilling, absolutely satisfying Monte Carlo, stick to the motion-picture version.

But just as I was ready to leave there was a moment of tense excitement. It came suddenly and unexpectedly. A woman who had been playing rose abruptly and stepped to one side and thrust her hand into her bag with a quick, stealthy movement. My heart jumped. I expected to see the flash of a pearl-handled pistol right there in the main gambling room, but I was mistaken. It was merely a grandmother who had forgotten her nine-o'clock pill.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

TRANSPLANTED MEN

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WITH Dean Inge here lecturing, late April and early May seemed like the commencement season when the discourse of the wise floats out into the newspapers and tells us what we think. It is a considerable undertaking for one man to be a whole commencement season in himself, but what with a course of lectures at Yale, some more at Johns Hopkins, a couple of sermons on a Sunday in New York, and a dinner speech before the Church Club, Doctor Inge pretty well accomplished it. What he said was the most interesting thing in the papers nearly every day for something more than nine days; and to help him make it seem still more like middle June there came across from London Ambassador Houghton's Pilgrims Dinner speech, which everyone who had any ambition to know what was going on read all through.

Both speakers talked about this life and this world and these times. It was that which made their pieces such good copy for the newspapers. In Baltimore Dean Inge talked about democracy. We knew what he was discussing when he said, in effect, that democracy was epidemic in these times and that we all had to take it. In a sermon in New York he spoke of the future of European civilization being largely in the hands of the United States. Mr. Borah has been telling us that our first duty is to ourselves and that we had better let the rest of the world go hang; but Dean Inge reminded us that from whom much is given shall much be expected. He thought Europe could not stand another great war and that if it came, civilization there would crumble, and he called very earnestly on the United States to prevent it. Not necessarily, he said, by joining the League of Nations, but if not, he thought "America"—as he calls us—ought not to rest until it had put up something better. "One way or another," he said, "it is up to you to help the Old World keep the peace, lest, if the irreparable disaster of war comes again, you hear the voice of God say: 'What hast thou done? I hear the voice of your brother's blood crying from the ground.'"

So that is Dean Inge! It is our duty, he told us, to prevent another World War. He did not say how we were to do it. Compare his remarks with those of Mr. Houghton, who told his sympathetic auditors in London that if Europe did not direct its footsteps in the path of peace the flow of loans from the United States would presently stop. That is true of course. Mr. Houghton did not speak it as a threat—his speech was altogether kind and friendly; but apparently he did speak for the administration that sent him to London. The attitude of that administration is that Europe must contrive an effective means to keep the peace if she hopes to keep her credit good. Dean Inge's position is that we must somehow contrive peace for Europe or she may go to smash.

The way in which we prefer to contrive it is apparently a banker's way—

and whether bankers can do the job is a question. In times of peace when economic problems loom large we get to think that money can do anything—that if there is enough money, enough capital, the economic problems can be handled, and that if they are handled the political problems will take care of themselves. But that is only partly true. There are a lot of important things in this world besides money. Money helps amazingly at times, but it is nearly as true to say that if the political problems are taken care of the economic problems will take care of themselves as it is to reverse that statement. Back of both of them there is a spiritual force which is more important than either. If you can get men to want what they ought to want and work to get it, if you can implant in them the convictions that should be in them and arm them with the strength of those convictions, they will take care both of politics and economics. More than by bankers, more than by politicians, the world must be shaped by religion. Out of that comes the vision which must save mankind if it is to be saved, and any really able banker or politician knows it and will tell you so.

The truth is that this world is floundering considerably. There has been improvement since the war but not enough improvement. All sorts of wild cries issue from the newspapers and the magazines. This lot of thinkers are convinced that that lot of thinkers are conducting mankind to the demnition bow-wows. This group insists that the Jewish bankers have the mastery of human affairs and are squeezing the nations for their own profit. Another large group says that is all rubbish, that the rich Jews have their full share of the intelligence of the world as well as more than their share of the money, and are as ready as anyone to spend both in the interest of civilization. When the talk runs to bankers and banking the man in the street, unless it is Wall Street, knows nothing at all, and even if it is Wall Street he is subject to delusions. Banking is a matter for experts and unless one really understands it he cannot tell truth from lies about it. That is one thing which complicates the tangles of the times. Financiers have never saved the world as far as one remembers, but they have often been useful in the process when the leadership has been successfully furnished by some other group. We know that if the spiritual and political leadership of the world in its present pickle can be adequately supplied, the fiscal end of things will be handled. There are men to be had that at least can do that.

WHAT is it that is to be done? Where are we going to find the men to do it? Go back to Dean Inge and Ambassador Houghton, to Dean Inge who says America must save the world and to Mr. Houghton who says that if Europe does not swim better we won't throw her any more life buoys. How can we satisfy this modest demand of Doctor Inge's? How can we help Europe to such a condition that our honorable savings may continue to keep her afloat? It seems plain enough that we have got to co-operate with her in some way. One suggestion is that, since objection runs so strong against signing up with the League of Nations, and since the League offers the best machinery existing at present for international co-operation, we should co-operate with the League without signing up; that as we served in the war as the associate of the Allies, so we should serve again in the peace as their associate in the League and that without subscribing to any covenant or committing ourselves to anything except co-operation according to our lights.

Then there are the war debts. Undoubtedly they are a great impediment to the peace in Europe. Undoubtedly they ought to be handled in some fashion —cut down very likely, adjusted so that some of them shall offset others. The Administration here, charged with the duty of collecting money due to the United States, uses as much diligence about it as though it did not know that

to us, as to all other nations, the peace of the world is vastly more important than the collection of moneys due; as though it did not know that the last war in Europe cost us in two years three times as much as Europe's war debts to us, and that if a general war breaks out there again it would mean again even for us a season of calamitous disbursement. We have made a settlement with England with a result that is like a transfusion of blood from an ailing patient to a strong one—something much better deferred until the ailing patient gets more husky. The United States has not yet met the war-debts problem. It has done no more, except in the British settlement and the Dawes plan, than tease France about it. What would become of those debts if war in Europe blazed out again? Suppose this was a problem of bankers, really able bankers, instead of one of politicians whose place and power depended upon votes? What would the bankers do about those foreign debts? One can imagine. They would re-organize Europe as railroads are re-organized. The different classes of creditors and owners would get out of the property what was compatible with the operation of it and its continued existence and eventual prosperity. But not even the League can handle Europe as a bankers' committee would handle a railroad. It has not the power to do it, with the world's greatest creditor standing outside. It will have to be done somehow, but probably it will take a jolt to get it done. This country in due time will produce leaders equal to its occasion, as it always has, but it is the occasion that produces them. Perhaps the time is not quite ripe yet for us to have a new one.

WHERE do great men come from anyway? They are not born out of nothing. For a long time there was a theory that Lincoln was so derived, but that has pretty well disappeared. Lincoln, it seems, had good, hereditary stuff in him, developed by adversity, which is a favorite method.

At this writing two remarkable men have come in for special consideration: John Sargent, the painter, because he has just died, and Sir William Osler, Doctor of Medicine, because a life of him has just come out. These two were the head men of their day in their respective professions. It is interesting to notice that both of them were Americans and both of British stock—Osler born in Canada of parents who came from England; Sargent born in Florence of Massachusetts people. Back of Osler there were a father and mother who went as young people to carry the Church of England into the backwoods of Ontario and lived there long and arduous lives, accomplishing in a high degree what they went for. About Sargent's parents not so much has been told yet, for it is too soon for a biography; but his father was a doctor, a man of independent fortune apparently, who went from Boston with his wife to live in Florence. There the boy was born and we know he grew up in an atmosphere of art and became a pupil of Carolus Duran in Paris and beat his master at his trade. But about those parents, how did their child come to be what he was? There must be someone in Boston who knows, someone who knew or knew about Sargent's mother. Where did these two people find a warrant to get out of Boston and go to Florence and raise a painter?

It may be that we are going to be a migratory people like the British and go prospecting all over the world, getting what we can out of it, including pleasure, information, and understanding. When we read of the farmers who go in Ford cars from North Dakota to Florida to spend the winter, we get so we can believe anything.

Now back to those Oslers. That young parson from Cornwall who had just been four years in the British Navy married a little dark woman named Ellen Pickton and went, as aforesaid, to the backwoods of Ontario and had nine children. These parents started married life literally in the woods, an extraordinary story.

William was one of the younger sons and, like his mother, the wonderful mother whose life ran through a hundred years; but all the children of those consecrated vessels seem to have been out of ordinary, and very good people. William Osler studied medicine in Canada and in Europe, taught it in Montreal, then in Philadelphia, then in Baltimore; made a vast reputation; wrote a great book on the practice of medicine and brought up at the age of fifty-five as the Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. The qualities that he had were immense industry, a thirst for knowledge, immense interest in people, unceasing kindness, all geared to a very lively, fun-loving nature. What we get about these men Osler and Sargent is that they were both fruits of transplantation, fruits of the combination of Europe and America.

It seems a mistake to stay at home too much. Some of us are terribly slow to realize it for the proverb about the rolling stone that gathers no moss has awful weight with us, and the ties of an engrossing occupation are often hard to break. But in so far as we are mossbacks we make a mistake. If you want to amount to something, find out what is going on and be a part of it. Get out from where you are, if necessary, and go somewhere else. All the commencement orators ought to say that this year and point to Osler and Sargent as examples. And another thing—they ought to point to these two men as evidence of the expediency of saving Europe. First, because you can get some first-class parents out of it for children to be born in America, and next because it can in some cases afford very useful experience to the children of American parents.

There may really be something in the vast current development of transportation facilities. It may be that humanity will profit by getting about. To be sure, families as a rule are not raised on the wing. To raise a family, you have to have a period of settled life. Even the birds do, though their young grow up quickly. To be sure, too, the old saw about the rolling stone has not kept Americans from moving about in their own country and their own continent. New England has been transplanted to the Middle West, the Far West, the Coast, Virginia, to Kentucky, thence to Texas, and North and South, and latterly very much to New York. Between Canada and the United States transition is always easy. There has been shifting enough in this country. Dean Inge shakes his head at the infusion of Italians and others into New England and thinks of them as crowding into the places of Americans of an old stock that has run out. But it has not so much run out as that it has gone West. Go west of the Hudson, of the Alleghenies, of the Mississippi, of the Rocky Mountains, and there it is, and it is strong still in the South and the Southwest. Migration seems to be a great stimulant. It has done a vast work in the United States, as it has done at all times in the world in general.

This world, the preachers tell us, is not our home, and that is true. But certainly it is our school, and it belongs to us to find out what its teachers teach and to go to them if necessary wherever they are. Osler and Sargent are interesting and illustrative examples of the interdependency of America and Europe. Without America there would have been no Sargent born, and without Europe he could not have been taught. Osler was a child of three countries—of Canada where he was born and got his early training, of the United States where he developed, of England where his heart was and to whose service he finally gave his life. Pretty well all of the inhabitants of the United States, except the Negroes and Indians, derive from Europe. It is proper that their intimacy with that continent should increase, and undoubtedly it will increase. The vast droves of summer tourists help it, and perhaps some day even Mr. Borah will learn to spend his summers abroad.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

NO NEW disarmament conference can succeed unless the facts of naval competition to-day are frankly faced and the results of the Washington conference of 1921 fearlessly studied. We may agree or disagree with ***Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske's*** conclusions, but we cannot brush aside the evidence which he sets before us in the leading article of the month. His record of service is imposing. He graduated from the Naval Academy in 1874, was cited by Admiral Dewey for heroic conduct at the Battle of Manila, reached the rank of Rear Admiral in 1911, was a member of the General Board of the Navy for several years, and Aid for Operations from 1913 to 1915, and retired in 1916. His inventions, including the naval telescope sight, have been many and important.

The range of subjects in a modern magazine is emphatically illustrated by the contrast between Admiral Fiske's article, which is international in scope, and ***Henshaw Ward's,*** confined to the tiny limits of a single clover leaf. Mr. Ward, a new contributor, is a Nebraskan by birth. He taught English for a few years in the Thacher School in California and later for nineteen years at the Taft School in Connecticut, and now lives in New Haven, where he is engaged in writing on scientific and nature subjects. He is one of those rare men who have the imagination to make scientific facts thrilling to the layman.

"The Amateur," the last of our twelve prize stories, is the work of another newcomer to HARPER'S, ***Phoebe H. Gilkyson*** (Mrs. Hamilton H. Gilkyson, Jr.), of Mont Clare, Pennsylvania. It was awarded third prize in the final competition of the Short Story Contest. HARPER readers will be interested to hear, by the way, that the twelve prize stories are to be published in book form by Harper & Brothers in the fall, with an introduction by Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard, one of the Judges. We believe them to be not only a remarkably interesting and varied group of stories, but a group excellently representative of the best work being done to-day by American short-story writers.

To his new gallery of American wives, ***Gamaliel Bradford*** adds this month a portrait of Mrs. James G. Blaine, whose husband he sketched some time since in his volume of *American Portraits*. Mr. Bradford's next two studies will be of Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

Kerr Eby, to whose delightful etchings of French scenes four pages of the Magazine (and the frontispiece) are devoted, is one of the most accomplished etchers in this country. He will be remembered by HARPER readers for his charming illustrations for H. M. Tomlinson's Malayan articles.

The second story of the month, "Pending Litigation," is by ***Margarita Spalding Gerry,*** of Washington, a frequent HARPER contributor and the author of the Philippa books for girls.

It is a treat to be in the circle of listeners when ***Jerome K. Jerome*** gossips of his editorial experiences. Thousands of us remember *Three Men in a Boat* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back;* not so many recall that Mr. Jerome served for five years (1892–97) as editor (with Robert Barr) of *The Idler*, and for four of the same years (1893–97) as editor of *To-Day*. He now discourses engagingly of the men with whom his editorial duties threw him into contact. As these pages go to press comes the report that a new play by Mr. Jerome is to be produced in New York shortly, with the title "Man or Devil." And have we announced that his reminiscences—of which "When I Was an Editor" may be considered a sample package—will be published in book form by

Harper & Brothers, probably in September or October, with the title *It Seems Like Yesterday?*

We have always thought we knew something about New Mexico, but ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould's*** article, the latest in her lively series on the West, has quite changed our mental picture. Mrs. Gerould makes her home in Princeton, New Jersey, but she is as enthusiastic as a Westerner about the West, which makes her occasional adverse criticisms doubly telling.

Edgar Valentine Smith of the Birmingham *News*, Birmingham, Alabama, won the O. Henry Prize for the best short story published in an American magazine in 1923.

Two or three years ago, a psychologist at an Australian university, who had been studying the mental effects of modern industry on the workers, left his teaching position for a rest and came to California. But he happened to be one of those men who cannot leave his subject behind when he goes on a vacation: it follows him. Dr. Vernon Kellogg met the man from Australia and, fascinated with his brilliance and the importance of the field in which he was working, suggested his going to Washington to consult with the National Research Council. One thing led to another until presently the man from Australia, ***Elton Mayo***, found himself associated with the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania, with unlimited opportunities to study the mental conditions of those engaged in factory work of various kinds, and with financial support from one of the Rockefeller funds. To talk with Mr. Mayo is to have the sensation of walking with a pioneer on the frontiers of thought. Last year he contributed two articles to the MAGAZINE. In "The Great Stupidity" he attacks one of the chief problems of our civilization—perhaps *the* chief problem.

Ernest Boyd, Irish-American critic, takes his leave of the HARPER audience this month with the sixth and last article of his provocative series on Old Masterpieces. There is a timeliness in his paper on Thomas Hardy, for only the other day (June 2) Mr. Hardy celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday, while his latest poem was on the news-stands in the June HARPER'S.

The only poem in this month's issue is by Winifred Russell, who, being a loyal Virginian, has chosen the pen name of ***Virginia Stait***. She is vice-president of the American Literary Association and the Poetry Society of England. For the former association she is getting out a volume of poems by present-day Virginia writers; her own poems are to be published shortly in England.

Douglas Bush, a new contributor to the "Lion's Mouth," sends his essay from Cambridge, Massachusetts. ***Homer Croy***, who is now enjoying the temperate climates of France, is the well-known author of *West of the Water Tower* and *R. F. D. No. 3.*

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The late ***Joseph Rodefer DeCamp***, one of whose finest paintings is reproduced on this month's cover, was one of the leading American artists of his generation. Born at Cincinnati in 1858, he lived most of his life in Medford, Massachusetts, near Boston, and died February 11, 1923. He was one of the group known as the "Ten American Painters." "The Red Kimono" was awarded the Walter Lippincott Prize at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in 1920.

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A subscriber in Pittsburgh, criticizing Mr. Aikman for his remarks on the Lord's Day Alliance in our April issue, writes us:

> It is untrue that it [the Alliance] makes an effort to urge the restoration of blue laws which would make it impossible for man, woman or child to have any amusement on Sunday, except church attendance, Bible study, and overeating. You should know the object of this Alliance is to protect the poor workingman from compulsory toil on the Sabbath, and the use of the day for money making in a way that all students of civic or national life know is not merely morally wrong but physically harmful. . . . The Alliance stands behind the workingman who is exploited by greedy employers, and compels a day of rest. With amusement or recreation outside of a plan to get gain pecuniarily, it has no interference or interest.

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Elmer Davis, after reading Professor Harlow Shapley's article on the universe (in the May issue), writes us that it is a great consolation to him to learn that "the future of the Galaxy may involve much growth."

> This solaces my civic pride—he says.—If I apprehend your Professor rightly, our universe is at

present only some twelve hundred quadrillion miles across, and our visible and cognizable portion of it, if not exactly in the suburbs, is at least in the 181st Street neighborhood, or perhaps even farther out. Depressing thought, that one lives in the Bronx, the Inwood, the Bath Beach of the universe. Still, even we outliers have our local self-esteem and it delights me to find that the future of the universe may still involve much growth, that there is every hope that our universe may yet annex not only suburban star clusters but some which are still remote. It makes one expand the chest, does it not, to realize that one's universe displays this much public spirit, that it is following the example of Los Angeles and annexing not only everything in sight but much that is out of sight.

Still, we can't get excited too soon. I hear that my friend Ed Hubble of Mount Wilson has just discovered a new nebula that is bigger than the whole galaxy of which we have hitherto been so proud. To meet this threat to our preëminence I can think of only two measures: (a) take a new census as they do in Los Angeles or (b) pass a few resolutions of the Galactic Chamber of Commerce as they do in St. Louis.

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We have often wondered why so many more stories than articles are submitted to HARPER'S. In an average issue we print three stories and from six to nine articles—which would seem to indicate that the chance for acceptance is twice or three times as good for an article as for a story. We receive, on the other hand, only about one article for every five or six stories. The editors of other magazines, we believe, would agree with us that the authors of the country show a disproportionate amount of zeal for the writing of fiction as opposed to articles.

There is as much credit in the writing of an excellent article as in that of an excellent story; as much to appeal to a writer's feeling for craftsmanship; and (if we leave out of consideration a few fiction writers who receive enormous prices) as much, or nearly as much, financial reward. Perhaps the fact that the topic of an article and the authority with which the author speaks are factors in determining its availability for publication, and that many excellent topics are out of the reach of most writers, has something to do with the situation. HARPER readers, for instance, would probably enjoy a really illuminating paper on Senator Borah and his mental processes; but how likely is a young man in Springfield, Massachusetts, or a young woman in St. Louis, to be equipped to write it? Yet there are scores of topics, and not all demand such specialized knowledge.

We believe one of the chief reasons for the disproportionately small number of article-writers is the fact that the short story has been disproportionately advertised, until hundreds of writers whose talent is no more adapted to fiction than to some other literary form are grinding out stories, stories, stories. It is considered the thing to do: if you have literary ambitions, of course you write fiction. It might not be a bad idea to hold a prize contest for articles, to call attention to the opportunity for really able writers who can write brilliantly on topics of vital and timely interest on which they have, or can secure, authoritative information.

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It is always stimulating to find that one is considered radical and subversive. Mr. Merz's article, "Congress Invades the White House," seemed to us a highly temperate treatment of an acute problem of government. When it appeared we said that we should like to put it into the hands of every member of Congress; and our Circulation Department did so. Shortly afterwards we received one of our circular letters back again with the following written across the back of it, apparently by the senior Senator from California:

> Is Merz a socialist or Bolshevik assisting in the effort to overthrow *this* Government? It is *surprising* that HARPER'S would become a party to such propaganda.
>
> H. W. JOHNSON

Apparently any discussion of the functions and powers of Congress is considered dangerous by the Senator. Pretty soon we shall hear Vice-President Dawes called a Bolshevik.

Formula for Senatorial discussion: when you disagree with a man, don't waste gray matter arguing with him. Small boys know an easier way. Call him names!